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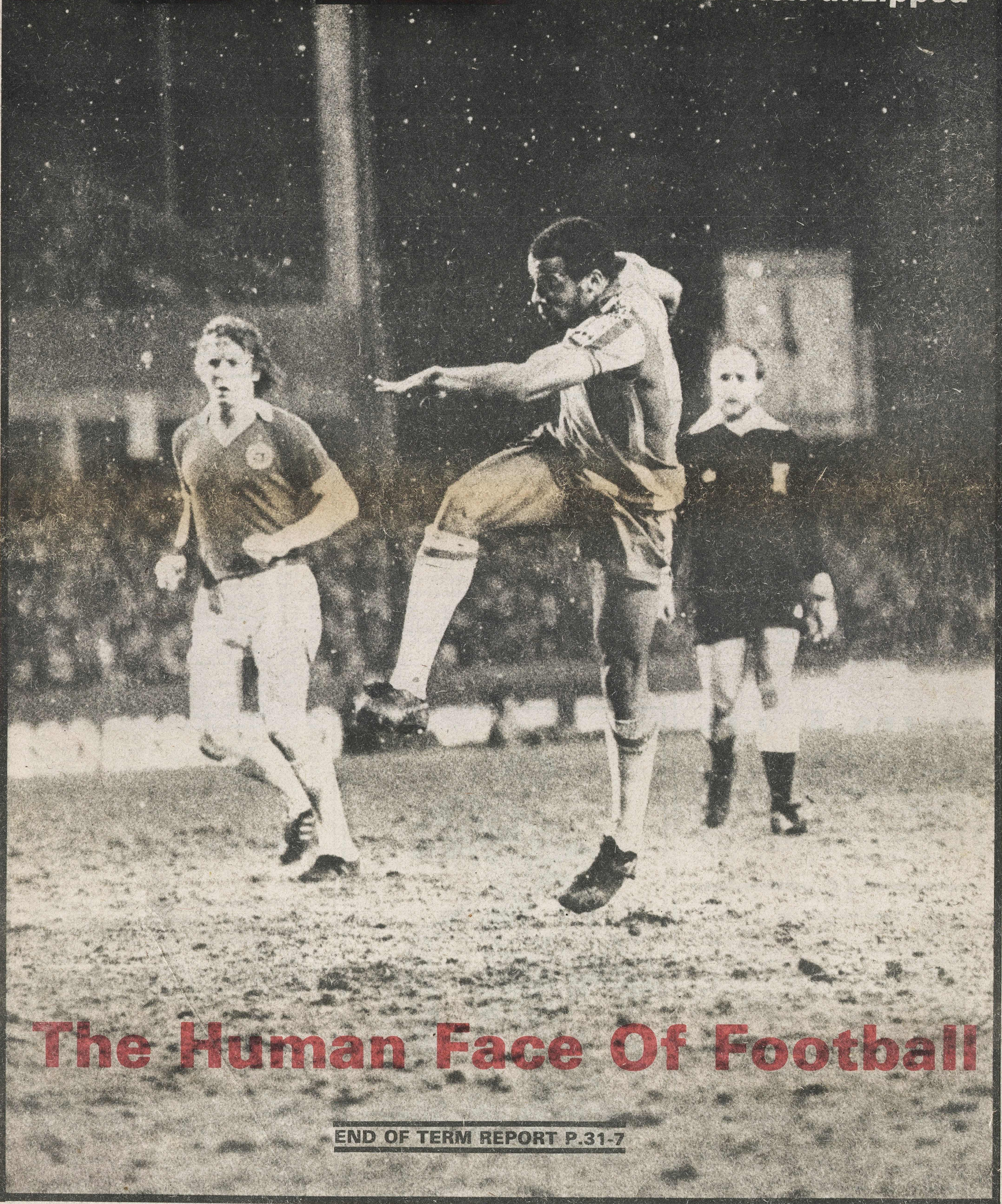
NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WHO BOUNCE BACK
Rainbow show report
Quadrophenia unchained

PLUS

Ramones flick unzipped



The Human Face Of Football

END OF TERM REPORT P.31-7

CYRILLE REGIS rifles in an unstoppable volley for West Bromwich Albion. PENNIE SMITH shelters behind Everton goalkeeper George Wood.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending 5th May, 1979.

uk singles

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Bright Eyes	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	7	1
2	(3)	Pop Muzik	M (MCA)	4	2
3	(9)	Hooray Hooray It's A Holi Holiday	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	3
4	(2)	Some Girls	Racey (RAK)	6	2
5	(13)	Knock On Wood	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	5
6	(8)	Goodnight Tonight	Wings (Parlophone)	5	6
7	(5)	Shake Your Body	Jacksons (Epic)	6	4
8	(6)	The Logical Song	Supertramp (A&M)	5	6
9	(15)	Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	9
10	(4)	Cool For Cats	Squeeze (A & M)	7	2
11	(23)	One Way Ticket	Eruption (Atlantic Hansa)	3	11
12	(7)	Hallelujah	Milk & Honey (Polydor)	4	4
13	(16)	Reunited	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	2	13
14	(—)	Does Your Mother Know	Abba (Epic)	1	14
15	(12)	I Don't Wanna Lose You	Kandidate (RAK)	5	6
16	(10)	The Runner	Three Degrees (Ariola)	6	8
17	(19)	Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet	Gonzalez (Sidewalk)	3	17
18	(22)	Banana Splits	Dickies (A & M)	2	18
19	(24)	Roxanne	Police (A & M)	2	19
20	(27)	Parisienne Walkways	Gary Moore (MCA)	2	20
21	(14)	Silly Thing/Who Killed Bambi	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	5
22	(11)	He's The Greatest Dancer	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	6	4
23	(—)	Boys Keep Swingin'	David Bowie (RCA)	1	23
24	(17)	Wow	Kate Bush (EMI)	7	14
25	(—)	Jimmy Jimmy	Undertones (Sire)	9	25
26	(20)	Forever In Blue Jeans	Neil Diamond (CBS)	9	15
27	(—)	Guilty	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	27
28	(—)	Love Ballad	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	(—)	Nice Legs Shame About Her Face	Monks (Carrere)	1	29
30	(—)	Theme From The Deerhunter	Shadows (EMI)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Get Dancin' — Bombers (Flamingo). **Love Song** — The Damned (Chiswick). **Bridge Over Troubled Water** — Linda Clifford (RSO). **Dance Away** — Roxy Music (Polydor). **Saturday Night** — T Connection (TK). **I'm An Upstart** — Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros).

uk albums

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	1
2	(3)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A & M)	7	2
3	(9)	Fate For Breakfast	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	3	3
4	(4)	C'est Chic	Chic (Atlantic)	14	1
5	(10)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees (RSO)	14	1
6	(4)	Country Life	Various (EMI)	5	4
7	(6)	Dire Straits	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	10	4
8	(7)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	2
9	(2)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2	(CBS)	9	1
10	(22)	Black Rose	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	2	10
11	(18)	Last The Whole Night Through	James Last (Polydor)	3	11
12	(12)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	10	2
13	(—)	Out Of The Blue	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	67	3
14	(11)	Lionheart	Kate Bush (EMI)	15	10
15	(20)	20 Greatest Hits	Three Degrees (Epic)	11	9
16	(8)	Disco Inferno	Various (K-Tel)	5	8
17	(8)	The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	10	5
18	(—)	Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	1	18
19	(14)	Manifesto	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7	14
20	(—)	Hi Energy	Various (K-Tel)	1	20
21	(—)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police (A&M)	1	21
22	(26)	Bat Out Of Hell	Meatloaf (Epic)	35	6
23	(27)	Mark II Purple Singles	Deep Purple (Purple)	3	23
24	(—)	Feel No Fret	Average White Band (RCA)	8	14
25	(16)	Armed Forces	Elvis Costello (Radar)	17	2
26	(21)	Livin' Inside Your Love	George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	21
27	(19)	Imperial Wizard	David Essex (Mercury)	5	19
28	(29)	War Of The Worlds	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	38	2
29	(15)	Country Portraits	Various (Warwick)	5	11
30	(—)	Cool For Cats	Squeeze (A&M)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Destiny — Jacksons (Epic). **Memories of Elvis** — Elvis Presley (RCA). **Exposure** — Robert Fripp (Polydor). **Y** — The Pop Group (Radar). **Rainbow Dome Music** — Steve Hillage (Virgin). **The Bells** — Lou Reed (Arista).

us singles

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Reunited	Peaches and Herb
2	(2)	Heart Of Glass	Blondie
3	(3)	Knock On Wood	Amii Stewart
4	(5)	In The Navy	Village People
5	(6)	Goodnight Tonight	Wings
6	(7)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)	Jacksons
7	(4)	What A Fool Believes	Doobie Brothers
8	(8)	He's The Greatest Dancer	Sister Sledge
9	(16)	Hot Stuff	Donna Summer
10	(11)	Take Me Home	Cher
11	(15)	Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees
12	(12)	Blow Away	George Harrison
13	(9)	Music Box Dancer	Frank Mills
14	(17)	Love Takes Time	Orleans
15	(20)	Disco Nights (Rock Freak)	GQ
16	(18)	Love Is The Answer	England Dan & John Ford Coley
17	(21)	Just When I Needed You Most	Randy Van Warmer
18	(10)	Stumblin' In	Suzi Quatro & Chris Norman
19	(13)	I Want Your Love	Chic
20	(27)	The Logical Song	Supertramp
21	(14)	Love Ballad	George Benson
21	(19)	I Will Survive	Gloria Gaynor
23	(26)	Such A Woman	Tycoon
24	(30)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy	Bad Company
25	(22)	I Got My Mind Made Up (You Can Get It Girl)	Instant Funk
26	(29)	Renegade	Styx
27	(—)	Deeper Than The Night	Olivia Newton-John
28	(—)	Ain't Love A Bitch	Rod Stewart
29	(—)	Get Used To It	Roger Voudouris
30	(—)	Honesty	Billy Joel

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees
2	(2)	Minute By Minute	Doobie Brothers
3	(4)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
4	(3)	2 Hot!	Peaches and Herb
5	(6)	Van Halen II	Van Halen
6	(5)	Desolation Angels	Bad Company
7	(7)	Go West	Village People
8	(8)	Parallel Lines	Blondie
9	(11)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge
10	(9)	Dire Straits	Dire Straits
11	(12)	Blondes Have More Fun	Rod Stewart
12	(14)	At The Budokan	Cheap Trick
13	(13)	Enlightened Rogues	Allman Brothers
14	(10)	Livin' Inside Your Love	George Benson
15	(16)	Evolution	Journey
16	(19)	Disco Nights	GQ
17	(22)	Rickie Lee Jones	
18	(18)	Destiny	The Jacksons
19	(17)	52nd Street	Billy Joel
20	(20)	The Cars	
20	(21)	Music Box Dancer	Frank Mills
22	(15)	George Harrison	
23	(23)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police
24	(24)	Legend	Poco
25	(27)	Sheik Yerbouti	Frank Zappa
26	(28)	Bustin' Out Of L Seven	Rick James
27	(—)	Inspiration	Maze featuring Frankie Beverly
28	(29)	Take Me Home	Cher
29	(26)	Cruisin'	Village People
30	(30)	I Love You So	Natalie Cole

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

years 5 ago

Week ending May 7, 1974

1. Waterloo .... Abba (CBS)
2. Homely Girl .... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
3. Remember You're A Womble .... The Wombles (CBS)
4. Shang-a-Lang .... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5. The Cat Crept In .... Mud (Rak)
6. Rock'n'Roll Winter .... Wizzard (Warner Bros)
7. A Walkin' Miracle .... Limmie & Family Cookin' (Avco)
8. Seasons In The Sun .... Terry Jacks (Bell)
9. Doctor's Orders .... Sunny (CBS)
10. Don't Stay Away Too Long .... Peters & Lee (Philips)

10

Week ending May 7, 1969

1. Get Back .... Beatles (Apple)
2. Goodbye .... Mary Hopkin (Apple)
3. Come Back And Shake Me .... Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
4. The Israelites .... Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
5. Pinball Wizard .... The Who (Polydor)
6. Cupid .... Johnny Nash (Major Minor)
7. Harlem Shuffle .... Bob & Earl (Island)
8. My Way .... Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
9. My Sentimental Friend .... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10. Road Runner .... Junior Walker & The All Stars (Tamla Motown)

15

Week ending May 6, 1964

1. Don't Throw Your Love Away .... Searchers (Pye)
2. My Boy Lollipop .... Millie (Fontana)
3. I Believe .... Bachelors (Decca)
4. World Without Love .... Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
5. Juliet .... Four Pennies (Philips)
6. Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying — Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
7. Can't Buy Me Love .... Beatles (Parlophone)
8. I Love You Because .... Jim Reeves (RCA)
9. Walk On By .... Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)
10. Move Over Darling .... Doris Day (CBS)

Boney M on Holi-Holiday with friend. Pic: Brad Elleman

disco

12" Singles

1. Ain't No Stopping Us Now .... McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)
2. Ring My Bell .... Anita Ward (TK)
3. Boogie Wonderland .... Earth Wind & Fire & The Emotions (CBS)
4. Pick Me Up I'll Dance .... Melba Moore (Epic)
5. Can You Feel The Force .... Real Thing (Re-mix) (Epic)
6. Saturday Night .... T Connection (TK)
7. Wastin' My Love .... Sticky Fingers (Epic)
8. Get It Up For Love .... Tata Vega (Motown)
9. Make Your Move .... Joe Thomas (TK)
10. Bridge Over Troubled Water .... Linda Clifford RSO)

Chart supplied by: Quicksilver Soul Source, Hanway Street, London W1

reggae

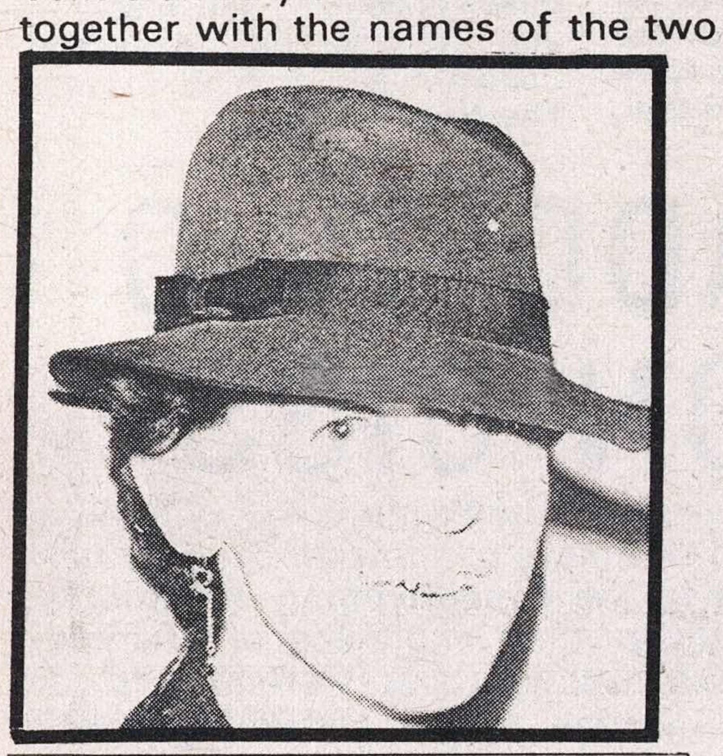
7" Pre-release

1. Roots Man Revival .... Mickey Dread (Highnote)
2. Every Little Thing .... Sugar Minott (Mandingo)
3. Zion Gate .... Horace Andy (Gorgon)
4. Come Nurse .... Jah Thomas (Highnote)
5. Young Generation .... Bongo Pat/Augustus Pablo (Rockers)
6. It's You I Love .... Pat Kelly (Black Swan)
7. Barnabus Collins .... Lone Ranger (G.G.)
8. Mr Moneyman .... Danny Hemsworth (Upsetter)
9. Higher Man .... Glen Brown (Sunfire)
10. Mr Brown .... Gregory Isaacs (Cash & Carry)

Compiled by Daddy Kool Records, Dean Street, London W.1

Fitzgerald: plans for 25-gig tour

PATRIK FITZGERALD is being lined up for a major 25-date tour, starting early next month and culminating in an appearance at London Camden Centre on July 6. His full date sheet will be announced in a week or two, together with the names of the two support bands.



The shows will feature two separate Fitzgerald sets (interspersed by the supports), one a solo acoustic set, and the other with the band he has formed specially for the outing — Rab Fae Beith (drums), Charlie Francis (bass) and Colin Peacock (guitar and keyboards). His debut Polydor album 'Grubby Stories' is released this weekend, to be followed by a single in early June.

● THE JAM have added another date at Glasgow Strathclyde University to their current tour itinerary. They're also set for that venue on May 18 and 19, and now they play a third night on May 17.

● SIOUXSIE & The Banshees' charity concert at London Rainbow on April 7 resulted in a cheque for £3,127 being handed over to the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

● BRIAN JAMES & The Brains' gig at London Kensington Nashville on May 1 had to be cancelled because the venue was flooded. Workmen repairing the roof had overlooked the fact that it was raining, and left their work uncovered overnight. The date has now been re-set for June 9.

Soft Boys make it 35

THE SOFT BOYS have added another five dates to their extensive tour reported three weeks ago, which aids promotion of their album 'A Can Of Bees', just released on their own Two Crabs label. They are Uxbridge Brunel University (May 30), Carlisle Wigton Market Hall (June 1), Wolverhampton Lafayette (6), Burton 76 Club (8) and London Kensington Nasville (16). This brings the number of dates in the tour up to 35, even allowing for two cancellations at the end of last month — at Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel (due to inadequate electronic facilities) and Hull College (no licence) — and still more gigs are being set.

Iggy extra

AS A RESULT of the success of his Spring tour here, Iggy Pop is returning to Britain after he completes his string of gigs of Europe, and is playing a further three dates — at Portsmouth Locarno (June 5), Brighton Top Rank (6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (8).

Kleenex package

MOST OF THE dates have now been set for the package tour featuring Swiss all-girl band Kleenex (on their debut UK visit) together with The Raincoats and Cabaret Voltaire. The package has been set up by Rough Trade, who also release the Kleenex single 'You' this week. More gigs are being finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

London W.10 Acklam Hall (tonight, Thursday), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (this Saturday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (May 14), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club without The Raincoats (15), Newport Stowaway (16), Rugby British Rail Club (17), Lincoln College of Technology (19), Canterbury Art College (21), Leeds Fan Club (22), Liverpool Eric's (25), Manchester The Factory (26), Middlesbrough Sandpiper (29), Halifax Civic theatre (30), Derby venue to be arranged (31) and Nottingham Sandpiper (June 1).

Johnny Nash's return to UK

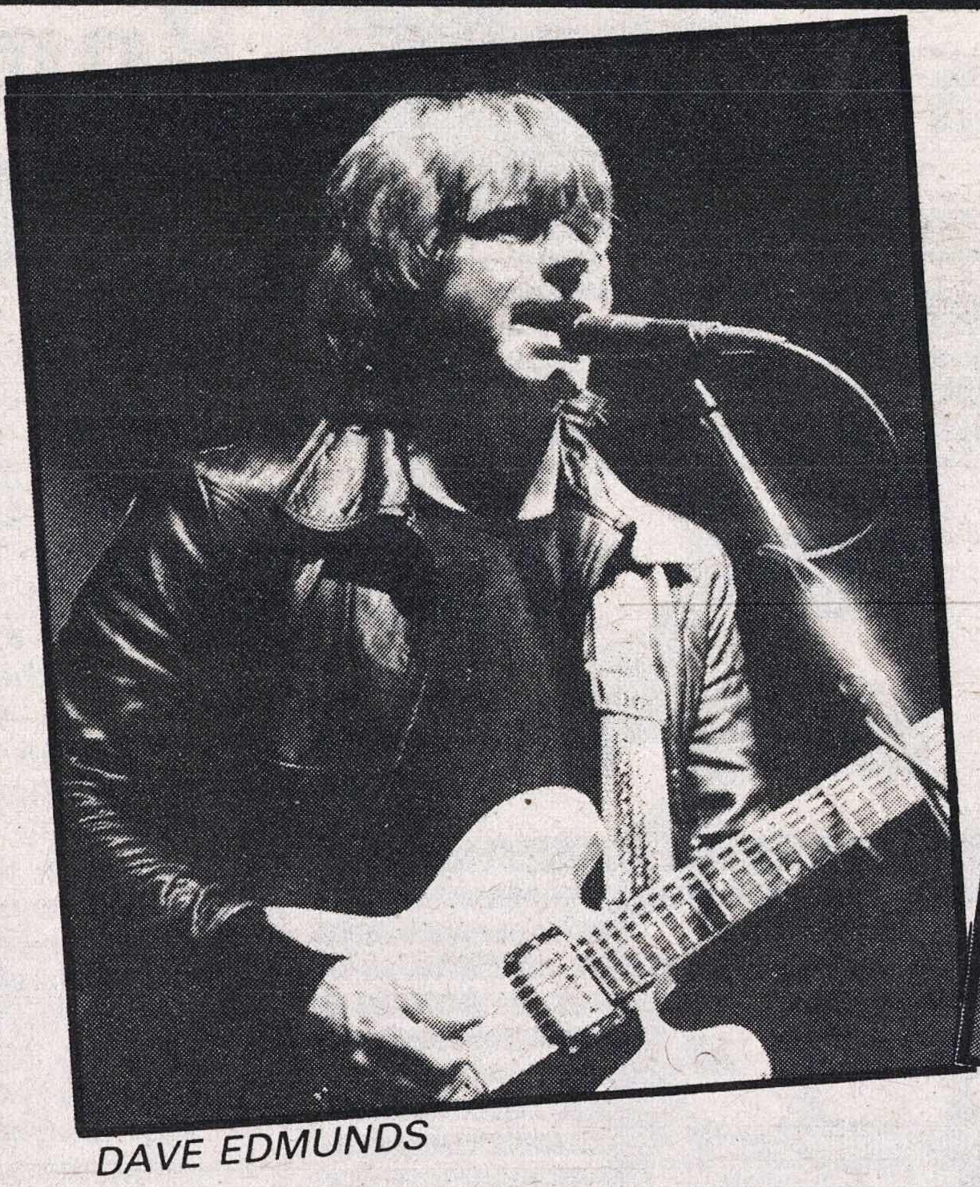
JOHNNY NASH arrives in Britain at the end of the month for a short club tour, taking in Birmingham Barbarella's (May 28), Sheffield Fiesta (May 31-June 2), Burton Royall's Club (6), Norwich Cromwells (7) and Cardiff Troubadour Club (8 and 9). One or two other gigs, including a London date, have still to be slotted in. The visit is timed to coincide with the May 25 release of Nash's new Epic album 'Let's Go Dancing'.

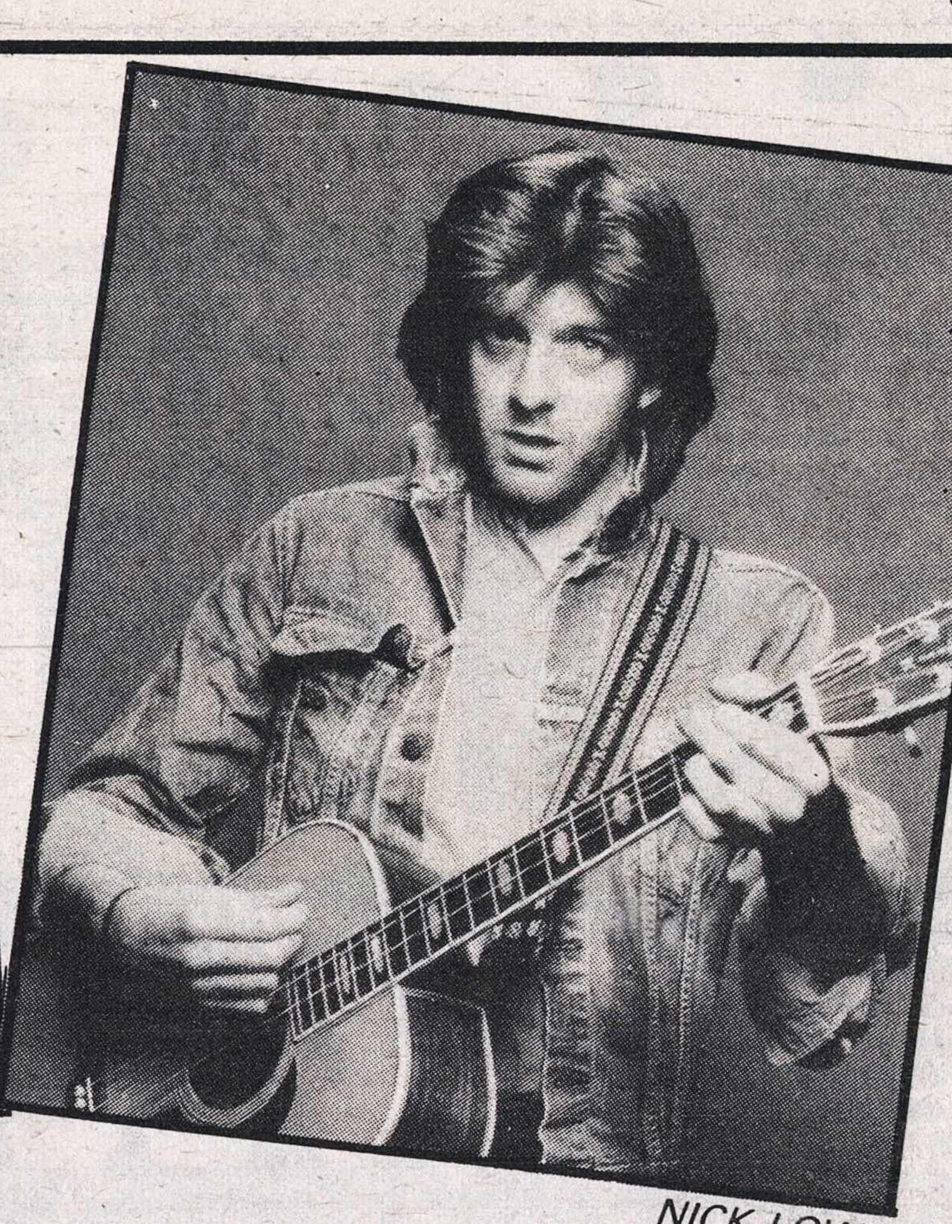
Pop Group re-arrange

THE POP GROUP have been forced to revise their UK tour itinerary almost entirely, due to many of their original venues having second thoughts and deciding not to book the band after all. Their revised schedule now comprises Aberdeen University (tomorrow, Friday), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), Fife St. Andrew's University (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (May 14), Manchester University (19), Bristol Locarno (21), Guildford Civic Hall (22), London School of Economics (26), Birmingham Top Rank (30). Leeds Polytechnic (31), Hull University (June 1) and Liverpool University (2).

Piranhas ahoy

SOUTH COAST band The Piranhas have dates this month at London Islington Hope and Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Guildford Royal Hotel (Friday), Brighton Sussex University (Saturday), Brighton Top Rank with The Members (16), Chatham Tam O'Shanter (17), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (18), Fareham John Peel (19), Southampton Old Mill (21), Brighton Richmond Hotel (22), Guildford Surrey University (23), Sussex University (24) and Godalming College (31).


DAVE EDMUNDS


NICK LOWE

ROCKPILE GO OUT

Major outing by Edmunds & Lowe

ROCKPILE featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe (that's their official new billing) undertake their most important tour to date next month, headlining at 19 major venues — including a prestige London appearance. And there's the additional bonus of the Lew Lewis Reformer guesting on all dates. All the princpals involved — Edmunds, Lowe and Lewis — have new record releases scheduled to coincide with the tour.

The itinerary comprises Birmingham Odeon (June 8), Colchester Essex University (9), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Hastings Pier Pavilion (11), Cambridge Emmanuel College (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), Leeds University (15), Oxford Polytechnic (16), Poole Arts Centre (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Swansea Top Rank (19), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21), Egham Royal Holloway College (22), Malvern Winter Gardens (23), Bristol Locarno (24), London Hammersmith Palais (26), Sheffield Top Rank (27), Newcastle City Hall (28) and Edinburgh Odeon (29).

Tickets at seated venues are £3, £2.50 and £2, and at unseated halls all at the one price of £2.50. This does not apply to the colleges who are making their own arrangements.

As already reported, Rockpile precede the tour with an appearnce in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival during Spring Bank Holiday weekend, where they play on May 27 along with The Boomtown Rats and the Average White Band. They are also newly set for the Dublin Festival on July 1 (admission £6), for which other confirmed acts include Status Quo, Judas Priest and The Undertones.

Dave Edmunds' new single 'Girls Talk', issued by Swan Song this week, was written by Elvis Costello. His latest album 'Requested When Needed' follows on June 8, and titles include 'Crawlin' From The Wreckage' and the old Cliff Richard song 'Dynamite'. Guest musicians include Albert Lee and Huey Louis of Clover.

Nick Lowe also has a single out this week — his is on Radar, and it's the self-penned 'Crackin' Up'. And his album comes out the same day as the Edmunds LP — it's called 'Labour Of Lust' and it contains 11 tracks, all of which were either penned or co-written by Lowe, except for Mickey Jupp's 'Switchboard Susan'.

Rockpile — who comprise Edmunds, Lowe, Billy Bremner and Terry Williams — will feature material from both these albums on their June tour.

LEW LEWIS REFORMER have a new single issued by Stiff on June 1, titled 'Win Or Lose'. It was penned by Francis Rossi of Status Quo, but is not available on any Quo album. And it will be followed shortly by a new LP, on which the band are currently working. Prior to the Rockpile tour, they have further dates in their own right at London Camden Dingwalls (this Sunday), Sheffield University (May 19), Eastbourne Curzon (25), Reading University (29) and Scarborough Penthouse (June 1). And they appear with The Undertones and The Chords at London Strand Lyceum on May 20.

● THE UNDERTONES have, in fact, re-confirmed their Lyceum gig for May 20 — after announcing last week that they would be playing in York on that date. Another change in their itinerary is tonight (Thursday), when they now play Bradford University instead of Hanley Victoria Hall, which is put back to June 5. And they have an extras date at Sheffield Top Rank on June 4.

LURKERS LEAP IN

Killer tour opens later this month

THE LURKERS have now confirmed 25 dates for their latest British tour, plans for which were reported last week, and more gigs are still being finalised. The outing ties in with the May 18 release of their new Beggars' Banquet single 'Out In The Dark' / 'Suzie Was A Floozie' — which, on the initial pressing, will include a bonus of two additional tracks (though still selling at normal price). Also coming out during the course of the tour is the band's new album 'God's Lonely Men', issued on June 1.

The itinerary is billed as the Lurkers' Killer Tour, and dates set so far — culminating in a major London concert — are Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (May 18), Wolverhampton Lafayette (19), Swansea Circles (22), Sheffield Limit Club (24), Retford Porterhouse (25), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (26), York Pop Club (30), Edinburgh (June 1), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (2), Dumfries Stagecoach (3), Chester Smartyz (4), Rayleigh Crocs (6), Derby Playhouse (7), Newport The Village (8) two at Liverpool Eric's (9), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (10), Brighton Top Rank (12), High Wycombe Town Hall (13), Manchester Ardri Cinema (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (16), Bridgend Drones (17), Plymouth Tops (20), Blackburn Whitton Park (23) and London Strand Lyceum (24).

As already reported, a special coach trip is being laid on from London to the opening gig at Peterborough (tickets and details from Beggar's Banquet shops), for the benefit of those who can't wait five weeks for the Lyceum show! Immediately after they complete this schedule, The Lurkers leave for a 15-date tour of the States.

MEMBERS BENEFITS

THE MEMBERS are to headline a couple of charity concerts on behalf of the One Parent Families organisation — they are at Uxbridge Brunel University on May 23 with Pinpoint and The Planets supporting, and London Camden Centre on May 30 with Pinpoint and Rico. With the slotting in of the first of these benefits, their planned gig at Reading University on May 23 has now been pulled out. Two other cancellations on their current tour schedule are at Plymouth Tops (May 14) and Chester Smartyz (21), but they have just added a last-minute date at Lincoln Polytechnic tonight (Thursday).

● DENNIS BROWN has, by popular demand, added another London date to his current tour. It's at The Venue in Victoria next Tuesday (15).

A FALL OUT!

THE FALL were forced to cancel a string of gigs at the outset of their spring tour, due to the departure of guitarist Martin Bramah, who left the band due to the inevitable "personal and musical differences" and who now intends to perform his own material. The Fall have now brought in two new members, Steve Hanley (bass) and Craig Scanlan (guitar), to join the remaining members — Mark E. Smith (vocals), Yvonne Pawlett (piano), Mike Leigh (drums) and Marc Riley (who now switches from bass to guitar).

After rush rehearsals they are going ahead with commitments at Edinburgh Astoria (tonight, Thursday), Carlisle Wigton Market Hall (Friday), Bolton Polytechnic (Saturday) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall with The Prefects (15). They are also supporting Penetration at Coventry Locarno (17) and Manchester Apollo (18).

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WED. 23rd MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THUR. 24th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRI. 25th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SAT. 26th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUN. 27th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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Ron Wood's U.S. success prolongs Stones absence

RON WOOD'S band The New Barbarians, whose line-up also includes fellow Rolling Stone Keith Richards, are reportedly going down a storm in the States and have already sparked off a couple of riots at venues they've played.

The band was really only formed as an interim measure while the Stones' plans were hung up by Richards' legal problems in Canada — and, indeed, these still continue because the Canadian Government is officially trying to have him committed to prison.

It seems Mick Jagger was unwilling to commit the Stones to any long-term work while this uncertainty persists, and he has the worry of his own upcoming divorce, so Wood decided to go ahead with his own tour — only finalising the personnel a few days before the opening show. Also in the line-up are Stanley Clarke (bass), Joseph Modelliste of The Meters (drums), Bobby Keys (tenor sax) and Ian McLagan (keyboards).

There is still no confirmation on whether the band will play UK dates in the late spring after they have finished in the States. Latest word is that the U.S. tour could, by popular demand, be extended. And thereafter much depends upon the outcome of the Richards affair — which, if it goes in his favour, could prompt Jagger into getting the Stones rolling again.

If the Canadian Justice Department's appeal against Richards' light probation sentence is upheld, and a term of imprisonment substituted, the chances are that he would have to serve it. An official said that, if Richards failed to return to Canada, extradition proceedings would be instituted. So the Stones' future hangs in the balance pending the result — and in the meantime, Wood and Richards are cashing in with The New Barbarians.

QUO ADD TWO LONDON GIGS

STATUS QUO, who have just started a major sell-out tour of Britain, have confirmed two more London concerts for next month — in response to the overwhelming demand for tickets for the three shows they're playing at Wembley Arena this week. The extra shows are at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday and Tuesday, June 25 and 26, and tickets are now available from the box-office. Immediately after these dates, the band leave for Ireland, where they headline the Dublin Festival on Sunday, July 1.

IT'S THEM AGAIN!

THEM, the top Irish band who were the springboard for Van Morrison's rise to fame, are back on the road again with three of their original members — Alan Henderson (bass), Eric Wrixon (keyboards) and Jim Armstrong (lead guitar) — plus a couple of new men. The outfit was formed in 1963, and they eventually disbanded in 1969, two years after Morrison's departure. Now they're back in business, and recently travelled to Germany to record a single and album — the LP, titled 'Shut Your Mouth', is already on sale in Europe and it's hoped soon to be issued here. They are about to start touring the Continent and, although no British gigs have yet been arranged, these are expected to follow when the album comes out in this country.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

A MOD FESTIVAL is being staged on Sunday, May 20, at Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre. The organisers claim is to be the first event of its kind in the current decade. Bands booked so far are The Purple Hearts, The Crooks, Back To Zero, The Mods and Squire. It runs from 2 to 11 pm, and admission is £1.50.

IDENTITY PARADE is the name of a package tour organised by Manchester-based TJ Records, featuring five bands signed to the label — V2, The Distractions, Private Sector, The Altifits and Frantic Elevators. First confirmed gigs are Oldham Queen Elizabethan Hall (this Saturday), Derby Ajanta Club (May 17), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Wakefield Bretton Hall (25) and Manchester Russell Club (26).

FISCHER-Z have made a couple of changes to their tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. They have added London Regent's Park Bedford College tomorrow (Friday), but their gig at Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms on May 21 is now cancelled.

GAY AND TERRY WOODS return to the concert circuit as support act on the previously-reported British tour by Renaissance, opening at London Hammersmith Odeon tomorrow (Friday).

TJENS COUTER, the leading Belgian rock band, are in Britain to promote the reissue of their single 'Honey Bee' on the Birmingham-based Big Bear label. The four-piece outfit have gigs this weekend at Birmingham Newman College (Friday) and Derby Lonsdale College (Saturday), with more to follow.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG this week begins daytime English language broadcasting for the first time for 30 years. Resident disc-jockeys Mark Wesley, Tony Prince, Stuart Henry, Bob Stewart, Barry Alldis and Rob Jones will be on the air Mondays through Saturdays from 2 to 5.30 pm (finishing 30 minutes earlier on Saturdays). The service is aimed initially at English-speaking people living in Europe. though it's hoped to expand its range eventually. Service is on Channel 18 FM (92.5 MHZ).

CHARLIE GRACIE, the veteran U.S. rocker who had a string of British hits in 1957, visits Britain in the late summer and is already confirmed for an appearance at London Southgate Royalty on September 13. Among other acts set for the same venue is another near-legendary rock star Billy Lee Riley, who plays there on July 28.

CAPITAL LETTERS have added four dates to their tour reported two weeks ago — at Keele University (May 23), Bristol Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Barbarella's (31) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (June 7). Their projected gig at Plymouth on May 28 is cancelled because they are appearing on Belgian TV, and Birmingham Rialto is put back from June 8 to 16.

THE STARJETS undertake their first full UK tour as support to Stiff Little Fingers who, as reported last week, go on the road later this month. The Irish band have just completed their first album, a self-penned set produced by David Batchelor (who was responsible for The Skids' hit 'Into The Valley'), for release by Epic next month.

ANGLETRAX have slotted another four gigs into their tour itinerary, listed last week. They are London Marquee (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Sandpiper (May 26), London Camden Music Machine (30) and Retford Porterhouse (June 2).

THE PURPLE HEARTS headline the first of a new series of rock gigs at London's Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, next Monday (14). This opening show is a Mod Night with Little Rooster and The Cobras also appearing, and admission is £1.25, but it's planned to stage concerts every fortnight.

SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS are lining up a UK tour for June (dates to follow shortly) which will introduce their two new recruits, ex-Vinegar Joe bassist Nick South and ex-Steve Gibbons keyboards man Keith Miller. Respectively, they replace Chris Birkin who's forming his own band, and Alan Feldman who's fed up with touring but will continue to assist Sniff and Co in the studios.

THE LATE SHOW have a string of dates at Newcastle Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Nashville (Saturday and Sunday), Weston-super-Mare Sloopy's (May 17), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), Walsall Town Hall (25) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (26).

GANG OF FOUR play their only gig for some weeks (due to exams) when they headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, May 27, supported by The Specials. Punishment Of Luxury, who were originally set for the Lyceum on that date, will now play Bridgend Drones instead — and their Lyceum show is being re-arranged for June.

ULTRAVOX have parted company with their lead vocalist John Fox, and are now looking for a replacement. The split came two weeks ago when the band returned home from an extensive US tour. The remaining members claim that Fox's attitude had become negative, and say that working with him was increasingly difficult.

TOT AND THE GIRLS (who've now dropped the 'In Room 419' from their name) have gigs at Hanley Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Princeville (Saturday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (May 14), Nottingham Trent Poly (15), Chester Smartyz (17), Retford Porterhouse (19), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (23), Norwich Keswick College (24), York Revolution (27) and Bardford Topic Club (28).

DR. FEELGOOD have been forced to cancel their projected gig at London Hammersmith Palais on June 5 becase the hall is being used for A-levels that week! An alternative London date is being arranged and will be announced next week.

THE HEADBOYS, who complete their tour as support to John Otway at London Rainbow this Saturday, have London gigs of their own at Kensington Nashville (May 14) and the Marquee (15). A full headlining tour is currently being lined up for them.

SUPERCHARGE set out this weekend on what they describe as an extensive tour. It consists of just two dates — York University (tomorrow, Friday) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (Sunday).

RENAISSANCE have cancelled one of the dates in their British tour itinerary, which opens this weekend (see Gig Guide) — it's at Bradford St. George's Hall on May 21.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have added three more dates to their current gig series — at Blackpool Norbreck Castle (May 16), Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 1) and support to The Skids at London Strand Lyceum (3).

HARRY CHAPIN, whose eight-concert UK tour opens on May 22, has switched the date and venue of his London show. Originally set for Drury Lane Theatre Royal on June 2, he now instead plays the Rainbow on May 28 (tickets £3.50, £3 and £2.50). Other dates remain unchanged.

BLACK SLATE: MAJOR PLANS

BLACK SLATE begin a major five-week UK tour at the end of this month, aimed at previewing the new material on their upcoming album, scheduled for release on their own TCD label in late July. The tour runs from May 31 to July 4 and includes club, college and theatre dates.

The first seven gigs to be confirmed are at Brighton Polytechnic (May 31), Chester Smartyz (June 4), Cambridge Queen's College (12), Lincoln The Hall (15), London Marquee (20), York University (22) and London Regent's Park Bedford College (29). Many more dates are currently being finalised, including four in Scotland and three in Wales. And immediately prior to this itinerary, they play six dates in Ireland, opening at Belfast Polytechnic on May 24.

The London-based reggae band have already recorded 24 tracks, 12 of which are being selected for the LP. The remaining dozen titles are to be issued as a boxed set containing three maxi-singles in September. European release will be a little earlier, to tie in with the string of appearances they have lined up on the Continent — they are at present touring Holland, Germany and Belgium, and they return to Europe right after their British tour.

THIRD WORLD: TEN GIGS SET

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the June tour by Third World. After a fleeting visit to appear in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival on May 26, already reported, they undertake a series of dates in eight European countries. The band then return to the UK to play:

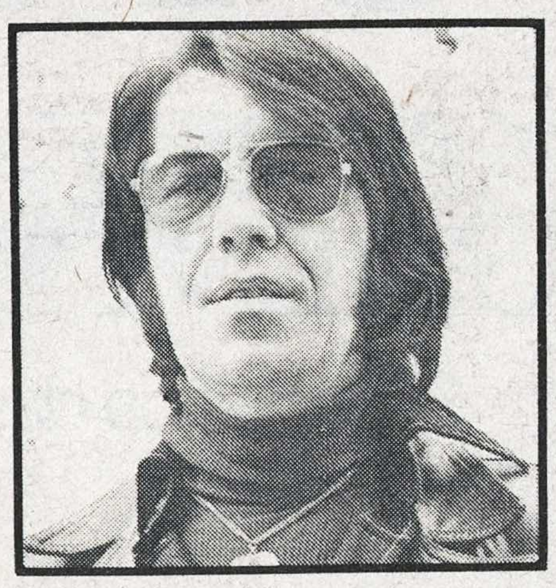
Edinburgh Odeon (June 19), Manchester Apollo (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Brighton Top Rank (22), London Rainbow Theatre (23 and 24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Purley Orchid Ballroom (27) and Portsmouth Locarno (28).

The new Third World album 'The Story's Been Told' is set for June 15 release by Island. It's preceded on May 18 by a single culled from the LP, titled 'Talk To Me'.

Tickets for the Rainbow gigs are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Prices vary elsewhere, and readers should apply to individual box-offices.

Link Wray gigs

VETERAN rocker Link Wray returns to Britain later this month, as part of an extensive European tour. He has just been signed by Charisma Records, and his visit ties in with the release of his new album and single. He is playing five dates in this country — at Nottingham Sandpiper (May 24), Manchester The Factory (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (26), Edinburgh Tiffany's (28) and two shows at London Victoria The Venue supported by The Blue Max (June 2).



Wray, whose visit coincides with his 50th birthday, has his album 'Bull Shot' issued tomorrow (Friday) — it was recorded in New York earlier this year with producer Richard Gottehrer, and comprises ten tracks. One of these is released simultaneously as a single — it's Wray's version of Bob Dylan's 'It's All Over Now, Babys Blue', and the first 10,000 copies come in blue vinyl and special sleeves.

WINDSOR CASTLE: ROCK AFTER ALL!

THE NEW management of the Windsor Castle, in London's Harrow Road, have had second thoughts about their decision (reported last week) to ditch rock gigs and turn it into a C&W venue. Apparently due to pressure from bands and public alike, they now say they will continue with a pop-rock policy for the foreseeable future, although they will not accept punk bands. This means, in effect, that all existing rock bookings up to May 20 will go ahead as planned — and subsequent gigs are now being set.

COUSIN JOE IS BACK

COUSIN JOE, the near-legendary New Orleans bluesman who admits to being turned 70, returns to Britain this week for a 13-date tour. His visit ties in with the reissue of his Big Bear album 'Gospel Wailing Jazz Playing Rock'n'Roll Soul Shouting Tap Dancing Bluesman From New Orleans', and his confirmed gigs are:

Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Aston University (Friday), London Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Cumbernauld Greenford Theatre (May 14), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (15), Edinburgh Calton Studios (16), Manchester Band On The Wall (17), Liverpool Bradford Hotel (18), Sheffield Broadfield Hotel (19), London Camden Dingwalls (20), Swindon Arts Centre (23), Scarborough Pepper's (24) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (26).

● This Saturday's gig at The Venue sees Cousin Joe guesting in an all-star band called Rocket 88 — which also features Charlie Watts of The Rolling Stones, Alexis Korner, Dick Morrissey and Ian Stewart, among others.

STILL MORE KATE

KATE BUSH has just confirmed a third successive concert at London Hammersmith Odeon for next Monday, May 14.

Record News

TOUR IN SEPTEMBER

Devo's new LP

DEVO have ther second album, 'Duty Now For The Future', recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Ken Scott, issued by Virgin on July 1. It's a mixture of new material and previously unrecorded stage favourites. The tracks are **Devo Corporate Anthem, Clockout, Timing X, Wiggly World, Blackhead, Strange Pursuit, S.I.B. (Swelling Itching Brain), Triumph Of The Will, The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise, Pink Pussycat, Secret Agent Man, Smart Patrol/Mr. DNA** and **Red Eye.** One of the tracks, 'The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise', will be released next month as a single, coupled with a title not on the album, 'Penetration In The Centrefold.' A spokesman for the band said that plans are being finalised for Devo to tour Britain in September.

FREE FEELGOODS EP

A FREE EP will be given with the first 25,000 copies of Dr. Feelgood's new album 'Live', released by United Artists on May 18. Side One of the LP was recorded at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion towards the end of the band's last UK tour, and features them in full rock blast. The second side was recorded at a gig earlier this year at Rayleigh Crocs, before an audience of specially invited fans and friends, and is more in the R&B mould. These 13 tracks are augmented by four more titles stemming from the same two sessions, all Feelgood classics, on the free EP — they are 'Riot In Cell Block No. 9', 'The Blues Had A Baby', 'Lights Out' and 'Great Balls Of Fire'. As previously reported, the band begin a 13-date UK tour on May 24.

● The Mael brothers have produced the single 'Dancing Is Dangerous' by Los Angeles girl singer **Noel** (left), which Virgin issue as a seven or 12-inch on May 18.

● **John Miles'** new single 'Oh Dear', taken from his LP 'More Miles Per Hour', is issued by Decca on May 18. He's spending this month writing material for a new album, which he records in July.

Dury on Cornwell elpee

IAN DURY and two members of Devo make guest appearances on the upcoming solo album by Hugh Cornwell which, as reported last week, is titled 'Nosferatu' and comes out in July. Dury has the role of a fairground barker on a track called 'Wrong Way Round', while Devo sidemen Bob and Mark Mothersbaugh are featured on synthesiser, guitar and vocals on a composition of their own. As already announced, Captain Beefheart's drummer Robert Williams and ex-Mothers Of Invention keyboards man Ian Underwood are also on the album.

EX-REZILLOS IN SHAKE UP

SHAKE is the name that's been given to the new band launched by former Rezillos members Jo Callis, Simon Templar and Angle Patterson. Their record debut is set for June 1, with the release by Sire of an EP comprising 'Culture Shop', 'Glasshouse', 'Dream Only' and 'But Not Mine' — it comes in ten-inch form, packaged in a picture sleeve. Later next month, augmented by guitarist Troy Tate, they set out on a full British tour and details will be announced shortly.

● **Dave Swarbrick** of the soon-to-be-disbanded Fairport Convention has a solo LP issued by Sonet this month titled 'The Ceilidh Album' — with Dave Pegg, Simon Nicol and Bruce Rowland among the backing musicians. Same label also brings out a new **Fats Domino** set called 'Sleeping On The Job', recorded in New Orleans.

● New British rock band **Alias** have been signed to a five-year worldwide deal by Magnet Records, the same label as Darts — and, in fact, both bands are managed by Bob England. They're about to go into the studios to record their first album and, to coincide with its release, a major launch is planned for them later in the year.

● **The Slits** are the latest signing to Island Records, and are already in the studios recording an album for late summer release. Dennis Bovell of Matumbi is producing.

Barry Andrews solo

BARRY ANDREWS, until recently keyboards man with XTC, has a solo self-penned EP issued by Virgin on May 25. Titled 'Town and Country', it consists of four tracks — 'Me And My Mate Can Sing', 'Bring On The Alligators', 'Mousetrap (Dedicated to Aunty Rene)' and 'Sargasso Bar'. It was produced by Martin Rushent, and the line-up is Andrews (lead vocals and keyboards), Rob Wilford (drums) and David Marx (guitar, bass and backing vocals).

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Don't eat The Good Missionaries

Missionaries accomplished (l-r): Dave George, Dennis Burns, Anno Wombat, Mark Perry. Pic: Mike Laye.

...but don't let them eat you.

MARK PERRY gave DANNY BAKER his first start in journalism back in the heady days when they'd meet in 'punk' clubs to sniff glue togehter. Since then Danny's gone disco and Mark's gone . . . well, maybe we'd better leave it to Danny to sort that one out.

MEFFA WAS in his height of glory. He'd had a fight with Atkins at dinnertime and poggered him sick and gone around the bogs afterward writing "The Best Fighter In The School Is Meffa! A WHITE BOY, RIGHT!"

Then later on when Dunny the headmaster had caught him over the shop when he was supposed to be in metalwork, he got four of the stick in front of all the assembly — all on the same hand too.

And now, seeing as we ain't got no teacher for geography again, everyone's laughing at his stories and that.

He's a nutcase, Meffa, he got his name cos he poggers all the old meffs drinkers who lie on the grass in Ravensbourne Park. He's a right evil nutcase I tell ya. Hold up. He's doin' his rounds for money.

"Oy Meffa! Dig out Mitchell, 'e's always loadid!"

I hate Mitchell and Twigger and that crew, talk about wallies. Just cos they got Barathea blazers they think they run the place. Ha! He's sittin' on Timmins' back. "Gawan Meff, don't have any of his ol'knackers. He was playin' two bob up at dinnertime wiv Coombsy and them, so 'e's loadid." Me, I don't give a fuck salong as he don't start over 'ere.

Lankford has just started cryin' cos he got his sideboards given some treatment, really is cryin' an' all. Still, he is well backward — his dick's the same as it was in the first year!

"Shutcher row up, Diveloe!"

Now Meffa's makin' Perry look small. He's got his head in an arm lock and is rubbing on his hair with his knuckles . . . I bet that hurts. "Oy Meff, drop it out, 'e's alright. Wha-? Nah, nah . . . I don't . . . I was just sayin' like."

Nearly dropped meself in it there. Still, poor barsted, 'e ain't got no busfare home now and he ain't really one of the wallies. Perry's just quiet really. I feel a bit sorry for him sometimes . . .

"AND NOW I hear of those people and because I've done this . . ." Mark Perry waves his arm around the Step Forward office — "because I've done something, I'm something . . . it's like getting your own back . . . like you can all look at me!"

When, at the end of this year, we get all the 70's retrospectives and rock'n'roll, quite rightly, gets down on its knees to 1976, in the punk rock list of 'Who Mattered' anyone who doesn't fill in the first two spaces with Rotten and Perry obviously wasn't there.

The Sex Pistols were the game and *Sniffin Glue* made the rules. We can be spared all the maps, charts theories, gutless cynicism and cheap one upmanship that springs up around the topic today. Only a drip with a grudge could deny Mr Perry's weight on the shaping of the world as we know it.

Behind we leave the, by now, threadbare tale of the bloke cashing in his bank clerk hat for the type-written bulletins that inspired a legion of bored teenagers to ask dad for the car keys.

"Oh, you thinking of going to the pictures then son?"
"Nah, dad, we just need the garage for a while . . ."

And here we can ponder the 'empire' as it fragments and tumbles about our stereos. Three years on, and though the fun's not gone, our leaders don't talk to each other any more and when they talk to us we already know what they're going to say. All except — and take any prize from the bottom shelf — Rotten and Perry.

Ever since the very first utterances from Perry's inevitable group, Alternative TV, the man has made it clear that if he wrote of change and upheaval to gain our attention/confidence he was going to do his damndest to see the print through into actual audible fact.

The mistake he made was believing that was what everyone wanted.

But, no it took a brave band to step out from the blarney blueprint during those halcyon days, and, though ATV were far from The Good Missionaries they are today, Perry's outfit didn't take long to bamboozle and thus lose its fanzine fed followers.

And if Perry will not be satisfied until the very last punter resigns, he has doggedly made his recordings and gigs less and less like what he believes his audience will want to hear.

This curious behaviour appears to have reached a zenith/nadir with the 'Vibing Up The Senile Man' album and Mark's announcement that he wishes his band now to be known as The Good Missionaries so as they may start all over again.

Cronic indulgence or a master scheme?

You have to hand it to the old bugger, whichever way you care for his music — and it probably won't shock you to find that this writer isn't floored by it — Mark Perry is living out his former employee Jimmy Pursey's favourite gabble: 'Do what you want to do and fuck everyone else.'.

IT IS April '79 and in the offices of Mark P's Step Forward Records, his former partner refuses to slap backs while P refuses to be slapped back. The 'prophet of punk' looks well-fed, mellow and content. We'll soon put a stop to that.

On hearing his later work, many of us are left mulling over the definition of 'pretentious'. Certainly tracks like 'Red' from the 'Image Has Cracked' album and the absolutely awful bops and bangs of 'Serpentine Gallery' on 'Vibing' carve whole new meanings in the word.

"Oh, leave it out (laughs). No, I mean, it all depends on what you mean by pretentious. Y'see I don't make records for people, I'm not after 40 minutes of entertainment. I've bought records for ten years, everything, not knowing if it'll be good or bad, trying to suss out a good pattern. But now I don't have to because I'm given time for my own records and I record exactly what I want, what I want to hear."

Ain't that just abusing studio time because you can get it.

"Well, these two years have led me to all this so I'm bound to use it all ain't I? But people love to have a go at me because I'm not whacking out stuff like The Angelic Upstarts, or backing bands like that financially."

And you don't think you should?

"No, cos I think bands like that are ridiculous. I mean, punk to me was always for taking the piss outa people, that's what it was, y'know, give 'em a good runaround. Laughing while you are changing their attitudes, really. People who tell me that I've let punk down are the type who'd go out and pay four quid for a copy of 'Love Bites', whereas all I'm doin' is collecting music that means a lot to me — that's all our albums are, just stuff that strikes me as interesting, or funny, at the time."

But would you buy them?

"No, no, no. I'd never buy our albums. I don't think the albums are good, that's not the point. It's just like to say, I've all these facilities so . . ."

■ *Missive continues next page*

MARK PERRY

■ *From previous page*

But is that to say you're recording to the best of your ability?

"I think I probably am, yeah."

Something like 'Serpentine Gallery', which sounds just like some old bits of wood being hit occasionally?

"I think that's an interesting track . . . close your eyes, y'know . . . it's nice."

But what's the point?

"No point! Just noises on a record you either like or . . ."

But it seems a real waste. Don't you feel guilty that some kid is gonna buy your LP on trust, paying his £4 to be given some hope by Mark Perry?

"Well, he's only gonna buy it really if he's heard it on Peel or something . . ."

Rubbish, the kid'll buy it because he's heard that Mark Perry is a name to trust in the same way as you shelled out for King Crimson because of some perverted faith. Don't you feel that you could do something more positive than just perpetrate the same old blind faith dance?

"No, no. Because, come on, in a certain way that's what we've been about for the last year. I've gone out of my way to play music that they don't want to listen to, maybe otherwise wouldn't have considered. They come and all through the set will scream for 'Action Time Vision' or 'Viva La Rock'n'Roll' which makes us all the more determined not to play it.

"If we were into the 'teach you' trip we could play all the old set and get three encores a night, because whatever we're into now, back then we were far better at one-two rock'n'roll than most of the others."

This is true.

"But don't ya see, that's not what it's about, that's not what I wanna do. I want to do so many different forms of music over the next couple of years and that's why I did something like 'Vibing' — because that just about stretches things as far as we can and by doing that we can work within it."

But is it really stretching out? Ain't it just as valid to hear a bunch of blokes banging things together? ('Serpentine').

"Well it's a poem . . . it's got a message . . ."

Poetry my arse. Do you profess to be a poet?

"No, but I use words 'n that . . ."

By now Perry is grinning broadly and it's important to remember that no matter how it looks in cold print, his quotes are far less arrogant than they seem. His speech is well dotted with chuckles and the more pompous phrases get delivered in a most unconfident manner. His accent is still firmly is SE London.

"See, if I was a musician I'd tell you about structures and dissect beats and that, but I don't ever pretend to do that. 'Slike I really like this album called 'Decay Music' by Michael Nyman and I thought I'd try some of that . . .

"It's a very indulgent thing between me, Dennis Burns and Genesis" (P Orridge).

Oh, him. Why do you work with that prat?

"I think he's a very powerful person, and he's a good friend."

I tell him that the artful one sheds an angle on the albums that otherwise needn't exist. We argue a bit, until we get back to Mark The Poet.

"It all comes back to some geyser who'll come up to me in the bar after the gig and say, 'I read you're a poet now, wass wrong with punk? And who's the hippy bird on stage and why do you play a violin?' And that, for me, is what got lost with punk. Why doesn't he see that it's all bluff.

"I'm saying, 'Look, I've got a violin, y'know, make a noise!' So I can't play it, so what? Right now I 'play' guitar, violin, piano and soon I'll have clarinet and sax? That's what punk said in the first place — just get up and do it — but it got confined to guitars, guitars, guitars."

All this jamming is a little hippified though, right?

"Oh yeah it is. That's all rubbed off from doin' those Here & Now gigs. We've got their female singer in our band now. Anyrate, jamming is great, y'know? I heard the tapes of the Lyceum thing we did and it sounded just great, kind of Grateful Deadish . . ."

Doctor, it's about my friend . . .

"Well, I'd agree that as far as the punks v hippies thing goes I'm one of the main culprits in setting all that up — y'know, 'Fuckin' hippies' and 'If it don't go at 60mph it ain't worth a fuck' — but that was all when I didn't know what could be done with slow music. I didn't know what I was doin' then and I still don't half the time now, but I won't close myself off to any possibilities anymore.

"If I'm supposed to have let punk down, well . . . punk is something to do with Gen X or the second Clash album now, so I consider *that* to have let me down, let all of us down."

Obviously you believe ATV have chosen the healthier trend?

"Sure, ours is healthier. Because if you take 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' . . . well, that whole sound now, the Thin Lizzy wall of guitars, it's a strained form of rock'n'roll that should have been discarded."

In the light of all this you may be baffled to learn that at home Mr Perry has very 'normal' tastes as a fan. He has a deep love for the work of both The Jam and Elvis Costello, but more of that later.

OK, SO LET'S check the current condition of another of our man's former soap boxes. Who was it who plonked Deptford on the centre of credibility A-Z? One of the country's best celebrated proles, was P. These days he can be found in Fulham and I asked him if he gave class a lot of thought still.

"I tend not to think about it now until I'm forced to face things like getting stuck with a couple of upper trendies who still really turn my stomach with their detachment and flippancy. It's a real shame that all that stuff was allowed to die down just because it became a cliche. Y'know, I got so bored talking about rich people/poor people but things like that shouldn't be allowed to become cliched."

I think you make 'middle class' music insofar as it appears geared toward an expensive hi fi system and demands deliberation and time to be taken over its ins and outs — time I don't believe working kids would afford it.

"Yeah, you're probably right, I do still get people trying to 'reform' me to the old anarchy blueprint but . . . I dunno. Dave in the band, he's middle class, his dad wrote the film *Dr Strangelove*, how about that, eh? Dave's kind of a thinker and he influences me."

What has living in Fulham done to your lyrics?

"You know who I'd like to be? Bruce Foxton . . ."

"I don't think living in Fulham's done anything, but I think not living at me parents' had a great effect. At home I couldn't relax and with all the speed I'd take it was obvious that words like 'How Much Longer' or 'You Bastard' would result. Living at home makes you feel obliged to be angry, whereas living alone — whether it's Fulham or Catford — will always make you reflect more on what you're tryin' to do. Plus you can't help reading books or watching films . . ."

But ain't there a danger to believe a film instead of what *is*?

"Well, once I used to believe there was a street truth, but not any more. Because the people I used to regard as suss have since fell to bits and become drips, so now I just try to live and do what I think good. Mind you, I've got it easy. It's OK for me to say 'go and make your own records,' but I've got it really easy."

Is that why you can afford to indulge in this perverse satisfaction you have for selling the customer short? Like it or not, you wear a sly grin while those glasses are flying onstage.

"Well, I am free from the pressure of commercial success. If my records bomb out I can always do another one. Even so, I still like mucking people about so maybe they'll consider less obvious forms of music."

Then again there's the chance that the bloke who's paid his whack is perfectly in order to say to you, 'I didn't like your set, not because of a lack of sympathy, but because you played a load of drivel.'

"Well, fair enough, he'd know not to come again."

But if the public lost interest you'd be extinct.

"Sure, but I don't care. It doesn't bother me to the point o - . . ."

I think it does. If it came to the point of having to sell yourself out on two singles in order to pay for another 'Senile Man', I reckon you'd go back to guitars, guitars, guitars in order to maintain the current luxury.

"Nah, it wouldn't be as easy as that. Beside I don't think I could make a halfway decent rock'n'roll record if I tried."

Which brings us to his favourite records, pop kids!

"I love good pop music. That's what I listen to all the time at home . . . I think 'Armed Forces' is the best album so far this year. And something as great as 'Strangetown' . . . I could never try to compete in their field.

"I could never go home and listen to Phillip Glass or Brian Eno, Christ."

OK, so does that to some degree explain your confidence in something like 'Serpentine Gallery'? Say if you went on some sort of intensive course into Philip Glass, Michael Nyman and the gang, mightn't you come back and think you couldn't compete — in the same way as you do toward The Jam?

"Yeah but I'm not competing, I don't mean . . . I mean, I wouldn't mind playing pop music, but I'd have to be the backing person, y'know? I'd have . . . look . . . y'know who I'd like to be? I'd love to be Steve Naive in The Attractions! I'd love to be the piano players just getting on with it. I can't handle all this frontman stuff. I really would like to be Bruce Foxton, know what I mean?"

MARK IS DEADLY serious and his tone suggests a bloke very weary of having supposedly to behave importantly while being just as starstruck by his contemporaries as most other punters.

Do you remember why you got involved in it all in the first place?

"Oh sure. I mean, you remember me at school. I was like THE wimp. I really went through it, getting a hard time from Meffa and that. I remember the strain of being third in the year during the first year and then watching meself slide to way down by the fourth year, just because of the hooligan pressure on me.

"And then I dragged meself down into the bank, in the City, getting really drunk every night after work — every night y'know, scotches one after the other. Just so depressing, kinda knowing you was nothing.

"During office hours I'd hide work at the back of the desk and lose it . . . but you know it's there and it becomes such a strain . . ."

He is visibly brought down at the memories.

"I'd just sling it all some place where it'd be unnoticed. I s'pose when I left they discovered this forgotten mountain of work all over the place."

So how about that as a parallel with the band now? Is all this experimental stuff just a cover up for the work avoided, the easy side door?

There is quite a break as he laughs and reaches for a reply.

"Well . . . I dunno . . . I mean . . . when I make a record I don't perfect it. I don't like to sit around going over and over it. Every track on 'Vibing' is a first take. We just leave it, good or bad. Although with our music you can't really have a 'good' or 'bad'. Sometimes we record out of tune — which is a bit silly."

The same with your lyrics?

"No, I enjoy my lyrics a lot. The one we printed on the album sleeve was something — and this is gonna sound crackpot — something I dreamt. Straight, I just wrote it down the second I woke up, and it was about the composer Frederick Delius. I can't help that, can I, so I wrote it down in one hit. It's not often you can do that though."

What about your sexuality confusion? Both 'Love Lies Limp' and 'Splitting In Two' have declared gay feelings.

"No, well . . . what it is, is that I just think it took me longer to be within meself. I don't know if I'm gay or not. I'm not bad looking and I've been approached plenny of times to get involved in a gay scene, which I've always thought'd be easy for me to get into, but now I'm fairly convinced I'm hetero. It just takes so long to sort yourself out.

" 'Splitting In Two' was about the time I nearly steamed into our drummer when we were in France. It does you good to write about it I reckon . . ."

But can you make head or tail of the rest of your lyrics?

"Yeah, yeah most of the time. The best thing is when people, mainly journalists, come up to ya and rabbit on about the inner meaning of something or other in me songs and I just nod and agree with anything they wanna read into it. They're happy with the arrangement."

The recent name change follows after audiences were getting a little too upset at the image of Mark P colliding with the reality of a Mark Perry gig. At ATV gigs the audience were with the band all the way — but they usually managed to shake them off at the station.

"One of the last gigs we did, in Derby, was terrifying. See, if somebody chucks glasses onstage I usually take that as a sign that the guy doesn't like us and is fed up with the set. But in Derby the pints mugs were coming for my head, y'know. This was personal, it was ME they didn't like, and they wanted to injure me.

"One caught me and it really hurt me . . . really hurt. I ran off and told the people who wanted me back, 'Look I'm a wimp, mate, I'm not going back on there for anything.

"For a while afterwards I didn't want to gig at all, which led us to decide on a new name. Even so, to walk into a Virgin store and see a special little ATV section makes me feel right proud."

After the ultra youth of *Glue*/punk, The Good Missionaries concept must seem like another generation. How old do you feel?

"I feel a bit old simply because of the speed everything happened at. I mean, three years? The type of music we do now bears well for getting older, and the thought of being 30 or 40, which used to scare the shit outa me, seems really OK, mainly because I ain't got no dashing rock'n'roll image to live up to."

SO WHAT IMAGE is there? Poet, wimp, explorer, sensitive artist, rebel, conman?

He laughs again.

"Ahhhh . . . wodja fink? Trouble is very few people know me. I've very few friends. It's my fault I can't talk to people. The truth is a rotten cliche . . . I enjoy *Coronation Street* and drinking in karseys like the Blenheim. Can't help it . . . that's the truth . . ."

Afore I go, remind me of the point again Mark.

"Just to have as much . . . getting up there and saying something without being in the audience hearing someone else. Just doin' it. At least I'm doin' it . . ."

Since *Glue* folded up, me and Mark Perry have about as much in common as Charlie Murray and Don Revie. Not being his band's greatest fan, and being as we hadn't seen each other in ages, I feared the worst of him, especially after the last LP.

I suspect this interview will read pretty badly for him in places, but don't judge the '79 new P on that. He's not claiming to be superior because his albums are wonky, an idea his line of music often instils. He certainly hasn't been spoilt by 'all this'. He's just doing exactly what you'd do given his chances; your only argument is that he does it differently.

He's not the helpless wimp he tries to hide behind, either. The fellow is 50 per cent surprised and 50 per cent sure. Mark Perry these days is one of the very few original '70s spark plugs who is living out the old punk slogan of doing what he wants without caring about opinion.

Now, before you go on with the paper, just think on that — name all the punk rock heroes who these days couldn't give two fucks what their public image is.

I make it two flew over the cuckoo's nest.

How to tell if you're schizophrenic

Why are you reading this advertisement?

- [ ] Because you're not sure if you're schizophrenic.
- [ ] Because it's more interesting than the opposite page.
- [ ] Because you're studying phychology at Oxford.
- [ ] Because it's about the new album from Ian Hunter.

What do you know about Ian Hunter?

- [ ] He was lead singer in Mott the Hoople.
- [ ] He was manager of the Andrew Sisters.
- [ ] He's made three classic solo albums.
- [ ] He won the 400 meters in Montreal.

Would you buy his new album 'You're never alone with a Schizophrenic'?

- [ ] No, I'm into Mantovani.
- [ ] Yes, because Mick Ronson, John Cale, Gary Talent, Max Weinberg and Roy Bittan are all playing on it.
- [ ] Only if I get one of the Nolan sisters free with it.
- [ ] Yes, provided Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill hate it.

What would persuade you to buy it if you're not already thinking of doing so?

- [ ] Nine brand new scorching rock 'n' roll tracks.
- [ ] A crate of brown ale.
- [ ] Searing, searching lyrics, precision playing and immaculate production by Hunter/Ronson.
- [ ] This scintillating, highly memorable advertisement.
- [ ] A free Nolan sister.

Conclusion.
No matter how you've answered the questionnaire, if you're still in two minds about buying the new Ian Hunter album, you must be schizophrenic. One sure-fire cure (quite painless we assure you) is to wander down to your nearest record shop and purchase a copy without further delay. You will not regret it.

Produced by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson
Management/direction – The Cleveland Entertainment Company

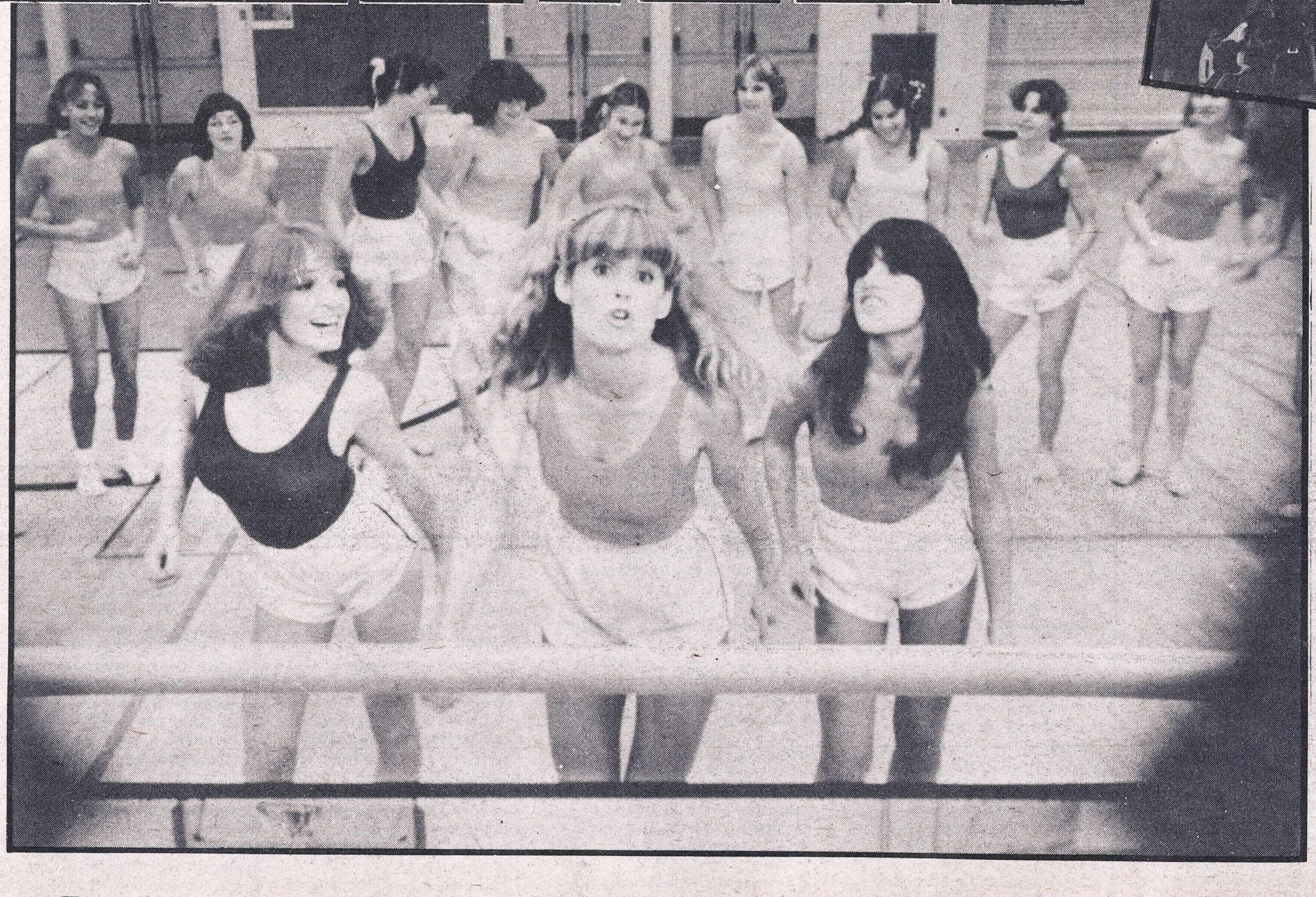
'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' The new album by Ian Hunter.

Chrysalis

CRACKING UP
NICK LOWE
ADA 34

1979 Radarscope Records Ltd
Radarscope Records Ltd trading as Radar Records
in association with WEA Records Ltd
A Warner Communications Company

THRILLS



Above: Ramones fever hits high school.
Left: P. J. Soles (centre) and buddies work out those teen frustrations.

Joey finally gets the girl

The Ramones' first feature film, Rock'n'Roll High School, had its world premier last week at a Texas drive-in. Will a touching tale of teen romance and adolescent arnarchy make America surrender to The Carbona four? Thrills correspondent peels the gum off his seat and delivers this report.

ROGER CORMAN is the undisputed dean of the grade B movie. In the past 25 years, Corman has made over 200 timelessly tasteless low-budget productions, covering subjects of eternal appeal to the discriminating young moviegoer such as monsters, murderers, motor-cycle gangs, runaway automobiles and alien invaders from deep space.

Many of these pictures were made in a matter of days: drive-in classics like *Attack Of The Crab Monsters, The Day The World Ended, Bucket Of Blood, The Fall Of The House Of Usher* and *The Wild Angels.* Corman's empathy with the needs of a teenage audience has brought him unprecedented success — his New World Pictures is the largesst independent movie distribution company in the U.S. — and it comes as no great shock to find Corman behind the first real theatrical film of the blank generation.

Rock'n'Roll High School, featuring those lovable lobotomies The Ramones, is destined to be *the* cult film of American punkhood, and may well bring Da Brudders the fame they so richly deserve in their native land.

The film, shot mostly at an abandoned Los Angeles high school in only 21 days, was the brainchild of director Allan Arkush, who in the early '70s was artistic director of the famous Fillmore East light show, Joe's Lights, and then went to work for Corman making film trailers. Although he has co-directed other films, *Rock'n'Roll High School* is Arkush's first fully-fledged solo venture, and draws heavily on his own experience both of rock music and of the same horrible memories of high school shared by most young Americans.

"The high school depicted in the film was actually patterned after my own real life high school," says Arkush, "which in turn was probably patterned after the Gulag Archipelago: no jeans, no sandals, no rock'n'roll music, no long hair, and absolutely no dissent were tolerated.

"A lot of *Rock'n'Roll High School* operates on a fantasy level. In fact, the entire film is really a wish fulfillment. If I were to sum up what this movie is really like, I'd say it was a combination of *The Bandwagon, A Hard Day's Night* and Todd Browning's *Freaks* . . . with maybe a little *High School Confidential.*"

ARKUSH HAD the story for the film fully worked out before The Ramones were hired to be The Group. Other bands considered for the gig were Cheap Trick and Todd Rundgren, but The Ramones do seem custom built for the role, which requires not so much dramatic skill as sheer presence. All told, the fearsome foursome have about a dozen speaking lines, which they deliver about as well as can be expected.

Naturally, the teenage rebellion aspect comes first and foremost.

The central conflict is between a nubile Ramonophile named Riff Randell (winningly played by P. J. Soles, who made her film debut in *Carrie* and recently appeared in *Halloween)* and the principal of the Vince Lombardi High School, Miss Evelyn Togar, a flinty, four-eyed battle-axe who blames the degeneration of the school squarely on rock music and associated disorder.

Riff is a certified fun-loving trouble maker who plans to give The Ramones a song she's written for them when they appear at the local Rockatorium, but Miss Togar is inevitably hell-bent on thwarting her ambitions. Thickening the plot is a love interest story between Riff's sidekick, budding genius Kate Rambeau, who has the hots for handsome but dull jock-type Tom Roberts, who has the hots for Riff, who loves only rock'n'roll and, especially, The Ramones.

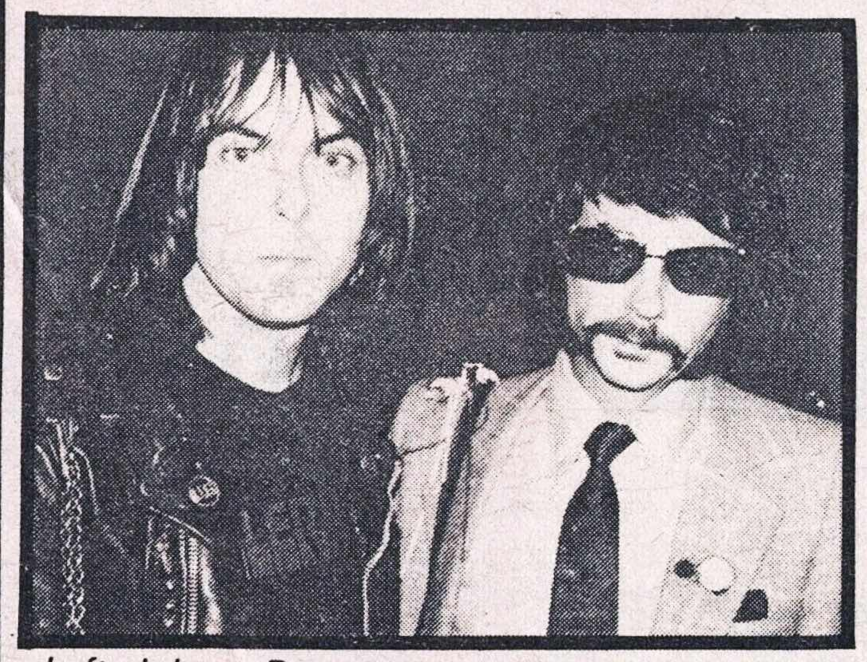
Suffice to say this blackboard romp contains a lot of funny moments, and is entirely appropriate to The Ramones oeuvre of low rent social surrealism.

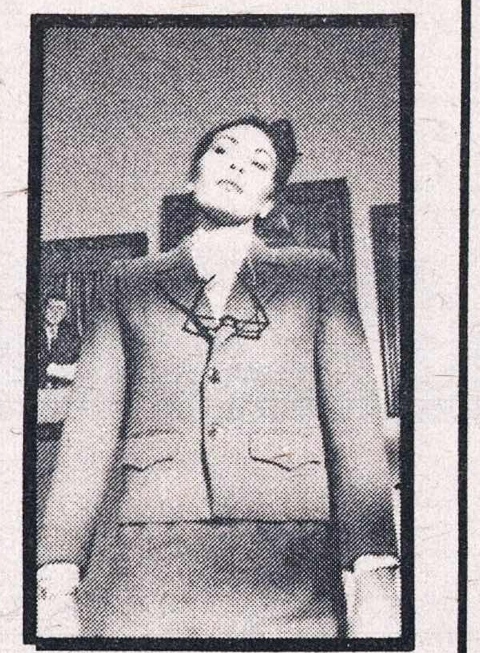
The Ramones themselves have four main scenes: the first is their arrival at the concert hall, playing unplugged guitars and non-existent drums in a mime episode that starts with them riding in a hot pink Cadillac and then walking into the theatre past a long line of pogoing fans waiting to buy tickets.

Their second appearance is a fantasy sequence that takes place in Riff's bedroom, where a romantic Joey croons 'I Want You Around' to his self confessed "number one fan".

Their big chance to show off on film comes in the concert section (which involved the staging of a marathon show at the Roxy Theatre that consisted of 22 hours of nonstop Ramones playing at roughly 130 decibels!) where they bang out a medley of their best tunes: 'Blitzkreig Bop', 'Teenage Lobotomy', 'California Sun', 'Pinhead' and 'She's The One'. They then retire to the dressing room to eat pizza and finally meet Riff, who gives them her song, titled (wait for it) 'Rock'n'Roll High School'.

The following day, The Ramones show up at Vince Lombardi High, mime some more, and end up inciting a hallway riot that leads to the film's 'explosive' conclusion.





Left: Johnny Ramone admires Phil Spector's moustache. Right: Mary Woronov — school days were never like this . . .

WHAT WAS IT like working with The Ramones?

"It was fun. It was like having pet animals around," says Mary Woronov, the former Warhol Factory actress who plays the loathesome Miss Togar. "The whole time I was there they ate nothing but tacos."

"In the beginning they were very nervous," adds P. J. Soles. "The poor guys wanted to do a good job because Corman is one of their idols — I think they've seen just about every film he's ever done. They were extremely shy and self-conscious.

"But the moment they got on stage, something would click and they'd turn into dynamos. We would tell them to try and associate that same loose feeling with acting, and they did eventually reach that point."

The film uses a lot of music, which of course allows for the release of a soundtrack album containing The Ramones' live segment, and three 'new' cuts: 'I Want You Around', 'Rock'n'Roll High School' and their previously released team effort with The Paley Brothers, 'C'mon Let's Go'. There's also a version of the title track sung by Riff, and a predictable thematic collection of songs from Nick Lowe, Alice Cooper, Chuck Berry and Brownsville Station, among others — none recorded specifically for the flick. The album's only major flaw is the omission of 'High School' by The MC5, which really fires up the film when it appears.

The marriage of Corman and The Ramones, on paper an ideal cross-cultural mutation, finally gives The Ramones a chance to invade the big screen; a medium one would expect to be well suited to their ability to be larger than life (and twice as perplexing).

According to Johnny Ramone, they'd had many previous offers to make a movie, but decided to do *Rock'n'Roll High School* because "we found out Roger Corman was behind the picture and we knew he made good movies".

"Y'know," adds Johnny, "I never knew who Corman was until recently. When I was a little kid I used to go to the pictures all the time, I saw all those pictures . . . from *Attack Of The Crab Monsters* to *The Little Shop Of Horrors,* and all the Poe pictures and biker movies. An' I keep seeing the pictures too. I saw *Deathsport* and *Piranha.* I used to see the name on the pictures but it never meant anything to me. I like his movies; they got a lotta violence and action."

As it happens, The Ramones never actually met Corman, whose role as executive producer had more to do with finances, script approval and distribution, than anything else.

His company, New World Pictures, is the owner and distributor of *Rock'n'Roll High School,* which accounts for the film's premier having been in Dallas, Texas. With only a hundred prints of the movie in existence at present, plans to open it around the country are strangely sketchy. It's currently playing at drive-ins (where else?) around the Mid-West on a double bill with a car chase move called *Eat My Dust.*

At this early date it's hard to predict the response of American filmgoers to *Rock'n'Roll High School* and The Ramones' cinematic presence, but many rockbiz insiders are pinning their hopes on kids around the country going to see the film for what it is, and discovering through it the vast and sublime pleasure of The Ramones. Since there are no definite opening dates in either New York or Los Angeles, the reaction of concentrated pinhead factions (how many could there be in Texas, the state that nearly lynched the Pistols?) has yet to be measured.

Fortunately, when the votes are in, The Ramones will be prepared for their new-found stardom — if that is indeed the case — with a new studio album that's just underway with erstwhile pop magnate Phil Spector at the console.

Whatever happens, *Rock'n'Roll High School* will stand as a permanent celebration of The Ramones and all they stand for. No dirty words, no nudity, and no agony. Just lots of truancy.

IRA ROBBINS

THRILLS

Muddle Maker gets it right again

MELODY MAKER, Britain's most sensible music weekly, recently ran a very disturbing story which revolved around the somewhat more than slightly anti-social behaviour of a number of Clash bouncers at a gig on the West Coast during the band's recent tour of the Promised Land.

The scribe in question filed a story detailing a number of atrocities perpetrated by certain Clash employees — some allegedly under the watchful guidance of Clash manager Caroline Coon. In fact the writer, Claude Bessy, would have all and sundry believe that so gruelling were the outbursts that he himself ended the night with several broken ribs to his credit.

Terrible, no? Absolutely. Except, of course, that none of the minutely documented incidents actually took place.

The first The Clash, or Caroline Coon, knew of the alleged brutalities was on their return to England, when they inadvertantly stumbled on the story while attempting to catch up with the ever-progressing English contemporary music scene.

Somewhat perturbed by these outlandish allegations, Coon called *Melody Maker* editor 'Little' Richard Williams and demanded that he first check out the story *properly*, and then — having come to the inevitable conclusion — print a complete retraction. But quick.

Apparently Mr. Williams *did* check out the story, but was a little loath to print the requested retraction. Ms Coon was not at all loath to inform the errant editor that The Clash would sue.

After much to-ing and fro-ing, an out-of-court settlement was agreed upon which required *Melody Maker* to come clean to the tune of all legal costs, plus £100 (to be donated to Matthew Bowles' Campaign For The Registration of Bouncers) *and* print the retraction.

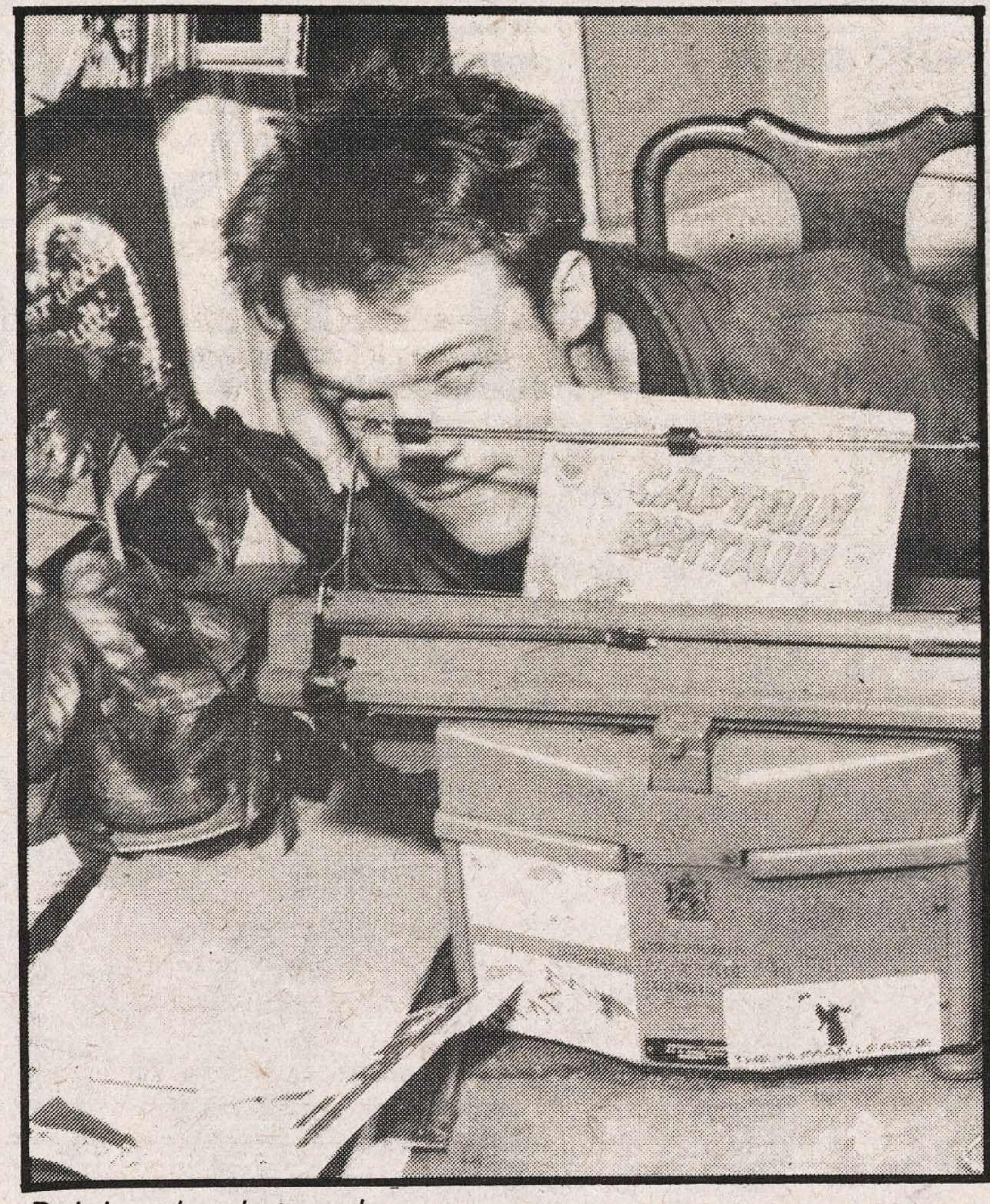
When *Thrills* spoke to Caroline Coon she seemed more than satisfied that justice had been done, saying that: "The whole story was a total fabrication from top to bottom.

"She further stated that The Clash had been very upset at the allegations, as over-violent bouncers were something that they had done all in their power to combat on innumerable occasions in the past.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

Paul Simonon and Caroline Coon



Bob Last hard at work

'Ere Comes The Earcom

QUESTION: When is an album not an album?

Answer: When it's an earcom.

Earcom is the latest brainchild of mutant pop purveyors Fast Product, the Edinburgh-based label who last year spewed forth such goodies as the debut singles from The Mekons, Gang of Four and Human League.

This new venture, according to Fast supremo Bob Last, is an attempt to break away from the increasing polarisation of teenage music and the formats via which that music is being marketed.

"It's a comic for the ears," he explains.

"One area that the so-called independent record labels have really neglected is investigating alternatives to the traditional single and album formats. There should be other ways of using vinyl."

The first issue, a 12-inch platter 'edited' by Last himself, retails at £2.20 and contains 24 minutes of music from four bands: The Blank Students (from Preston), electronic quartet Graph (from Sheffield), The Flowers (from Edinburgh) and The Prats (from Inverness).

The record closes with a synthesised version of The Rezillos' 'Good Sculptures', intoned by the band's former bassman Simon Templar in a close vocal approximation to Peter Sellers on 'Hard Days Night'.

Fast hope to make Earcom a regular proposition — a periodical magazine of 'demo' recordings by young bands with attendant visual packages and posters, possibly assembled by various guests editors in turn.

"It's not really a compilation album," continues Last.

"We want to keep on doing new things like this. We want to loosen things up again.

"It's really important that there are independent record labels bringing records out much earlier in a band's career. Band's shouldn't be expected to have everything sussed out on their first record.

"This just gives a group the chance to work without that sort of pressure."

And (like all good comics should) the first issue contains a free mystery gift.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

TV Times

EVERY YEAR Phil Burrell, a guru of TV programming, examines the new schedules from the major American TV networks and picks out the trends for the coming season. As a large majority of American series end up on our screens, here's what we can expect in the months to come.

● **Police and detective dramas.** These include an undercover rock band, a sleuthing priest, a Korean private eye, two martial arts specialists and three James Bond-style secret agents — one a woman.

● **Westerns.** Mainly non-traditional with the emphasis on comedy.

● **Blue-collar family comedy.** Includes steel workers, garages and a car hire firm.

● **Medical drama and hospital comedy.**

● **Fantasy.** Largely geared to the theme popularised by *Heaven Can Wait.*

● **Nostalgia.** The '60s and the Vietnam era are big.

● **Kids comedy and adventure.** Popular themes include groups of Beatles fans, and baseball and swimming teams.

● **Rescue-adventure** with mucho gadgetry.

● **Domestic comedy** including unwed couples — a new trend.

● **Movie spinoffs.** No titles revealed.

● **Offbeat subjects.** The last category deserves more detailed analysis. These include vampires, a boy who communicates with King Tutankhamen, a World War II all-female flying squadron and more.

Oddball awards must go to: *The Family Dog*, the adventures of a family of dogs, portrayed by human actors in costumes; *Starstruck*, a domestic comedy set 200 years in the future about a family who live in a saloon-motel orbiting in outer space; and *Man With Power*, the surrealistic story of a stunt pilot who, while flying through an electric storm, gets hit by lightning and develops extraordinary powers of strength and endurance.

I could use a job thinking up ideas like that.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

THIS WAY UP!

See Michael live on the ceiling at THE VENUE: Thursday 10 May

Try LIFE ON THE CEILING

The new album from MICHAEL CHAPMAN

On CRIMINAL RECORDS the label you can't trust. STEAL 5.

Plugging into the Wired Society . .

THE WIRED SOCIETY moves one step closer with the news that all three of America's major TV networks — CBS, ABC & NBC — have used brain research to measure audience reaction to certain programmes.

The research has been carried out at the Neuro Communications Research Laboratories in New York by Dr. Sidney Weinstein. Viewers have their heads wired to an electroencephalograph, which measures their brain waves. Then while they're watching a programme, it's interrupted by almost imperceptible flashes on the screen. The impact of these distractions on the viewer's brain is measured, and indicates how absorbed he or she is in the TV fare.

According to Weinstein, one network used this system to test the popularity of a major female rock singer. Other research, using questionnaires, had indicated that women would not want to watch her on TV; the brain research contradicted these findings totally.

Advertisers have also used the system to test out replacements for personalities who have become identified strongly with a commercial product.

The Bee Gees' time may be up sooner than you'd hoped.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

John Fogerty — No Creedence Clearwater revival anticipated ...

WHATEVER happened to John Fogerty? Just what did become of the man who gave Creedence Clearwater Revival their distinctive and original style, steering them through considerable commercial and artistic success, after he went on to begin his solo career?

At first, with his blue Ridge Rangers — actually Fogerty playing all instruments — he threatened to take the '70s by the scruff of the neck, carrying on where CCR left off.

Unfortunately, after his excellent 1975 solo set had hit the bargain racks, and Fantasy had exhausted the Creedence hits machine, John Fogerty was inexplicably lost in action. The silence is deafening.

Meanwhile Richard Hell covered 'Walkin' On The Water' (1977), and countless bands (notably Status Quo), have attempted to resurrect 'Rockin' All Over The World'

So what of the great man himself?

Well, it comes to *Thrills'* ears that Fogerty is very much alive and well and keeping a low-profile around the Bay area. In private, he has recorded sufficient material for at least two albums and informants who have been privileged to hear playbacks insist that the overall quality is stunning.

But it seems Fogerty refuses to release records just for the sake of doing so. If his work doesn't meet his own expectations he argues that there's no point in releasing the tracks. So they may never see daylight.

Fogerty long ago passed the point where he needed to work to live, so he isn't about to jump the gun and tarnish his reputation. He's a hard act to follow. And he knows it.

THRILLS

On Yer Bike Or On Your Back

DURING THEIR recent tour of the united States, Judas Priest's lead whip-crackin' cock-struttin' hip-shakin' mouth-shootin' singer Rob Halford had taken to opening the show by driving across stage on a Harley Davidson chopper.

Nothing unusual in that you may riposte — but wait . . . Towards the end of this tour in St Paul, Minneapolis, Halford let his chopper get away from him and succeeded in pedalling the hog clean off the boards, over a twelve foot drop, injuring a rabid disciple of the Priesthood and sustaining severe cuts and bruises himself.

Imagine his chagrin when the local heat added insult to injury and arrested him for infringing the stadium's fire regulations (and driving without L-plates).

Unfortunately, Halford wasn't killed and plans to retain the Harley for Priest's

Halford whips it out
Pic: Jorgen Angel

(grunt) forthcoming European extravaganza. First Frank Zappa, then Patti Smith, and now Rob Halford. Will these people never learn? (No, they won't.)

SUNNY BARGER

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON

"I OFTEN FEEL THAT I'M INCREDIBLY RUDE TO MY AUDIENCES... I'M TRULY SURPRISED WHEN THEY KEEP TURNING UP— THAT'S GREAT." David Bowie

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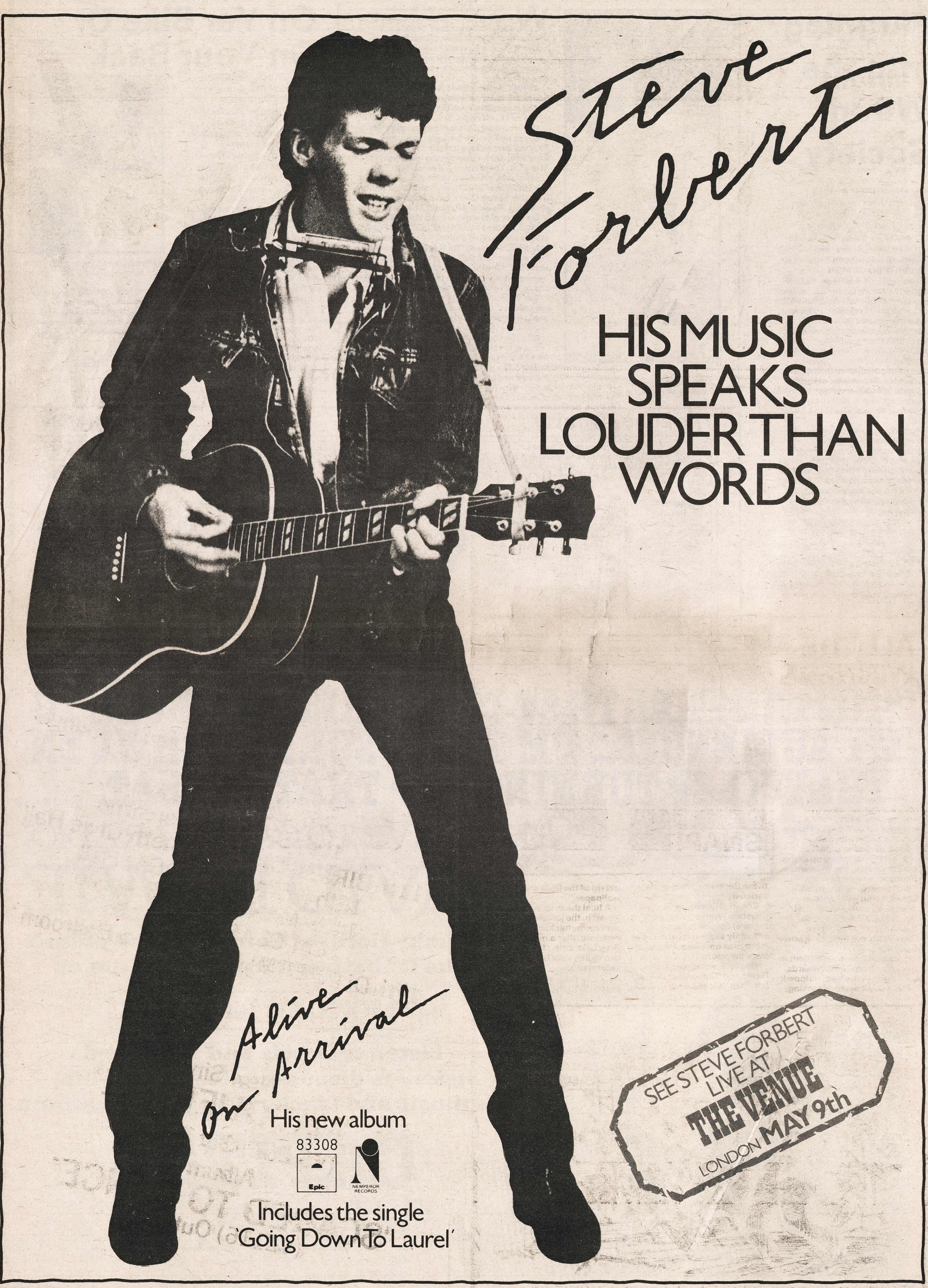
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Jesus is just alright with me . . .

Is it a Byrd? Is it an astronaut? Roger reveals all.
Pic: Tom Sheehan

ROGER McGUINN, co-founder of The Byrds, has found God — and boy, is he delighted. According to *People* magazine, two years ago Roger was burnt out and reeling from a third failed marriage when he decided: "Jesus is the only way. I felt peace. My fear evaporated. Right there it was, like, whoosh, the Holy Spirit overtook me."

Fellow band member Gene Clark remains cynical: "I've known Roger to advocate LSD, then Eastern religion, so it seems natural that when that wore out, he'd advocate something else."

But Roger reveals that Bob Dylan has proved a staunch ally. "We sat down two months ago and studied the Bible together."

Roger is now happily married to Camilla. They jog every day and pray in their one-bedroom Century City apartment. Roger prays for parking spaces and to relieve minor pains. He claims: "The Lord put McGuinn, Clark and Hillman together. My ministry is rock'n'roll. I'm shining the light in a dark area."

Roger has no need of superstar trappings now he has God on his side. "Last year my pastor advised me to pray for a miracle instead of declaring bankruptcy. I did, and within several days I received unexpected royalty cheques amounting to $30,000."

Who says *NME* never carried any good news?

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

WHAT DID YOU dream about last night? Been having trouble with your sleep walking? In New York City they don't take their small hours lying down.

Last week, the annual South Bronx Surrealist Festival took place — devised by the Latin Insomniacs, an off-beat motorcycle club "from the Roman Empire, unknown in the Metropolitan area, consisting of poets, jugglers, playwrights, trapeze artists, novelists, wild-animal acts, high-wire performers, and freelance gynaecologists from the Red Light Districts."

All these characters plus "a burlesque, a fashion show, public executions and cock fights" strutted their stuff. Plus, there was Kool-Aid and free entry for drag queens.

Don't ya just wish you'd been there?

RAY MAN

THRILLS

ALL THE WINNERS

EVER WONDERED where all the smart-ass one liners go to in winter? They turn up in bundles as entries for our "Caption The Cuckoo" contests. And, take it from us, you mugs get smarter every time around. Are you tryin' to prove something?

We won't get personal about it, so while we're still friendly here are the names of five finalists who each score a ten-pack set of WEA-Lightning 'Cruisin' picture discs.

In no particular order . . .

A. M. Montgomery up there on Stornoway, Isle Of Lewis, Scotland, saw it this way: **"We're never gonna get this bloody hand jive together . . ."** whereas Carole Gardiner of Shepherd's Bush, London, figured it out as: **"I, Dave Edmunds take thee, Nick Lowe to be my . . ."**

Rosemary Finlay who sent in her entry from Newtownards, Co. Down, N. Ireland, quipped: **"Phil, I think mother's taking these German lessons a bit too seriously . . ."**

Cheerful Charlie Cook from Cheshire (Wilmslow to be precise) assumed: **"And we solemnly swear that this is the last of our unreleased material from the vaults."**

Finally, Peter Hogan from Richmond, Surrey, has the last laff: **"OK, it's unanimous — we get rid of the flags and keep the wallpaper."**

A final thanx to everyone who joined in the jollities and perhaps better luck next time when we offer a night out with Greg Lake as the first prize and two nights with Greg as the second prize.

THRILLS

LOWRY

"This kid's gonna be enormous, chief — but he'll have to get rid of that French horn."

SKIDS

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29th NEWPORT Stowaway
31st LEEDS Polytechnic (2 shows)

JUNE
1st CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
2nd LINCOLN Drill Hall
3rd LONDON Lyceum
10th BRISTOL Lorcarno
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12th NEWCASTLE City Hall
14th MANCHESTER Apollo
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I Shall Be Released
Is Your Love In Vain?
Going, Going Gone
Blowin' In The Wind
Just Like A Woman
Oh, Sister
Simple Twist Of Fate
All Along The Watchtower
I Want You
All I Really Want To Do
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Flyover Records, 15 Queen Caroline St., W6
Panequest, 49 London Wall, EC2
Citadel, 97 Middlesex St., E1
Gilberts, 52 Woodgrange Road, E7
Simons, 62/64 Southampton Row, WC1
Fenchurch Booking Agency, 1-5 London St., EC3
Pop Stop, 259 Chingford Mount Rd., E4
Roach's, 16 Church Road, E11
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Ace Records, 47 Upper Street, N1
Davids, 1 Chalton St., NW1
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Dereks Records, 117 Fore St., N18
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Harum Records, 14c Crouch Hill, N8
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Music Town, 209 Upper Tooting Road, Tooting, SW17

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Golden Disc, Southchurch Road, Southend, Essex
Startime, 21 Post Office Walk, Harlow, Essex
Downtown Records, Lockwood Walk, Romford, Essex
Lion Records, Lion Yard, Colchester, Essex
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Revolution Records, 7 St. Leonards Street, Windsor, Berkshire
Cloud 7, 222 High Street, Hounslow, Middlesex
Bonaparte, 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey
L & H Cloake, High Street, Croydon, Surrey
Virgin Records, 12A Suffolk House, George Street, Croydon, Surrey
Music Town, Lower Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey
Music Town, 50 High Street, Sidcup, Kent
HMV, High Street, Sutton, Surrey
Langleys, 466 Walton Road, West Molesey, Surrey
HMV, 76 Clarence Street, Kingston, Surrey
Mike Stevens, 84B High Street, Strood, Kent
Record Centre, 134 High Street, Strood, Kent
Spinning Disc, 182 High Street, Orpington, Kent
Spinning Disc, Quarry Hill Road, Tonbridge, Kent
Star Track, 171 High Street, Chatham, Kent
Star Track, 131 High Street, Gillingham, Kent
Challenger & Hicks, 3 Hythe Street, Dartford, Kent
Challenger & Hicks, 12 King Street, Maidstone, Kent
Challenger & Hicks, Stoneborough Centre, Maidstone, Kent
Volunteers, 6 Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent
Bakers, 16 Longmarket, Canterbury, Kent
HMV Records, 5 Silver Street, Bedford
HMV Records, Arndale Centre, Luton
Cloud 7, 37 Market Place, Saint Albans
J & J Records, 14 Lower Kings Road, Berkhampstead
Record House, High Street, Aylesbury
Record House, 7A High Street, Princes Risborough
Record House, 84 Sycamore Road, Amersham
Record House, 9 Market Square, Chesham

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Dereks Records, 78 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth
Setchfields, High Street, Poole, Dorset
Setchfields, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Dorset
Uptown Records, Commercial Road, Bournemouth, Dorset
Disc Music Centre, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth, Dorset
Henry's Records, St. Mary Street, Southampton
HMV, The Bargate, Southampton
Virgin Records, The Bargate, Southampton
Subway Records, Manchester Street, Southampton
Martins, Westbury Mall, Fareham, Hants
HMV, Commercial Road, Portsmouth, Hants
Disc Jockey, 2 Queens Road, Hastings, Sussex
Virgin Records, 5 Queen Street, Brighton, Sussex
HMV, Churchill Square, Brighton, Sussex
L & H Cloake, Churchill Square, Brighton, Sussex
L & H Cloake, Boulevard, Crawley, Sussex
The Music Lover, 29 East Street, Horsham, Sussex
Grays, 9 High Street, East Grinstead, Sussex

South West & Wales
Rayners, Park Street, Bristol
Revolver, 1 Berkeley Crescent, Bristol
Virgin Records, Merchant Street, Bristol
HMV, Broadmead, Bristol
Turntable 2, Kendrick Street, Stroud, Glos
Kempsters, Commercial Road, Swindon, Wilts
Music Market, 51 High Street, Oxford
Disc Discounts, Sheep Street, Bicester, Oxon
Cruisan, 15 John Street, Bath, Somerset
Wessex Records, The Corridor, Bath, Somerset
Pitts, High Street, Exeter, Devon
HMV, Guilding Shopping Centre, Exeter, Devon
Left Bank, Paris Street, Exeter, Devon
Bath Place Records, Eastover, Bridgewater, Somerset
Bath Place Records, Bath Place, Taunton, Somerset
Virgin Records, Armada Way, Plymouth, Devon
HMV, New George Street, Plymouth, Devon
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Flox, Fleet Street, Torquay, Devon
Acorn Records, Glover Walk, Yeovil, Somerset
HMV Records, Kings Walk, Gloucester
Audio Sonic, Belle Walk, Gloucester
Hot Rocks, Stow Hill, Newport, Gwent
Rock Bottom, Newport Arcade, Newport, Gwent
Buffalo Sound, The Hayes, Cardiff
Spillers, The Hayes, Cardiff
Virgin Records, Union Street, Swansea
Rainbow Records, Taff Street, Pontypridd
Words & Music, Wellfield Road, Cardiff
Sound Advice, Castle Arcade, Cardiff

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Bayes Recordium, Broad St., Precinct, Kings Lynn, Norfolk
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Martins, London Road North, Lowestoft, Suffolk
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Andys Records, Market Hill, Cambridge
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Andys Records, 95 High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk
Andys Records, 67 Saint John Street, Bury-St-Edmonds
Andys Records, 84 Bridge Street, Peterborough
The Beat Goes On, 73 Regent Street, Cambridge

Lancs & North West
Pink Panther, Globe Lane, Carlisle
Hardman Radio, Guildhall Arcade, Preston
Mary's Music, Whalley Road, Accrington
Ray's Melody Inn (Grafiti Records), 15 Corporation Street, Blackpool
Reidy's Records, 11-13 Penny Street, Blackburn
Martins, 22 Market Street, Shaw, Lancashire
Bradleys Record Shops, Manchester/Rochdale
Robinson's Records, Hilton St/Blackfriar's, Manchester
Hardman Radio, St. Mary's Gate, Manchester
HMV Records, Market Street, Manchester
Marshalls Records, York Street, Manchester
Vibes Records, Princess Parade, Bury
Rare Records, John Dalton Street, Manchester
Virgin Records, Arndale Centre, Market Street, Manchester
Gordons Records, University Precinct, Manchester
Javalin Record Shops, Wigan/Heywood/Bury/Oldham
Rushworth & Dreaper, Whitechapel, Liverpool
HMV Records, Lord Street, Liverpool
Probe Records, Button Street, Liverpool
Lewis's Record Dept, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool
Virgin Records, St. Johns Centre, Liverpool
Penny Lane Record Shops, Liverpool/Chester
Cobs Mail Order Records, Portmadoc, North Wales
Martins, 1 La Grange Arcade, St. Helens
Alibaba Records, South Road, Waterloo, Liverpool
Electron Radio, 48/50 Leeds Road, Nelson
Ear'Ere Records, Market Entrance, Lancaster
Hardman Radio, The Forum, Chester
P. Ames Records/Tapes, Preston/Blackburn/Rawtenstall/Colne
David Brewer, 168 Station Road, Bamber Bridge

Midlands
Durrant Radio, 84 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury
Sounds Around, Swan Precinct, Kidderminster
Chadds, Commercial Street, Hereford
HMV Records, 8 The Gallery, Mander Centre, Wolverhampton
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Foxes, Victoria Centre, Nottingham
Selectadisc, Goldsmith Street, Nottingham
Revolver, Market Place, Leicester
HMV Records, Haymarket Centre, Leicester
Pride, Saint Marks Centre, Newark
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Castle Records, Charnwood Precinct, Loughborough
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Virgin Records, Bull Street, Birmingham
Studio Musica, Grosvenor Shopping Centre, Northfield
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Yorkshire & North East
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Listen Ear, Ridley Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
HMV Records, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
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HMV Records, High Street West, Sunderland
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Scotland
Other Record Shop, Union Street, Aberdeen
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I. & N. Records, Crighton Street, Dundee
Chalmers & Joy, Seagate, Dundee
Bruces Record Shop, High Street, Kirkcaldy
Bruces Record Shop, Cow Wynd, Falkirk
Hotlicks, Cockburn Street, Edinburgh
Virgin Records, Fredericks Street, Edinburgh
HMV Records, St. James Centre, Edinburgh
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Ripping Records, South Bridge, Edinburgh
Bruces Record Shop, Rose Street, Edinburgh
Bruces Record Shop, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh
23rd Precinct, Bath Street, Glasgow
HMV Records, Union Street, Glasgow
Bruces Record Shop, Union Street, Glasgow
Bruces Record Shop, Duke Street, Glasgow
Lost Chord, Park Road, Glasgow
Listen, Renfield Street, Glasgow
Bloggs, Renfield Street, Glasgow
Listen, Byres Road, Glasgow
Bloggs, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow
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Pic: Chris Horler

THE NEON DREAM OF TOM WAITS

By JOHN HAMBLETT

IMAGINE: THE AIRCRAFT shudders in and out of a random air-pocket. Without modifying his position Tom Waits observes with little interest the whipped layer of low, white cloud that reflects the sunlight, purposefully obscuring the ground, or sea, or whatever it is they are flying over.

Couched inert in the soft blue seat, he thinks.

He is thinking about London and Vienna, lighting a cigarette and girls, 12 hours ago and reading a book, 12 hours yet to come and asking the hostess for another beer.

Lighting a long, tipped cigarette he attempts to attract her attention, without attracting too much attention to himself. He coughs and lowers his eyes as she smiles and moves toward him.

"Do you think I could possibly have another beer, please miss?"

"Oh, I think we can just about manage that, sir."

The hostess turns and walks down the aisle.

Waits watches her move.

She is wearing a beautiful blue uniform that fits her very well. He likes the way the blue creases into and away from the small of her back, and now her sophisticated curves move mesmerically this way and that; dragging his eyes crazily back and forth like a cartoon animation.

Most of all he likes the twitchingly organic rustle her thighs make as she puts one foot in front of the other.

He thinks that he would like to write a song for her. Or about her, maybe: her blue uniform, clean smell and organic rustle, and the things she thinks about while putting on her make-up. He's never written a song about an airline hostess.

By the time she returns with the drink Waits is flicking rapidly and happily through a magazine.

"HERE, TAKE a look at these," says Waits, handing across what appears to be a clutch of loose pages from a b/w magazine. "I was reading a magazine on the plane coming over and I just had to tear out these pages to show you. The photographs are really great."

The press officer examines the pictures and passes them round the creamily veneered cafe table to the blonde haired photographer and the blonde haired journalist.

Everybody laughs and searches for a joke to crack.

The pictures document the inside of a rough looking, harshly-lit bar where various combinations of middle-aged, apparently working-class men and women are in various stages of undress, and are engaged in all manner of bawdy frolic.

(Privately the journalist thinks that it all looks a bit desperate.)

"I don't know what language that's printed in, so I don't know where the bar is, but I sure would like to find out."

Waits takes back the magazine pages and folds them roughly into his pocket.

His brown hair is swept back from his face and piled on top of his head in sculpted waves. He has a triangular head that is broad at the brow and narrow at the chin. He looks *exactly* like a man who makes exceptional records. He is exceptional.

Kerouac looked side-long at the scratchily animated figure of Waits, and ran his tongue back and forth pensively over his top teeth. I wonder . . . I don't know . . . not . . . I mean . . .(?)

WAITS ROCKS himself forward and then back against the aircraft seat; his arms folded tightly across his stomach and chest, his hands balled into fists and crammed into the armpits of his mildly scuffed, brown leather flying jacket. The magazine on his knee lays idle, forgotten for the moment. He nibbles gingerly on the inside of his left cheek and closes his eyes.

He is thinking about The Moulin Rouge, a strip club-cum-whorehouse in Vienna.

Waits is trying very hard to remember every last little detail of The Moulin Rouge. After all, it's not every day you get to spend some time in a joint like that. Not in Vienna, Austria, you don't . . . . Christ, what a whacky dive, the damndest place he'd ever seen; all red plush, shiny gold and baby grands. (Whistles a low and constantly deep note).

"THE WILDEST place you've ever seen; it's like a strip club-cum-whorehouse, y'know?, and there's this girl writhing about stark naked on a goatskin rug in the middle of the floor; and she's writhing and groaning, and spitting and drooling, and crawling around on this rug . . . And all around this room there's a gallery which is full of respectable middle-aged and old men. And when she's finished writhing and groaning, and spitting and crawling, they just clap, y'know, as polite as you please. *I could not believe it man,"* laughs Waits.

When Waits laughs it sounds something like a good-natured, but reluctant stumble.

The Chinese waitress drops a plasticised menu onto his table. He picks it up and examines the form scrupulously, eventually ordering soup of the day followed by fish — despite the language problem.

Between mouthfuls of fish, milk, French fries, and peas he casts mildly curious glances out into the unnaturally lit cafe, and at the three apprehensive young men on the adjacent table. He's thinking about the soundcheck he's about to do, the interview he has to do, the gig in Dublin he's looking forward to playing tomorrow night, and the day off in Ireland he's looking forward to even more.

Kerouac's features were roundly doughy; marshmallow cheeks coarsely spattered with a spiky, rambling-derelict stubble. The cleft in his chin, the subtle indentation that bridged his top lip and the base of his nose, the lines that ran from the corners of his nostrils to the edges of his mouth, the furious furrows that criss-crossed his forehead, the brittle creases under each eye, all looked too deep, too blue-black, too obvious. His dark hair was almost hidden under a shabby tweed cap with a short peak, his fleshy torso closeted in a rustic, plaid work-shirt, and a malfitting, once-white windjammer. His legs were crossed in faded-blue and salty denim.

NOW WAITS has finished his meal and is talking in a raggedy-excited voice into one of the four house-phones in the hotel reception. Animated, clicking his fingers and hopping from one foot to the other, he is trying to find the answers to two important questions:

1 Are they supposed to be doing this sound-check or not?

2 Who has the key to his suitcase?

Helplessly he watches as the press officer, photographer and journalist make their way across the almost-crowded lobby floor toward him. Now aren't they just all he needs at a time like this? Replacing the phone he slouches vaguely around, kicking at the floor, frustrated and tense, walking to and fro, impatient and tense.

Eventually his musicians make their entrance, relaxed and joking.

Although his suitcase key hasn't turned up they order a cab and make their way to the Palladium.

Left in the lobby, the three apprehensive young men make nervous conversation and despairing jokes. They had all decided that perhaps it would be better if they let *Tom* go ahead with his sound-check before rejoining him, since he appeared to be right on the edge.

The journalist worried about his interview.

The photographer worried about his photographs.

The press officer worried about the interview and the photographs.

Tom Waits, meanwhile, worried about the sound, his musicians, the lights, the props, the interview, the photographs, and where the fuck he'd put his suitcase key.

Kerouac picked up his glass of red wine, and twisted the stem around in his left hand (The cigarette occupied his right) . . . How many times had he vowed to give up drinking? . . . The only time I ever drink is when I'm alone, and when I'm with someone. He chuckled to himself. Now who was it that had said that? The beautiful hostess in the beautiful uniform passed Kerouac on his right hand side, and for the second time during the three-hour flight he seriously considered falling in love with her. And then he fell asleep.

WAITS sort of comes round, still semi-tangled in his dream, and blinking rapidly he shakes himself and rubs his fists into his itching eyes.

It was a strange dream; he had been in some beer joint in L.A., alone on a leatherette bar stool, drinking cool, tangy beer. Drinking but not drunk, just passing some unoccupied time, watching the froth disolve airily into the body of the beer.

He'd looked up from his drink and took in the whole room from left to right with a long, slow sweep. Slowly and nervously he realised everybody had stopped talking, nobody was drinking, nobody was digging the great jazz he'd punched out on the silverchrome juke box.

Everybody had some kind of note book open and they were all writing feverishly.

The mad jazz swooped like a bastard, the tired neon flipped off the chrome and arked through the room, and the bald, paunchy guy behind the bar polished glasses on the tail of his greasy apron; unconcerned and sleazy looking.

But everybody else was writing, pausing occasionally to look at him . . .

THE TAXI jerks to a halt outside the theatre and the three apprehensive young men stumble out. The photographer and the journalist are both carrying bags; the two have forged a harmlessly false and forced friendship founded in circumstance and tension. The press officer carries no bag and feels like an aimless intruder; a blackmailer almost.

They find the stage door, still trying to make a huge joke of the whole affair, and having found it they enter smiling loudly. Despite the efforts of the over-zealous house official they are shown into the massively red, gold and empty theatre in order to watch the sound-check which has not yet gotten under-way.

■ Continues over page

TOM WAITS

■ *From previous page*

On the deep stage technicians are struggling with props (a ramshackle-red arm chair, an illuminated petrol pump, a b/w TV set, a mock-up of the back of a blue car with red tail lights, and an elaborate street lamp) so that other technicians may focus and synchronise the spotlights.

Waits wanders around the stage, answers questions, sometimes tousling his hair, constantly smoking cigarettes, and sitting down at his piano to topple out a fragile melody.

He is edgy and tired.

His road manager taps him on the shoulder and reminds him of the interview. As if he needed to be reminded f'chrissake.

Yeah, yeah, okay lets do it . . .

Kerouac woke up. He didn't know why, he hadn't been asleep long — but there again he never seemed to sleep long these days (Had he ever?) He glanced across at Waits. No, he couldn't figure him out at all. A young guy like that in times like these. Surely he didn't fall for all that King Of The Beats crap. Surely he, himself, had laid all that to rest. Kerouac was puzzled. Legends? Heroes? Fables and coincidence.

He and his road manager walk up the centre aisle of the stalls and sit down with the three apprehensive young men:

"Er, where do you want to do this interview, man?" asks Waits, smiling slowly and thinking, "Shit, this cat looks edgier than I feel".

"Anywhere you like Tom, I'm easy."

They decide on the dressing room, as Waits does not want to leave the theatre in case a problem arises that needs his attention.

WAITS WHISTLES softly and taps his knee with his open palm. He looks through the small window. The red light above the cabin door is glowing. The melodiously affected masculine voice sing-songs over the tannoy, requesting that all passengers extinguish their cigarettes and fasten safety belts. Thank you. The plane clips through the low cloud, London sprawls somewhere close and Waits smiles.

THE DRESSING room is irregularly shaped; an uneasy room with many mirrors, the occasional round, plastered pillar, various seats ranging from comfortable looking to uncomfortable looking, a hard floor, and a table fitted to one long wall on which is layed out an impressive quantity of alcohol.

The photographer sits just inside the door assembling his equipment before conscientiously casing the lay-out for positive angles etc. The journalist and Waits sit opposite each other. Waits rocks himself in the black plastic bucket-seat. He clutches loosely at the neck of a Carlsberg lager bottle that sways close to the floor. The journalist relaxes a little and leads off . . . .

Kerouac allowed cigarette smoke to drift through his barely-parted lips and sucked it back up through his nostrils before exhaling it for good. He watched Waits out of the corner of his eye. Where did he get a beard like that? Was he religious; a Catholic, Buddhist, mystic, maybe? Had he ever read Jack London and The Diamond Sutra? Did he love his mother? Was his father still alive? Had he ever hitch hiked all the way across America?

Did he ever stay up all night burning and bursting with things to say? Did he walk out before dawn, words gushing out of his head in a manic rush — like a damn bursting over a desert — stumbling over each other in the race to reach somebody? Had he ever been to Mexico and Paris? Did he really dig bebop and all those cool cats who hung out on Times Square and played the flowingest, swingingest, most seductive, sensual, narcotic music in the world? Had he ever slept with a woman he hadn't loved? Had he ever slept with a man he had? And how do you ask questions like that of a total stranger?

I understand that you're currently working on a film script.

"Yeah, I just started working on the project in December when I got off the road. I'm working on it with a gentleman by the name of Paul Hampton who used to be Bert Baccarach's old songwriting partner; he used to write for Famous Music in New York during the '50s, writing for Gene Pitney and cats like that. And he is also an actor, and we're collaborating on this film script about a used car dealer in Southern California, and an old friend of his who are reunited on New Year's Eve. It's a nice story. It's about a guy who's a success at being a failure and a guy who's a failure at being a success."

Do you have a picture of your leading man?

"Yeah. Me. Actually we haven't got anyone to release this film yet. The whole thing's being written on spec. The characters are Jack Farley Fairchild, of Fairchild Dord, Torence, California, and Donald Fedora, his partner and side-kick. I never tried anything like this before. I don't find it at all easy. In fact, it's the hardest thing I've ever done . . . well, the most challenging anyway."

What about material for the next album?

"I'm getting home in May and I'll be writing for a month, then I'll go into the studio. I think I want something a little harder.

"Needless to say I don't get much airtime on the radio, over here, or in the States. In fact, Marcel Marceau gets more airplay than I do.

"I think I'd like to try some rock'n'roll . . . I don't really know, I just got this idea in my head to try something a little harder. I think my voice is ready for it now. I'm ready to scream . . . yeah, I really feel like screaming."

Are you frustrated?

"Yeah."

What sort of status have you attained in America? What sort of progress do you think you've made?

"Well, it's taken seven years and I've gone from beer bars to small theatres, so I guess you could say that I'm breaking out of the bars . . . After seven years (Laughs)."

Have you a clearly defined picture or ambition of what you want from all of this?

"Yeah, I want a career in air-conditioning and refrigeration . . . Ah, I don't know. I mean like it's a toss up between that and motel management."

You still live in a motel?

"Yeah, same one I've always lived in. The Tropicana. Actually a lot of famous people have lived there. You know that Andy Warhol filmed *Trash* there, and Jim Morrison lived there at one time. I have an old board that was up in the lobby many years ago with photographs of all the famous people that've stayed there, old movie stars and people like that . . .

"But I'm starting to think that maybe I should get a house or someplace with a little more privacy. Because every time I go out on the road it's really hectic, and when I get back home there's no break from that."

WAITS AND his cohorts doze as the taxi bucks and swerves through the London traffic. Waits is thinking about the airline hostess, and the night's gig, the afternoon's sound-check and the last time he played London . . . how he'll maybe fix himself up with a pair of winklepickers, and why does he stay out till four in the morning and feel wasted the whole of the next day?

His friends are also thinking about sleep. None of them notice the tall buildings and the old buildings as they whizz past.

Kerouac sat in the taxi; hunched forward with his hands clasped tightly between his trembling thighs. (He was putting unusual pressure on his left foot). He gazed amazed at the group of young people crossing the road at the red light in front of the cab. Where the hell do they buy clothes like that? Why the hell do they buy clothes like that? They look just like that gang of fuckin' spooks that came round to my house. MY HOUSE (7, Judy Ann Court, Northport, Florida) yeah, it was '62 or sometime thereabouts . . . all them maniacs perched on my goddamn doorstep like a gang of wild-eyed hooligans, all of them with DHARMA BUMS stencilled on the backs of their goddamn jackets christ are these the kind of people that Waits attracts hooligans nothing but five and dime hoods rock'n'roll blue jean hipsters perpetuating some manic manufactured Saturday night neon junkiestinsel-trampsDOWDYFUCKINPRETEN-DERS . . . ?

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? The journalist asks Waits. "Er . . . I don't know. HaHaHa. Nobody's ever asked me that before. Why did you ask me that?

Because nobody's ever asked you that before and I'm curious?

"I don't know. The only trouble with going to Heaven is that I'm scared that there's no nightclubs up there. I think I'd rather go down there. I'm sure all my friends are down there. All my heroes."

Kerouac?

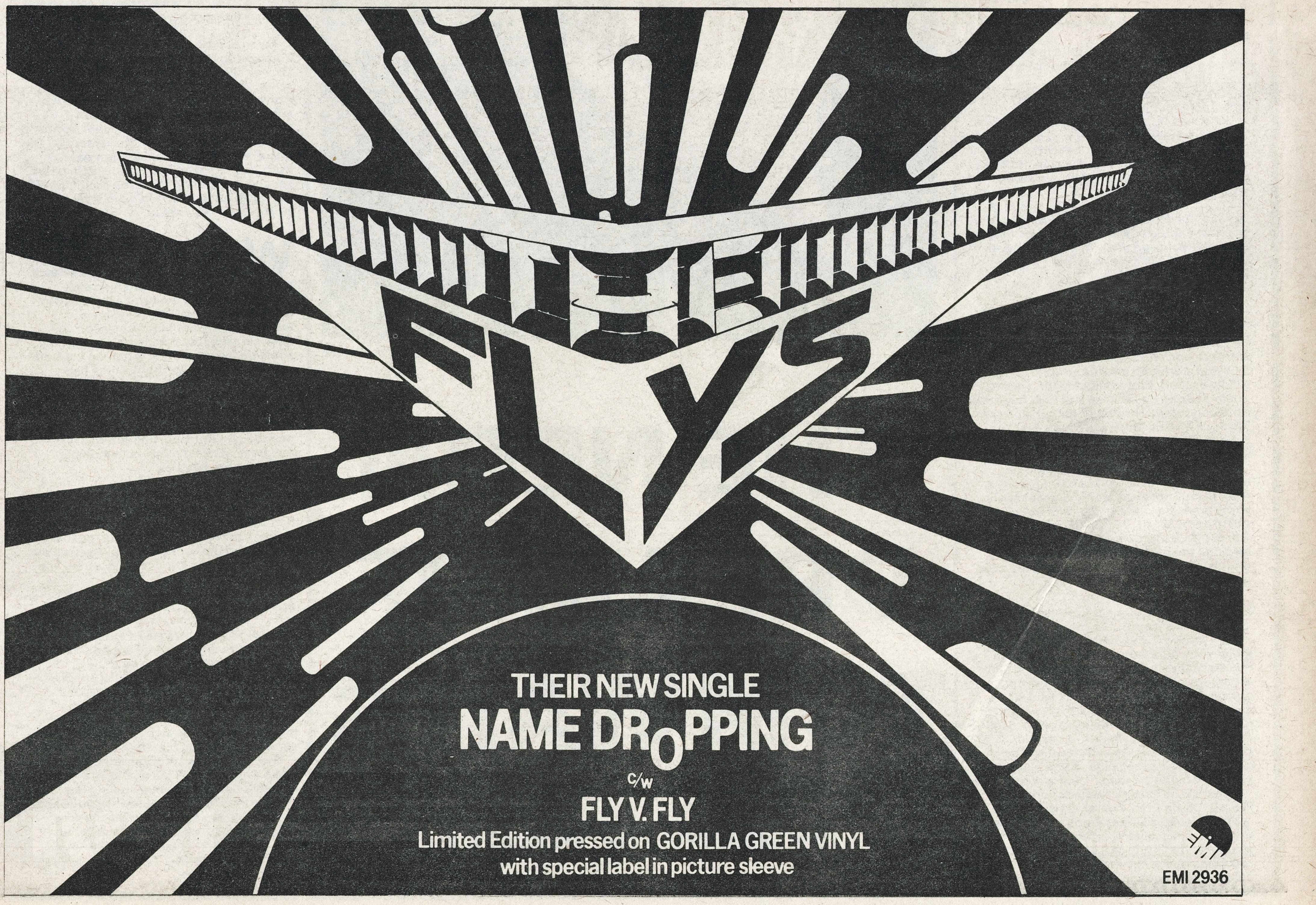
"Oh no, not Kerouac, he's up there . . . I think that Kerouac had a religious persecution mania. Like when (Neal) Cassady died Kerouac wouldn't admit that he'd gone. People would come round to his house, and he'd say things like, 'Oh no, no, we can't go anywhere today, Cassady's coming over'."

Did you ever meet Kerouac?

"No, I used to dream about him. I remember one dream I had very clearly. I was in the kitchen in this apartment somewhere out in the Mid-West. There was a party and I was sat on the floor in this kitchen, and Kerouac came banging through the door. He was dragging this Mexican girl along by the hair, and he threw her up against the refrigerator and started slapping the shit out of her. He was screaming something, and she was screaming. And then I woke up."

Did you attach any special significance to that kind of experience then?

"Oh yeah, at the time. I was obsessed with Kerouac, but it's evened out now although he remains my hero. I think it's good to have heroes, actually. But when you try to hang out with them they let you down. They've got to. It's one thing having a hero, but it's something else being a hero to someone."



Are you conscious of having an image to live up to, or down to, which every the case may be?

"Yeah, and I used to work at it much harder than I do now. Now the only time I drink is when I'm with someone and when I'm on my own. (Laughs.) No, really, I've been trying to give up drinking, but every time I stop it makes me so nervous I have to take a drink.

THE WAITS GROUP arrive at the large and luxurious White House. Everybody idles thankfully over to the reception desk to check in and collect their keys. Wait's manager — Herb Cohen, a big, round, bearded individual — takes control of the situation.

Waits is feeling tired and tense. He doesn't know which he's feeling most. All he knows for sure is that he wants to flop out on a big soft bed and dream about Mexican waitresses with soft brown skin in sparkling bars that have whole rows of Chevvys and stuff parked outside; bars with neon beer signs and Wurlitzer juke boxes stacked out with chrome, waitresses with soft brown skin and softer brown eyes, and hot-rod cars with a million tail-lights all glinting wicked smiles.

Kerouac's cab grumbled around the front of the hotel, and the ex-college track star football player and All American Hero Beatnick Alcoholic Mystic folded stiffly out. He paid the driver and ambled in through the big, glass doorway.

"ANYTHING the press writes about you, or anything you put in a song, creates an illusion of some kind and people construct what they think you are from what they read and hear. I care about my audience. I think I've got a lot of . . . hmm . . . compassion for them. But it's difficult to know what they're thinking. I get a lot of letters though."

What do people write to you about?

"Oh, I get a lot of letters that say things like, 'Dear Tom, why are you ruining your voice?' I get a lot of stuff like that; really personal letters from people I've never met. Total strangers. I find that very strange. And then there are a lot of people who write to me who are obvious maniacs. Like a lot of girls who write to me are out of their minds. They are *nuts.* And I do mean bona fide lunatics. Oh, yes I've had my share of them. A girl who had just escaped from a mental institution in Illinois hitchhiked all the way to The Tropicana, dressed entirely in black. She was sat on my porch one time when I got home at about four in the morning, totally wasted. I almost had a stroke when I saw her. And then she'd call me up when I was on the road and just say, 'I'm going to kill you', and then put the phone down. She knew every hotel I planned to stay at, and nobody knew where I was staying except my manager and my father, so now I change my name when I check in at a hotel; I register as Hercules Bellville. And now I suppose I'm going to have to change that."

Can you every picture yourself as married?

"Yeah, I guess I have some kind of picture of that. But I don't know . . . it seems to let me down every time. It's like, why is the dream always so much sweeter than the taste? But I'm not cold-blooded. I'd like to have a home and kids one day.

What is the strongest memory you have of you childhood?

"Ha, I remember my father taking me into bars when I was very young. I remember climbing up a bar-stool like a Jungle Jim, getting all the way up to the top and sitting there with my dad. He could tell stories in there for ever. I also remember that we travelled around Mexico a lot, because my dad was a Spanish teacher. I remember once we were on Goodyear Boulevard, about 1957, and a hotrod was idling with us side by side at a red light on an intersection. And there was this guy in it with blonde hair all greased back in a D. A. like a waterfall, and a tattoo, and an I.D. bracelet, shades and a cigarette. He was with his girlfriend and she had black eye make-up on, and they were drinking beer and listening to Fats Domino on the radio. And my dad looked over at me and said, 'If you ever grow a D.A. I'll kill you'. (Laughs.) I remember that very clearly. We had a '57 Chevrolet station wagon."

THE TELEPHONE jangles in Herb Cohen's room. Cohen hasn't been asleep. He's just got out of a very hot bath and he feels pink, tingly and as close to relaxed as he ever comes. And that's not very close at all. It's the press officer guy wanting to know when Tom will be able to come down and do an interview with a dumb journalist from some dumb rock paper. Cohen says he doesn't know for sure as Tom is sleeping it off . . . poor guy he's really fucked out . . . Has the journalist arrived yet? When you expecting him? About half past two. Well, take him into the hotel cafe and give him something to eat or drink or whatever. Tom has got to wake up before four o'clock on account of how the soundcheck is booked for then, so when he surfaces I'll tell him where to find you. Okay. Right.

Waits is sleeping.

Kerouac was drinking and thinking about Tom Waits and the kids he'd seen out of the taxi window, and Cassady, and the DHARMA BUMS. He wanted to fall asleep, but couldn't. But he didn't know why he couldn't.

What sort of childhood did you have?

"Well my folk split up when I was about 10, so I moved around quite a lot. I'd sometimes live with my mother and two sisters.

"I felt really peculiar when I was going through puberty. That was a very peculiar period for me. I worked when I was 14 — I got a job but I stayed in school. I worked every night until four in the morning. My brother-in-law, who weighed about 300 pounds, was working in a small Italian Restaurant and they decided that there was no room for him in the kitchen. So they sacked him and I got his job."

Is that where you first acquired the taste for hotel management?

"Yeah, that's what I thought I wanted to do — own an Italian Restaurant. It was like my boss said, 'At least you'll never starve'."

There was some talk of you working with George Dukes?

"Yeah, I already did that. George worked in the studio with me on 'Blue Valentine'. He didn't use his real name though; he's got some jungle name he uses when he does session work (Da Willie Conga). I've been up onstage with him a couple of times in small clubs when we've run into each other on the road."

I wouldn't have thought Duke's type of music would've appealed to you.

"Well, it took a little time for him to come off that Funkedelic thing. But he's been through a lot, and I think that perhaps you get to a point where your values shift when you've been in this industry for a certain number of years. A lot of jazz musicians nowadays are just sitting in hotel bedrooms, and they've been like working in toilets for 25 years . . . and that kind of lifestyle just might not hold all the romance that it seems to have. Sure, it looks good for the magazines when somebody's interviewing some down-and-out horn player on Times Square, but there's no dignity in it."

Don't you feel that in the past you may have contributed to the glorification of that kind of degradation through your songs?

"No, I hope not. I try not to glorify it. I try to be a private eye."

ON WAKING Waits imagines for a brief moment that he's at home, in The Tropicana; but a brief glance about the hotel room is enough to dispel the comfortable illusion.

He scratches at his head, deadbeat. And the telephone is ringing.

It's Herb.

Yeah . . . yeah . . . what now? Aw shit . . . I've had maybe two hours sleep in the last 24. I haven't eaten since who can remember when . . . yeah yeah . . . okay . . . I got to get something to eat anyway . . .

Waits slouches into the bathroom and splashes freezing cold water in the general direction of his face. Rubbing and scratching at the top of his right arm, toying with his tattoo, he gives his T-shirt a brief glance before deciding it looks too complex and goes for his leather jacket, which he zips up high.

"AVANTE GARDE jazz makes me nervous. It sounds like an automobile accident. I remember the most exciting musical experience I ever had; I was walking up the Harbour Freeway in L.A. during the rush hour, and it was like 120 degrees, and up ahead there's this car crash. The traffic was backed up for about ten miles; it was horrendous. Anyway, people started honking their horns and you had a few eeh aaah ooh wooohs and then everybody caught on. it spread like a wave from the front; everybody was leaning on their horns — which meant you had something like 500 car horns all blasting away at the same time . . . YAWWWWW EEEEEEE EEEHOOOOOH AAAAAAAH YEEEEEEHOOOOAAAA. It was very exciting . . . very exciting."

What was the first gig you ever saw?

"James Brown and The Famous Flames, on the bill with . . . er . . . it was an all-black act, a spade flush you might say. There was Martha Reeves and The Vandellas — I opened a show for her in Detroit once and I was murdered. Yeah, that was one of the first things I ever saw. I was amazed. It was like church; he played something like a 27-minute version of 'It's A Man's World'. I couldn't believe it. My sax player, Herb Hardesty used to play with him; that cat's played with everybody from Duke Ellington to Fats Domino."

When did you first begin to write songs?

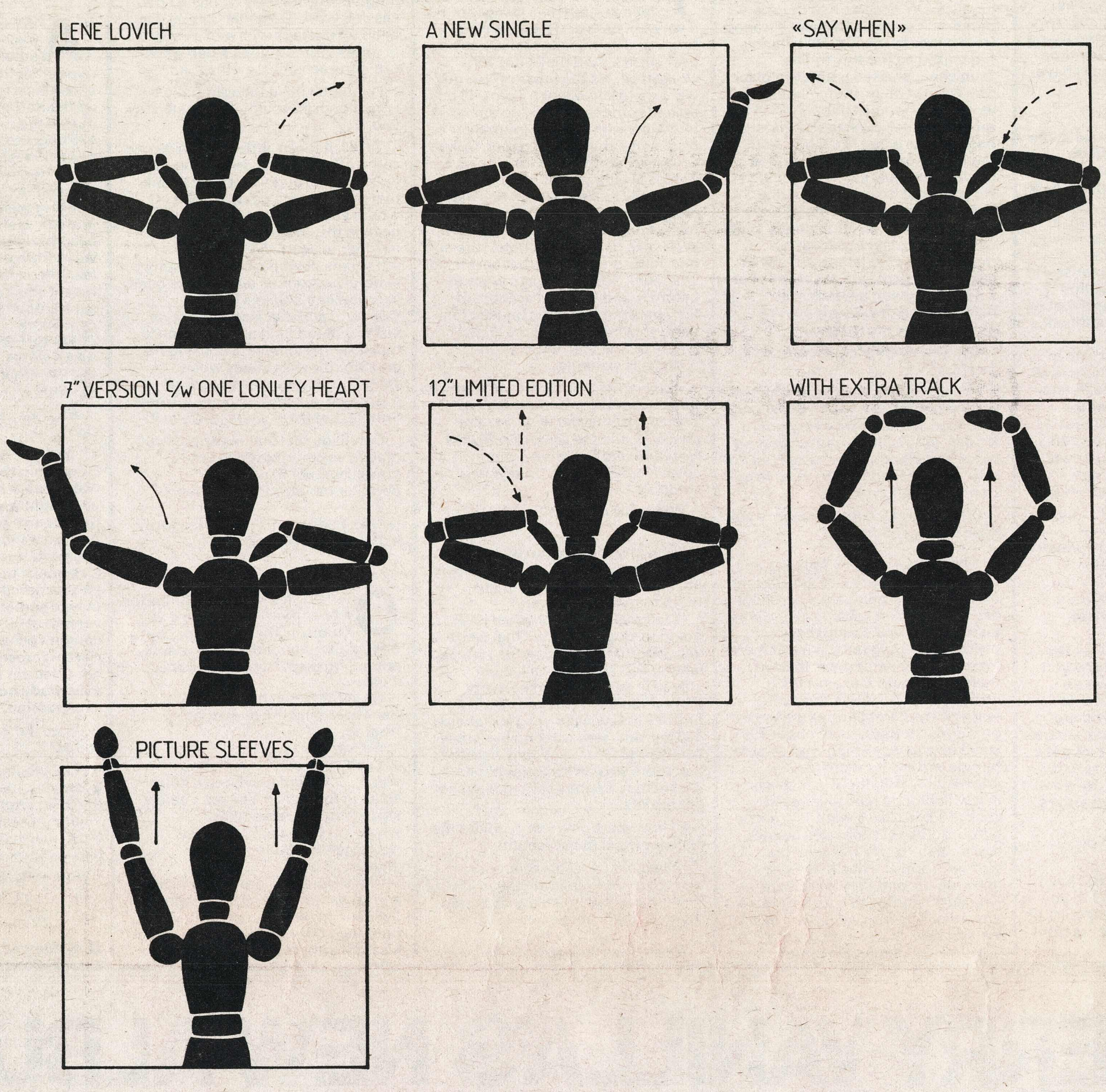
"Oh, when I was about 19 or 20 I guess, but they weren't very good. I think I'm improving. I wrote 'Blue Valentine' in a month. The whole thing. I wish I could've put my liquor bill on the expenses."

How long did it take you to record?

"It took us five days to record that . . . I'm cheap."

■ *Continues p.57*

CHERRY VANILLA'S NEW ALBUM



ALBUM OUT NOW

«STATELESS» SEEZ 7

SINGLE OUT NOW

«SAY WHEN» BUY 46

láy-nä
lüv-itch

LENE IS THE LEADER

SINGLES

This picture works against standard notions of 'anticipation' (it says here)

TEENAGE JESUS: Lydia Lunch.

Reviewed this week by IAN PENMAN

THE POP MUSIC INDUSTRY IS FRIGHTENED . . .

. . . of anything that opens up production to the vitality of discussion, laughter, and ridicule. Viz—

TEENAGE JESUS: Baby Doll (Migraine Import). Whether Teenage Jesus is the scalpel or a wound is immediately irrelevant; it is immediately *not* what-is-desired-or-expected; isn't remotely near any sort of formal R'n'R (single) sound; there is no piddling about with becoming aesthetic principles; it works against standard exploitative notions of 'anticipation' and renders (your) anger useful in the process.

Teenage Jesus needn't be judged with reference to guiding spirit Ms. Lydia Lunch or to the social section she / they may occupy. 'Baby Doll' is validated because: it doesn't (set out to) merely go 'against the grain' . . . it doesn't acknowledge the *existence* of such a thing. It has in common with the best initial punk singles an uncalculated lack of atmosphere; there is no room for sloppy seductive practices; this noise renders contempt *radical* (but un-chic).

'Baby Doll' is 92 seconds, ridiculous, erotic, beautifully irreverent, irrelevantly beautiful (etc), probably crippled, brutal, not emotional decoration . . . a great noise. If you're frightened you're industrial. Viz—

AN '80s HERO FOR THE '60s

ELVIS COSTELLO: Accidents Will Happen (Radar). A big fiction-in-the-way is that singles (especially) have a 'direct' meaning or effect; this is *obvious,* we're frequently told. It's nothing of the sort. Singles have histories too.

'Accidents Will Happen' has a history. It stands for a subject and the 'subject' isn't in the least bit deserving of public involvement — viz. the ideological onanism of Elvis Costello (whoever he is). A minor-fiction-sticking- large is the idea that Costello's barkings and/or whimperings are anything other than a slicky arranged glut of thematically consumable and satisfying images-cum-motifs.

The marketing history of Costello is implicated as an ideological form of fascism insofar as he (or the rock press?) sees his speciality as transcending determinations from the *base* of production (real social conditions). The marketing is a pile of grubby mystifications on the fact that the last people to know about (or care about) working-class culture — i.e. R'n'R — are the industry's venal 'stars', ideaologues, and careerists.

It is not odd to see a pushy little object-d'pseudo-art such as 'Accidents Will Happen' (an LP track moderngraphic-ized and EP-ized to fulfill average market £sd sense criteria) separated from real (social) conditions and history of production if you bear in mind how totally bureaucratic and idealistic R'n'R still is.

Take this 'hero' and shelve it.

OH, AND . . .

GRAHAM PARKER: Discovering Japan/Local Girls (Mercury). JOE JACKSON: One More Time (A&M). *See Costello;* and there can be nought but aesthetic quibbles; i.e., 'compared' to Costello, Parker is a bricklayer and Jackson (one *more* time? Must we?) a Burton's shopwindow dummy with the chalk showing.

DODGY CITY LIMITS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Gotta Gettaway (Rough Trade). LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: Want Fi Goh Rave (Island). 'Gotta Gettaway' isn't off the hot album; it's an orthodox 'rock' (sounding) single, orthodox social 'realism', an orthodox language of protest.

Although Stiff Little Fingers don't attempt to glamorize or fetishize their own particular stretch of social strife, most of their substance is rendered ungettable-at underneath the thick, compact drift of aesthetic orthodoxy.

Those thick guitars seem to be so unhelpful, the unirregular noise doesn't help their articulations; the balance is wrong.

Kwesi Johnson and musicians define the 'message' of 'Gotta Gettaway' much more clearly with their social sections language *('Still, me ha' fi mek a race/'Cos me come of age/And me want fi goh rave.')* and it's certainly arguable whether or not it's Johnson's age which gives him the 'better' perspective. (Let's argue).

'Want Fi Goh Rave' is taken off an album ('Forces Of Victory') but the single comes complete with sweet in the Dennis Bovelle dub B side. *This* music makes you concentrate (amongst other things).

NOT AGAIN . . .

THE CLASH: The Cost Of Living EP (CBS).
A four-track EP from your heroes: 'I Fought The Law', 'Groovy Times', 'Gates Of The West', and 'Capital Radio'; snazz conceptual packaging, the patented handclaps, Mick's Duane Allman impersonations . . . oops, *blew it* again!

'I fought the law, and the law won.' Is this not the case? Are The Clash's victories (or even clashes) against the 'system' anything more than just the acquisition of *thematic* freedoms? Like many of those regarded as socially 'relevant' they often appear to have merely the facilities to utter ill-sorted nonsense at the top of their self-servicing voices, to barge about importantly in a prison of mere topicality.

What does it really all mean? Y'know, man . . . The *Clash?* Oh yeah?

If they have suffered then this EP doesn't betray the experience; if they've re-thought then this EP doesn't betray the fact. The Clash 'sound' is mellower and more cluttered than it's possibly ever been, the structures more obvious, the solos longer.

'I Fought The Law' isn't bad, but they havn't really *done* much with it — which unfortunately can't be said of the biggie-p-bonus 'Capital Radio'; *not* the original, this one features de-rigeur mushroom-cloud guitar noise ands some awkward 'whacky banter' between Mick and Joe. The 'I Fought' reprise is even worse, Strummer forcing de-rigeur reggae talkover that just won't come (why are these white boys such copycats?).

I 'admire' (or something) Strummer for not getting smug, but otherwise . . . continue to see The Clash as politik-stardust-cowboys, pubcityrockers prancing as would-be 'traditional' R'n'R heroes while still projecting some totally unfounded sense of the 'brave' and 'new'.

The ride's been too easy. The Clash's music sounds tired, even if they're not.

EVERY LITTLE ALPS . . .

KLEENEX: You/U (Rough Trade)
Although this is not the annoying record Kleenex can and should make, it records a substantial forward movement from their last (first) EP, needs a little more space than that one, and 'deserves' more than most records on this page. An insistent, unnatural, almost modern-blues-ish push and shove with surprising ticks and crosses In the margin; a lot of considered clarity?

Given that they themselves are probably the only interesting people they have to talk to in Zurich, 'isolation' hasn't harmed them. Now we'll have to get them to sing forward a bit (either that or get Robert Wyatt to sing with The Desperate Bicycles).

The Raincoats and Kleenex will be near *your* town soon . . . take a hula hoop; take your time.

NICELY FORMAL (BUT WHAT . . .?)

MARIE ET LES GARCONS: Rebop Attitudes (Ze Import). DARK DAY: Hand In The Dark (Strike Import). BOBBY BERKOWITZ: Try Me (Migraine Import). DINOSAUR: Kiss Me Again (Sire). 'Rebop' has piped up here before (French import, US 12" import): a *very nice little sound* from these young people, it now has a different sleeve and a different B side. You should like it, uh . . . (But what are they actually saying?).

Dark Day are an amalgam (I think) of some of those *very sincere,* genteel, nervous young people who live in lofts in New York and are on *quite good* terms with Brian Eno, you know. Humid rather than 'sinister', damp rather than 'cute', a toy rather than 'quirky', etc., a fairly average i'm-all-alone-cold-sun's-setting-alientation-in-my-room, mush, sort of song. (But what does it all mean?)

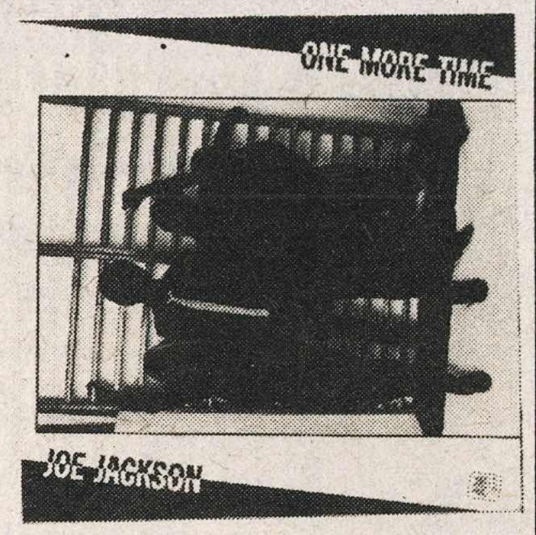
For Berkowitz see *(Day, Dark.* (But what on earth is Lydia doing mixed up with these people?).

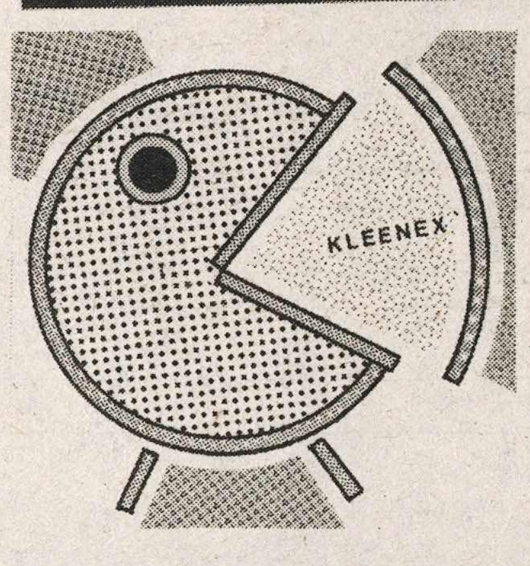
Dinosaur are some sort of discoheel/Talkinghead fusion, whose 'Kiss Me Again' was reviewed here as a massive 12" import squeek by Mr Baker. A-n-d I must say *it is* a jolly little affair, thing a-stopping'n'starting, bassing and a-mixin' like some tophole dubwise expedition in a Stax yellow barrage balloon; e.g. cuddly in a James Brown sort of way.

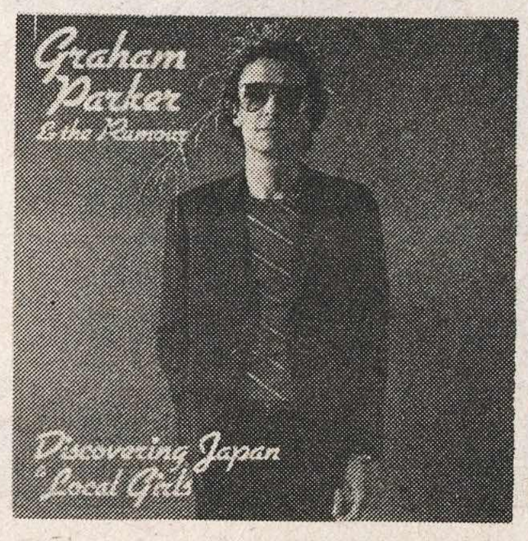
NOTHING (IT'S A JOB . . .?)

THE BISHOPS: Mr Jones (Chiswick). FISCHER Z: The Worker (United Artists). TUBEWAY ARMY: Are 'Friends' Electric? (Beggars Banquet). LEYTON BUZZARDS: I'm Hanging Around (Chrysalis). The Bishops' object goes duntduduntduduntdudunt-dumiistahjowones! like a fanbelt or a helicopter. It terrifies me anyway, and that's what it all comes down to in the end, isn't it?. Fischer Z are more like a whoopee cushion that doesn't work, and it's about time that

■ *Continues over*







New Album Cross Cuts CWK 3009
Cassette TC CWK 3009
New Single Mr Jones/Route 66/Human Bean
Chis 111

NEW ALBUM NEW SINGLE NEW SINGLE NEW ALBUM

THE BISHOPS ON TOUR

MAY
11 GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
12 EDINGBURGH HERIOT WATT UNIVERSITY
13 ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY
14 CHESTER SMARTIES
15 MANCHESTER FACTORY
16 NEWPORT STOWAWAY CLUB
17 PORTSMOUTH POLY
18 NORTH STAFFS POLY
19 DUDLEY JBs
20 JACKDALE GREY TOPPER
21 CRAWFORD ARMS MILTON KEYES
22 BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH CIVIC HALL
23 OFF (PHEW)
24 BLACKPOOL NORBRECK HOTEL
25 WAKEFIELD BRETTON HALL COLLEGE
26 EAST RETFORD PORTERHOUSE
27 LONDON NASHVILLE
28 LONDON NASHVILLE
29 TIFFANYS HULL
30 CROCK RAYLEIGH
31 TROUBADOR PORT TALBOT

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EMI

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

someone stopped United Artists pumping so much money into them. (Somewhere later on in this issue I've decided that Fischer Z are in fact a Supertramp that doesn't fart, and that they're probably a 'classic' way of getting money for old beer.)

Tubeway Army sound like Bill Nelson before he learnt to tie his judoka, and the Leyton Buzzards sound like The Members in a lime jelly — i.e. far too sweet to be that obviously 'meaty' (sic).

MUSIC TO SUCK EGGS TO (OR . . .)

THE CURE: Grinding Halt (Fiction). CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES: I want The Whole World (Radar). XTC: Life Begins At The Hop (Virgin). SUPERCHARGE: I can See Right Through You (Virgin). Four hypotheses, three 12" singles, two clear vinyls, and a total lack of 'meaning' or 'commitment'.

Maybe Virgin think their pathetic lack of Fifth-form silly-vinyl japes will fool most of the conservative-voters most of the time — but *really* Virgin, why? Singles as objects of visual contemplation are only viable if you happen to be obsessed with your career or consumer-role as the nexus of historical interest. Huh?

The XTC advert runs 'First 30,000 copies in clear vinyl . . .' which is *clearly* venal, at least, I suppose. Meanwhile, XTC still don't know why they're so clever and their record company don't know why they don't sell more records. (I bet Supercharge still pack all the students in, eh?)

The Cure's particular hypothoses concerns a situation of non-forward-moving national community activity. Got that? (It may take a bit of time, but work on it.) Clive Langer & The Boxes have the same 'modern' drum sound as The Cure and are similarly interested in writing grandiloquent songs about very little (pardon the sucking noises in the background, here). This is the sort of thing we in the Brill Building call a 'hype'.

QUALIFYING ROUNDS

THE SPECIAL A.K.A: Gangsters Vs The Selector (2 Tone). REPTILE RANCH: Don't Give The Lifeguard A Chance (Z Block). AGONY COLUMN: (I Had It) All Worked Out (Tyger). THE PACK: Brave New Soldiers/Heathen (S.S.). THE TRONICS: Favourite Girls (Tronics). The Special a.k.a. The Specials of clubland repute have quietly released this first single, a tweety, bouncy interpretation of Prince Buster's 'Al Capone' rhythm: proficient but only pretty, the production isn't at all *hard* enough. Still, 'preferable' to the likes of yer Members and Clash Xerox reggae attempts.

Even though it's criminal solipsism, I have to tell you that I happened to meet Reptile Ranch in a Welsh motorway (don't ask) cafe the other week, wherein they explained their various 'Z-Block' projects to myself and some members of Scritti Politti who also just happened to be present; they did stress the importance of viewing 'Lifeguard' as the first step in a self-financed long-term whole, and (without further conversation) this seems a satisfactory point for going on (or leaving off). 'Lifeguard' is a more 'serious' than usual DIY, although its reliance on a few dominant *private* (loosely evocative?) metaphors gets in the way, finally. Shaky but unselfish.

Agony column could be Fischer Z without money, while The Tronics are The Undertones without Paul Morley (you know as much as I do about it) or romance(?).

The Pack claim to have ex-Public Image drummer Jim Walker as a member, but this is the only point of interest' in an otherwise smoggy goulash of Budgie Vs. Eno and Fripp on a wet Sunday ley line.

Now, do those sound like words of a POSITIVE chap, or what.

SKINNY VEGITARIANS RULE O.K.

EARTH WIND & FIRE (WITH THE EMOTIONS): Boogie Wonderland (CBS). ASHFORD & SIMPSON: Flashback (Warner Bros). FATBACK: (Do The) Boogie Woogie (Spring). McFADDEN & WHITEHEAD: Ain't No Stopping Us Now (Philly). I'm sure I only bring negative vibes to this particular section. Uh: just WATCH ME NOW! as I take my groove for a walk and shake my salt 'n' pepper: can you keep it there? Awwwriiiigh . . .(Keith Hudson with mushrooms is much more me, y'know?)

INCURABLE VENAL DISEASE & LONG TERM EMPLOYMENT

THE DOOLEYS: Wanted (GTO). J. GEILS BAND: One Last Kiss (EMI). SKY: Cannonball (Ariola). ROY WOOD: We're On The Road Again (Automatic). ROBERT JOHNSON: Wish Upon A Star (Ensign). The privileged low-life of characterless pop(ular) music is the enemy of the people, of inquiry, of . . .

Bring back witch trials! (The Dooleys are asexual, The J. Geils Band biodegradable cacti, Sky are classical musicians wishing they were Space, Roy Wood is in a rocking chair, and Robert Johnson is The Dooleys with Scotty Lee on guitar.)

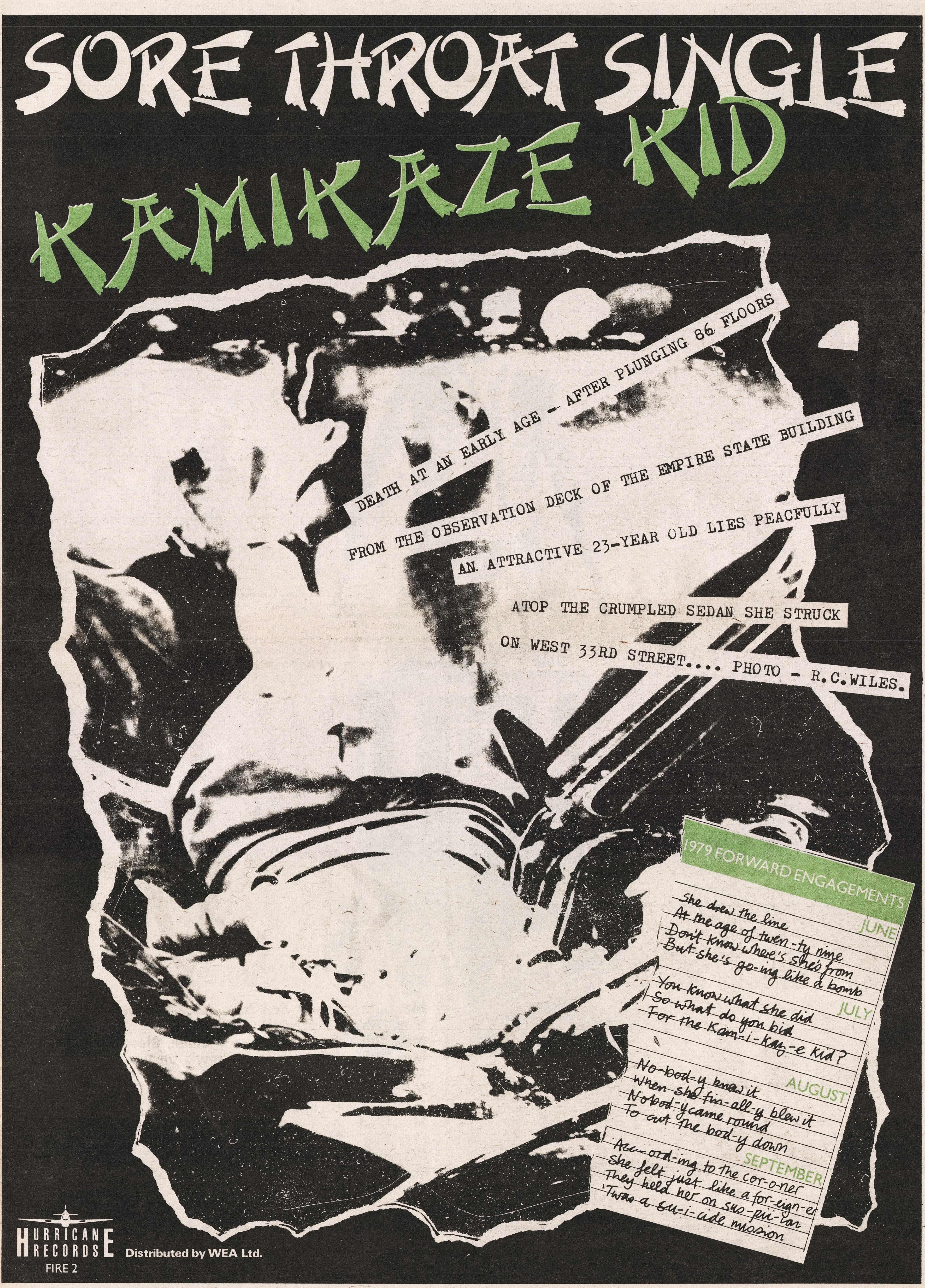
Guilty of maintaining the industry in all its insidious guises and mechanisms.

. . . of everything that closes production to the public.

THE POP GROUP

May 7th Empire Ballroom, Leicester Square, London
May 11th Aberdeen University
May 12th Queen Margaret's Union, Glasgow
May 13th Dumfries, St Andrew's University
May 14th Edinburgh, Tiffanys
May 19th Manchester University
May 21st Bristol, Locarno
May 22nd Guildford, Civic Hall
May 26th City of London Poly
May 30th Birmingham, Top Rank
June 1st Hull College
June 2nd Liverpool, Erics

TOUR
LP INCLUDES POSTER


SORE THROAT SINGLE
KAMIKAZE KID
DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE — AFTER PLUNGING 86 FLOORS
FROM THE OBSERVATION DECK OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
AN ATTRACTIVE 23-YEAR OLD LIES PEACFULLY
ATOP THE CRUMPLED SEDAN SHE STRUCK
ON WEST 33RD STREET.... PHOTO — R.C.WILES.
1979 FORWARD ENGAGEMENTS
JUNE
She drew the line
At the age of twen-ty nine
Don't know where's she's from
But she's go-ing like a bomb
JULY
You know what she did
So what do you bid
For the Kam-i-kaz-e kid?
AUGUST
No-bod-y knew it
When she fin-all-y blew it
Nobod-y came round
To cut the bod-y down
SEPTEMBER
Acc-ord-ing to the cor-o-ner
She felt just like a for-eign-er
They held her on sus-pi-ion
'Twas a su-i-cide mission
HURRICANE RECORDS
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FIRE 2

RELEASED THIS FRIDAY
The new single from the
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

Shine A Little Love

JET 144

Taken from the forthcoming album "DISCOVERY"

Jet RECORDS

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It's my kind of town Cheltenham is . . .

DICKIES (from left): Chuck Wagon, Stan Lee, Carlos Kaballero, Bernard Graves Phillips, Bily Club.

THE DICKIES, a variety of Punk Monkee, wipe out Sinatra amid scenes of West Country Weirdness. BOB EDMANDS was there.

This town is a make-you town
And a break-you town
It'll bring you down."
— FRANK SINATRA

THE TOWN tonight is Cheltenham Spa in the West Country. A twee, upper-class sort of place where the wealthy go to spend their twilight years.

You can hear Frank Sinatra there on this particular evening because they're playing one of his records at a punk rock concert at the North Gloucestershire College of Technology and Animal Husbandry.

Frank Sinatra at a punk rock concert? A punk rock concert in Cheltenham? They've got to be joking. And, of course, they are. The punk rock group headlining on this occasion are The Dickies. From Los Angeles.

A punk rock group from L.A.? They are definitely joking. But as to who precisely the joke is on . . . well, that's a moot point.

The Dickies' guitarist is called Stan Lee.

Is that your real name, Stan?

"It might be," says Stan. "It's certainly my first name."

Stan Lee has a short Afro hairdo, an A&M Records T-shirt, and a grin that's liable to topple his head backwards over his shoulders.

"Wow," he says, "it's just like The Beatles. After the sound-check tonight the kids were coming up to our car and pushing their hands in through the windows.

"It's so good, I'm gonna have to get a punk haircut."

Tell us about the L.A. punk scene, Stan. Do they still wear safety pins and gob at each other?

"Gobbing? They do a little. When The Clash came over, there were two or three gobbed at them. But tonight . . .

"Tonight, I'm gonna get drowned."

There are some 600 Dickies fans packed into a small gymnasium at the North Gloucestershire college. It's so hot inside that when they open the doors afterwards the air condenses and forms small white clouds which drift like dry ice.

Dickies fans tend to be somewhat young. Few of the 600 look eligible to vote or to drink, and they're sternly turned away from the students' bar by zealous stewards. As one member of The Dickies' entourage put it: "When I went into the loo, there were some kids so small they couldn't reach the urinal to piss."

Small and youthful they may be, but Dickies' fans are keen. Very keen. They pogo like it's going out of fashion.

To anyone who's followed the rock press and the fanzines in recent years, the reaction of The Dickies' audience must seem a touch unlikely.

After all, not only is the music pretty dire, but the band also offend against every canon of punk puritan faith. These chaps are not merely American, but brazenly American.

Lead singer Leonard Phillips looks like Peter Tork from The Monkees, and he rushes onstage and says "Hi kids'. (So uncool).

Leonard then goes on to disport himself in a way that hardly suggests intensive contemplation of the plight of the oppressed masses.

He is not just content to sing a variety of utterly foolish songs, such as 'Doggy-Doo', 'Walk Like An Egg', 'You Drive Me Ape, You Big Gorilla', and The Dickies' hit single 'Banana Splits'. Leonard also insists on a variety of daft stage props. At various times he wears a dog mask, a gorilla mask, a diver's mask, a winged helmet and a banana hat.

At one point this upstart even wrestles with a giant blow-up fish.

Clearly this man is not in the least bit familiar with the works of Hegel, Marx, Lenin, or Marcuse. He has probably never read a Socialist Workers pamphlet in his life.

Even worse is the attitude of The Dickies offstage. They cannot muster a scowl or a sneer between them.

"Listen to those kids chant," says Stan Lee. "We *must* start taping these shows, you know.

"Hey man, it's great beer you've got over here. Two pints and you can say goodbye to me."

THERE IS about The Dickies a glorious naivety. They are simply a local youth club band who know a few chords and a few songs and get up and play with no serious commitment to anything other than enjoying themselves, entertaining the kids, and making a mountain of money. (They've already had a chart album as well as the single. Bastards).

In fact, The Dickies are so unsophisticated they even play cornball oldies like 'Sound Of Silence', 'Paranoid' and 'Eve Of Destruction'. They claim they do this as a joke, but I didn't see anyone laughing.

"I came to England in early 1977 as a tourist," says the bass player Billy Club. "I saw a bunch of punks and I was really amazed. I also heard some recordings. I had a single by The Damned, 'New Rose'. I had 'Anarchy In The U.K.', 'God Save The Queen'. You know.

"Anyway, I went home, went to Stan's house, threw the stuff on his bed. Give this a whirl. Yo know. He listens to it. He goes: 'Wow, this is fucking great, man'.

"It seemed like a lot of fun and there was a lot of energy and it was different and new. It was something we thought we'd do to get in our local fanzines in Los Angeles.

"And here we are today."

I say to Billy that The Dickies are not as grim-faced or as serious as British punk bands. They're obviously much more jokey.

"That's what we wanted it to be. We were kind of satirising the whole thing in a way."

Do you think they're too serious in Britain?

"Not just in Britain. Everywhere people are trying to be serious. It's something I try and stay away from. We don't have any social frustrations or anything.

One reason for that would be the fact you come from California where they don't have the same sort of problems.

"Yes, that's right. I do understand the things that people are saying over here. But it's not the same for us."

NO DOUBT many people will think The Dickies are trampling all over part of our Glorious British Heritage by refusing to play the Punk Rock racket according to the rules. Equally, A&M Records must be well pleased that they've got such a safe, innocuous bunch as their token punks. But in The Dickies' defence, you're bound to admit there are plenty of earnest, political British bands around, and a little light relief doesn't go amiss.

One thing that particularly annoys the purists is the 'Banana Splits' single, The song was originally the theme of a dumb American kiddies TV show which featured people dressed up as gorillas.

This, however, doesn't affect Stan's state of euphoria, brought on apparently without the aid of the great beer we have over here. This is probably due to the fact that he hasn't yet got over the pleasant shock of being so successful so suddenly.

Stan, I say, can you really believe all this? Eighteen months ago you weren't even a band, weren you?

"Ha," says Stan. "No, we weren't and five months ago, nobody wanted to know. I can sort of believe it all. You know, *now*. Now, I think it's there. Before I was kind of queazy about it."

Tonight, the first night of their British tour, was presumably their first real taste of an audience of their own.

"No," says Stan, "Barbarella's in Birmingham on our first tour was amazing. But that was before the records. We also did a tour with The Jam. That went real well, too.

"But it was The Jam who brought the people before and now we're doing it.

"It's funny. Heh, heh, heh. I kinda like it."

Why did Stan and Billy think they'd made it in Britain before the States?

Billy: "I think our type of music has been accepted here and kids really enjoy it. America is two years behind the times."

Stan: "You can say there was The Ramones, but I think it did start over here in Britain. We come from Los Angeles and it doesn't make sense.

"They shouldn't go for it because we're from L.A. When we first came they didn't want to know and I didn't blame them. It's their scene.

"I don't know . . . Maybe no one's doing it now but us and they're all going for it."

As we talk, Stan continues to sign record sleeves sent in by his fans. There seem to be an enourmous number of picture sleeves off singles. How many singles have The Dickies put out, for God's sake?

"Loads," says Stan. "Loads of 'em. I think there's six now."

Outside in the night, siren voices call Stan to the window to smile upon the multitude.

"Stan, hey Stan, come and say hello."

Stan, displaying no cool at all, goes to the window.

"Hi," he says, "thanks for coming to our show. It's real nice."

"Stan," says a voice. "Have you got any badges?"

"Sure," says Stan, "I got plenty for everybody. I'll go get 'em."

He goes over to his coat, gets badges out of his pocket, and starts to pass them out of the window.

"Hold on," he says, "hold on. One hand at a time. There's plenty for you all."

I'm expecting him to be pulled head first out of the window. But he steps back and turns round, still grinning.

"Badges," he says. "I gave 'em some badges."

THE THOUGHT occurs to me that The Dickies and their followers represent yet another kind of new beginning. It is, after all three years now since the first Sex Pistols gigs. Could it be that punks from class of '76 are turning into superior older brothers, and even (dare I say it?) boring old farts?

Needless to say, no one need take The Dickies in the least bit seriously. Let's face it. They only appeal to young kids, and what do they know about rock'n'roll?

NME sneaks a preview of The Who's

QUADROPHENIA

DICK TRACY talks to FRANC RODDAM, director of the film, and to PHIL DANIELS, who stars as Jimmy, the hero of Townshend's mod opera.

"CAN YOU SEE the real me?" screams Roger Daltrey as the curtains pull back and the screen fills with a cliff-top view of the sun setting over the sea. The lone Mod gazes into the distance, then turns and walks back towards the camera until his face fills the frame. The music kicks into high gear, the legend WHO FILMS appears and Jimmy rides out, blocked and happy, on his multi-mirrored scooter. *Quadrophenia,* that unusual state of mind, is now a movie.

The story of ten days in Jimmy's life will be instantly recognisable to the album owners and, like the vinyl version, the film is rough and energetic, realistic and accessible. It's also a lot of fun, and should produce widespread seat-damaging outbreaks when it reaches British screens next September.

You soon lose count of the number of pills swallowed during the proceedings and it's rare indeed to see kids beating the dust of policemen with so much abandon. Combine that with the male full-frontals and you've got the kind of picture that the True Blues love to hate.

The audience on the night I saw *Quadrophenia* previewed was limited mainly to the cast and crew of the picture, which proved a trifle disorientating for this writer. Looking around the obligatory post-screening drink session, these larger-than-life figures were all there in the foyer — but in different costumes. Two of the main Mods, for instance, turned up dressed in black bondage jumpsuits, gleaming with a million zips. The chief rocker had a new hairstyle and was outfitted like a member of Racey . . .

That aside, the main order of the day was to make contact with director Franc Roddam who, it turned out, was keen to meet before shooting off for the official premiere of the movie at the Cannes Film Festival this week. We synchronised engagement calendars and I headed off to do some homework.

THE ACTION OF *Quadrophenia* covers a period of ten days in the life of Jimmy (Phil Daniels) before, during, and after the Battle of Brighton, highspot of the Mod's year.

Jimmy has a hard time at home and a boring job in the postroom of a smart advertising agency. What he really lives for is the Mods — his scooter, his suits, his pills and his mates, Chalkie, Pete, Dave and Ferdy.

There are two big problems in his life: trying to make Steph (Leslie Ash) who doesn't want to know, and getting enough pills for the Brighton trip. He eventually scores some pills from local hoods but they're duff and he ends up breaking into a chemist's shop. After a few nights of Mod action — gatecrashing straight parties, beating up rockers — the gang head for Brighton and the real fun begins.

Led by Ace (Sting from The Police), the Mods waste an entire cafe of rockers before setting on the police. Jimmy finally gets to make Steph in a back alley during the middle of the battle, but shortly after gets arrested and, along with Ace, receives a heavy fine next morning at the magistrates court.

Life holds little meaning for Jimmy after that, the Mods' finest hour. Steph has gone off with his best mate, his family throws him out, he chucks his job and finally, his scooter gets trashed.

Disillusioned, Jimmy blows all his money on pills and heads back to Brighton in search of his dreams. But there his final hopes are wrecked when he sees Ace as he really is.

With no one left to turn to, Jimmy nicks Ace's scooter and heads out for the cliffs . . .

All pix taken from the film Quadrophenia.

WE MEET UP a week or so after the preview screening at a tastefully decorated converted warehouse situated in a back-street Soho mews. He's an approachable, fast-talking guy, obviously very ambitious and purposeful, who seems largely unaffected by his current success.

Roddam's name may be unfamiliar, as *Quadrophenia* is his first cinematic feature, but you've probably seen his work on TV. Having graduated from the London Film School followed by stint in advertising, the young Roddam moved to the BBC where he made the controversial *All In The Family* series and the startling *Dummy,* the story of a deaf and dumb prostitute which — rare for a TV play — scored highly in the ratings, pulling in an audience of 14 million.

He's recently come back from Hollywood where he was offered some half a dozen movie projects in two weeks. Pipe dreams have become reality for him and he can now afford to turn them down. Currently he's negotiating a three-picture contract with 20th Century Fox and has two ideas in development: one a story of immigrant Mexican workers to be filmed on location in California, the other a hush-hush environmental picture about resources.

Roddam almost didn't direct *Quadrophenia* at all. He was all set to make a TV film on IOS chief Bernie Cornfeld, the renegade financier. Roddam chuckles as he recalls his visit to Cornfeld's giant Los Angeles mansion, with its two hostesses in hot pants and the 15 limousines in the drive, all with flat tyres. The project fell through however when the powers that be put their money into another project, the recently screened *Dirty Money* — the saga of a daring French bank raid — so Roddam found himself with spare time. He explains how *Quadrophenia* came up.

"I went through a sort of audition period. Quite interesting. I was approached by producers Roy Baird and Bill Curbishley (also The Who's manager), then I finally met Townshend.

"Townshend had seen *Dummy* and liked it a lot. We found we were talking about the same sort of things, we had a similar attitude towards society and, strangely enough, a lot of our conversation centred on our attitudes towards punk.

"There had been an article in *The Times* about commodities and materials in response to a very outrageous 'These people ought to be shot' sort of letter — about the punks liking rubber and plastic and wearing swastikas. The reply had been written by a punk girl saying she felt sorry for this guy because what he didn't realise was that society has to keep re-examining itself, not only on an ethical level but also on a what-is-available level. There isn't enough stripped pine and cosy country houses to go round, and new generations are going to have to associate themselves with plastic and polystyrene and polyester.

"So punk isn't only a musical movement, it's also going to influence architecture, design, all sorts of things.

"Townshend and I came together on that. He's extremely bright, aware and well-informed . . . a very rich man but still in touch.

"From that level we could then start talking about *Quadrophenia.*"

So did you sit down with the album and work from there?

"Yes. The album works very well as an album but it doesn't work as a film. So I then had to take things away and add things to it, and certain basic principles had to be set out.

"I didn't want to make a rock opera for several reasons: I didn't think the subject was a rock opera type and I'm not that kind of director anyway. I've been brought up in the school of realism, so therefore I couldn't be a Ken Russell.

"Then there was a practical reason. I didn't just want to make a pale copy of Tommy, I wanted to move in a completely different direction — and that meant having a completely different approach to the music.

"In *Tommy* the music dominates the film and is the central driving force behind it, it controls the narrative. In *Quadrophenia,* the music contributes to the narrative and supports it but very rarely takes over from it. That's quite a difficult decision because it's putting the music in second place, so it's a very different kind of film.

"What I've done with *Quadrophenia* is take the essence of the idea, the guts and power of the music and turn that into celluloid."

DID THE WHO have much of a say during the course of filming?

"They just kept a discreet distance. I was really impressed by them because they were supportive and never destructive. Entwistle came every day for the whole three-week dub. He worked as musical director and got all the music ready.

"Daltrey was interesting because he was like a conscience. He had a sort of Mod idea. If he ever came through it was that he didn't want to let the Mod thing down.

"Townshend, of course, was like a sort of guiding light. He was very gracious — gracious enough to say, 'I made the album, the film is yours. I trust you to go away and make it.'

"I was sad about Keith Moon because I was just getting to know him. When I first met him, he came in in jodhpurs, a monocle and with his big bodyguard. He terrified me in a way — and I've been around — but he had a tremendous talent for disorientating people.

"They said, 'This is Frank, he's going to direct the film', and Moon said: 'I've got a great idea — why don't we direct it together?'

"I said, 'Okay, if you let me play drums on your next album.' So we were alright after that."

Only four days out of the 57-day shooting period on *Quadrophenia* were devoted to studio work. The rest was all location, ranging from the backroads of Shepherd's Bush to Lewes Magistrates Court, from a barber's in Islington to the Basement Club in Covent Garden. And of course Brighton, where the climactic battles between mohair and leather take place and give a whole new meaning to the term "beach movie".

Roddam clearly enjoyed that experience.

"If the film takes on epic proportions at any place, it is during the Brighton scenes when we have 2,000 Mods and Rockers fighting. That's when it becomes a grander film.

"As a director I always thought you had to go as near to destruction as possible without hurting anybody or hurting the film." Judging by the footage, Roddam took it pretty close to the edge.

Not surprisingly, Brighton Council wasn't too happy about the idea of the location shoot, but the police were only too ready to co-operate,

movie tribute to the Mod era of the '60s

probably looking on the opportunity as good training. In the face of the Council's attitude, Roddam just arrived, risking it.

His mass of real Mods and Rockers from all over the country, supplemented by a crew of extras drawn from the lines of the local employment exchange, simply took over the town. At one point they completely blocked the rush-hour traffic and caused a three-mile long tailback.

But ironically, one of the few casualties of the whole battle sequence was Roddam himself. While filming in the narrow alleyways of the Brighton Lanes, a supposedly docile police dog went for one of the cameramen, who whipped his camera round and caught Roddam in the head. Do they call that suffering for your art?

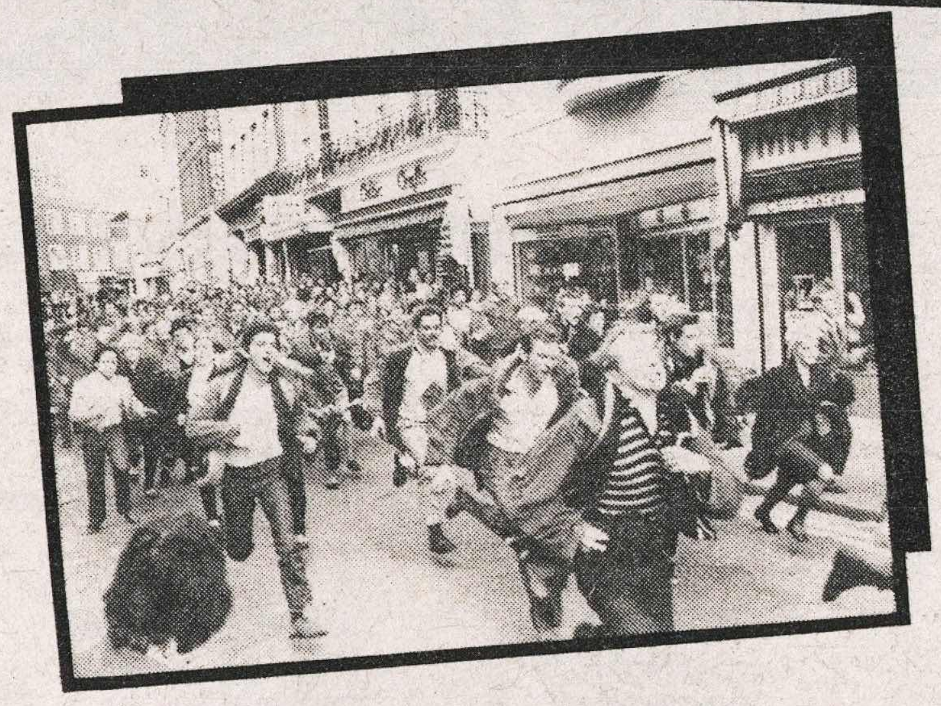
I WONDERED how much the movie was a question of research, and how much was drawn from Roddam's personal experience?

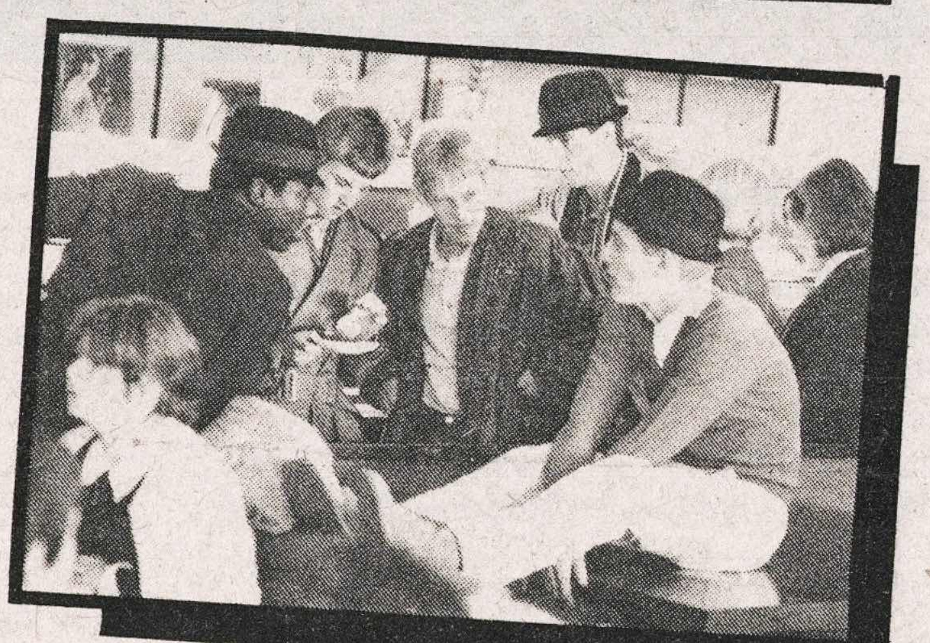
"I was 18 in 1964 so therefore I grew up with the Mod movement even though I wasn't a Mod. So I wasn't a 45-year-old director saying, what *did* happen, how *did* they behave?

"I did go to parties like that.

"I come from a violent town, Cleveland on Teesside, so I did get involved in a lot of street fights. I also think I know the ambitions of that group of people. I know the economic problems. So I didn't have to do much research except to remind myself, to make sure my memory wasn't being distorted by affection or disaffection.

"People have very affectionate





memories. They said the kids in my film are not stylish enough, but what they're remembering is the one Supermod. When they see the girls, they're remembering Cathy McGowan or Mary Quant.

"I used newspaper cuttings and photographs and music to get it accurate, but I still get challenged by a lot of people."

Roddam considers himself a political filmmaker in the non-party sense, and feels that the film has something to say on that level. As he puts it: "If people go along with the crowd they often make decisions which I think are detrimental to society and humanity, so I would like to try and influence them. What I'm trying to do in *Quadrophenia* is to say, here's a guy who joins a group, gets carried along by the group ethic — which is not necessarily good. He must separate himself from that, try to be himself, look at things as an individual and decide for himself."

An understandable personal philosophy from a man who used to be a shipyard worker and is now a hot director. His attitude is clear, and he's not shy of expressing it.

"It's my job, I think, to manipulate an audience, to make them conscious of certain things I'm anxious about, to shed light on common experience.

"When I left film school I had the opportunity to make arty films for minority audiences or to try and make films that would reach mass audiences. I believe you can make an artistic film, a socially aware film, an important film, and still make it commercial.

"That's my big ambition."

A scooter crashes on the rocks and smashes to bits. The curtain closes.

SQUEEZE

SQUEEZE ON TOUR

REDCAR	Coatham Bowl	Sunday 13th May
LEEDS	Polytechnic	Wednesday 16th May
MANCHESTER	U.M.I.S.T.	Thursday 17th May
BIRMINGHAM	University	Friday 18th May
BOURNEMOUTH	Stateside Centre	Sunday 20th May
ST. ALBANS	City Hall	Monday 28th May

...AND AS GUESTS OF THE TUBES

GLASGOW	The Apollo	Friday 11th May
EDINBURGH	Odeon	Saturday 12th May
LIVERPOOL	Empire	Tuesday 15th May
BRISTOL	Colston Hall	Saturday 19th May
LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon	For one week from Monday 21st to Sunday 27th May
LEICESTER	De Montfort Hall	Tuesday 29th May
SOUTHAMPTON	Gaumont	Wednesday 30th May
BRIGHTON	The Centre	Thursday 31st May

...AND THEIR ALBUM IS VERY "COOL FOR CATS"

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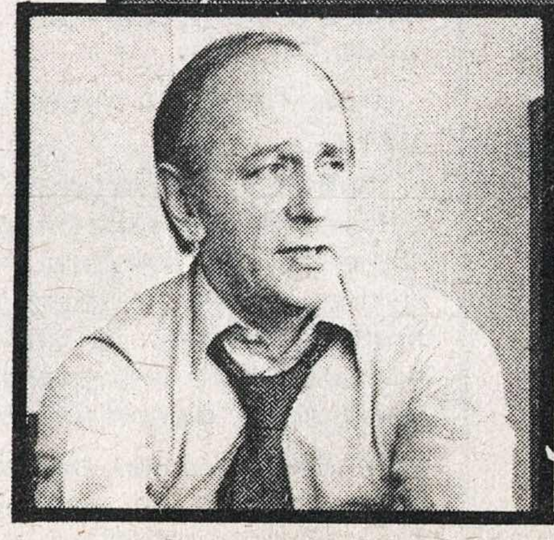
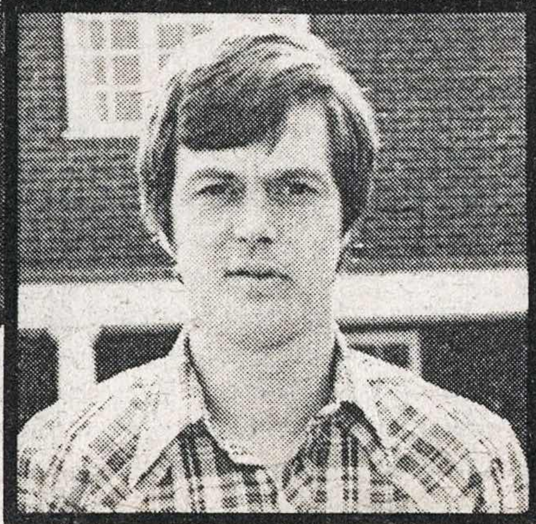
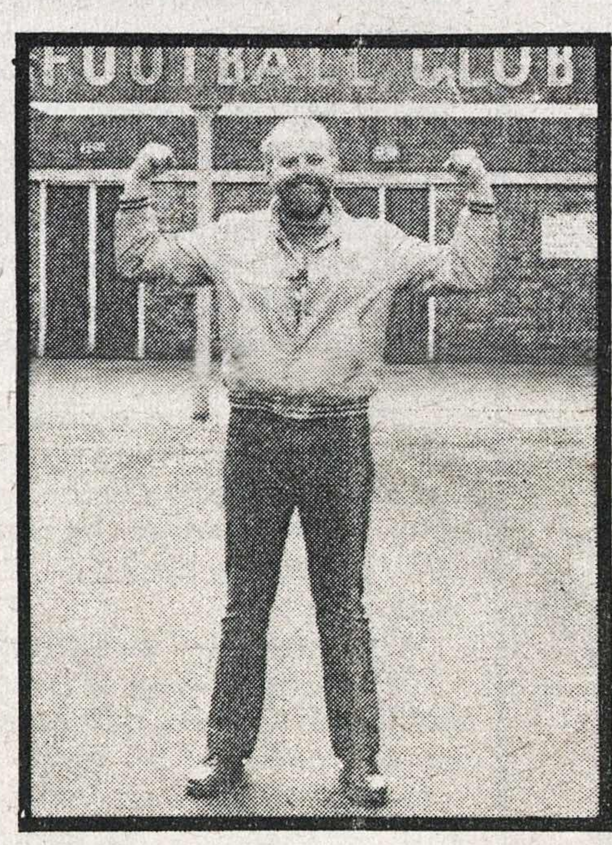




The Human Face Of Football



Half a million people pass through the turnstiles of English League football clubs every Saturday afternoon. Every single one of them knows who they reckon will win the FA Cup Final this Saturday — but how much do they know about what goes on inside the players' heads? With British football apparently entering a new era of skill and success, MONTY SMITH (left) talks to a scientifically selected cross-section of soccer personalities about what football means to them.
Pictures by PENNIE SMITH.

(Except where noted)

Main pic: Panic in the Everton goalmouth in their recent home battle with West Brom. Inset pix (l-r): Brian Moore, Laurie Cunningham, Duncan McKenzie, Gerry Summers, David Lacey (courtesy Guardian). Left: Monty at Gillingham. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

"For the true football follower the journey to a game is often as pleasurable an experience as the game itself. Whether that person is among the multitude who support Liverpool or the faithful 1,500 who would die for Halifax the sense of anticipation is equally keen, albeit for widely differing reasons. Surely Liverpool cannot be so good for so long, nor Halifax so bad; alternatively Halifax may at last be turning the corner before everybody goes round the bend, and Liverpool may slip up for once.

"Conflicting thoughts of this sort explain the tendency of those going to football matches to wear expressions of utter vacancy. Memories of what happened in the last game combine with thoughts of what may lie ahead, with the result that thousands of imaginary encounters are played before the actual kick off."

David Lacey, The Guardian

I SAW MY first football match when I was nine or ten. Gillingham, bottom of the Fourth Division, were playing the leaders, Colchester United. I had never seen so many people in one place, over 8,000 of them and the powerful smell of pipe and roll-up tobacco burning added to the noisy excitement. I couldn't see much of the game, which we won 2-1, but I was hooked.

Over the years, instead of dwindling, my enthusiasm for the game — and Gillingham's part in it — intensified. I had no reason to attend church on Sundays; my services were held the day before at Priestfield Stadium. And you can't rationalise about religion, about passion.

For me, football is the perfect metaphor for life, infinitely vicissitudinous. For you, it may be a daft game in which 22 hairy buggers kick hell out of a ball while Terry Yorath kicks hell out of everything else. Next you'll tell me the Pope's Polish.

The charismatic hold football has on its followers is captured perfectly in the above extract from David Lacey's recent article. Ominously, he goes on to acknowledge the increasingly influential presence at games of our slack-jawed brethren, the hooligans. Their antics are commonplace now and it takes a fatality, a stabbing or a dart in the bonce to make the nationals. ("Can *You* Pass Our Aggro Test!?!" asks the sexsational *Sun*).

No one, least of all the police, knows what to do with them. Ipswich Town manager Bobby Robson was obviously overstepping the mark when he said, "Turn flamethrowers on them," but it mightn't be a bad idea to take them down dark alleys and rip out their hearts with boat hooks. Maybe the new government will just hang them. Whatever, there's enough thuggery on the pitches without having to worry about the terraces.

There's also, surprisingly enough, much good football. Everything goes in cycles and in a weird way the recent development of English football has paralleled the fortunes of rock and roll.

As The Beatles, Stones, et al, revitalised pop in the '60s, so England's winning of the World Cup in 1966 breathed fresh life into a game which had been sagging since the post-War boom. Music's fallow period in the early '70s — all Heavy Metal and pablum — was echoed by the dreadful rut English football got itself into when fear ruled the game; the introduction of a three up-three down promotion and relegation system drove countless wary teams into an impenetrable defensive shell. And the national team became the poor relation in world football.

In 1976, something happened. In music it was instant. In football more gradual. But the progress made in Europe by first Liverpool and now Nottingham Forest, and the return of stability to the England side by Ron Greenwood, seem to herald some kind of renaissance.

And we're beginning to get a bit cocky again.

"There will have been an English club in the final of the European Cup for the last three years, and Liverpool have won it twice," says Peter Taylor, Brian Clough's assistant manager at Forest. "So don't give me all that stuff about continental technique. Cologne? They're no better than a club in the top half of our Second Division." Nice bloke.

Still, the optimism is understandable. We are no longer naifs, easy pickings for any bunch of swarthy dagos who can stand up and kick a ball straight. Long gone are the doomy days of ashen-faced Don Revie, the tight-lipped dossier king who made Kevin Keegan play bingo and insisted on the England team singing 'God Save The Queen' before they lft the locked dressing room at Wembley.

Some reasons for this about face: the appointment of a sensible England manager, certainly, a man prepared to learn from and look at the game at all levels; the spread of catholic coaching techniques and reliance on more skilful players by managers who've learned to live with the three up-three down system; the emergence of an entire crop of indigenous black players; and the introduction of numerous foreign players, adding to the increasing list of superior ball players. Not that English football hasn't already a large quota of 'foreign' players (how many Scottish, Irish or Welsh play for your side?) and not that all clubs manage to make proper use of exceptional talent — Polish captain Kazimierz Deyna must've felt right chuffed playing for Manchester City's reserves.

In an attempt to gauge the progress — or regress as the case may be — made in the domestic game, *NME* spoke to five people involved at different levels. If I was foolish in expecting to inherit a new-found knowledge, at least my ignorance has been severely rearranged.

And no, they don't all wear kipper ties and talk like ex-prize fighters.

Continues over ▶

From previous page

THE PLAYERS

"I have no objection whatsoever to footballers hugging and caressing after scoring a goal. It shows they care. In many cases it is the only evidence of this. You frequently get the impression that their minds are more occupied with their shirt emporiums or hairdressing salons than the game in hand or the side they're playing for. It may not be the side they were playing for last week anyway and football — a mixture of the slave trade and Hollywood in the '30s — breeds mercenaries."
William Rushton, Pigsticking

Duncan McKenzie and house.

1. DUNCAN McKENZIE Blackburn Rovers

(ex-Nottingham Forest, Leeds United, Anderlecht, Everton and Chelsea)

ILL FORTUNE has dogged Duncan McKenzie's pitifully wasted career with dull regularity, often enough to stuff an aviary with ailing parrots. Idolised from the terraces at the City Ground, Elland Road and Goodison Park, rhapsodised over by the press, McKenzie seemed to be set fair to become the Blue-eyed Boy of British football.

Yet he never won an England cap, and this in a period of national mediocrity. Now slogging away in the comparative backwater of Blackburn — the club was recently relegated to Division Three — Duncan McKenzie is Roy Of The Rovers gone wrong.

Born in Grimsby 28 years ago, he went through school not knowing what he wanted to do. He loved sport — played football and cricket for the county — and toyed with the notion of working a scholarship to the States.

Spurs came in for him when he was 15 but his parents said that if they wanted him at 15, they'd want him at 18. He left school at 17 with 10 'O' Levels.

"When Forest came in the second time I was more surprised than excited," he said says in a dark brown voice, his boyishly regular features belying a mature self-assurance. "Of course, I discovered that football was a hazardous experience. The turnover is quite frightening. They're plucked from school at 15 or whatever and most of them end up driving lorries or down mines within two years.

"I suppose it's the same in the music business, in many ways."

I suppose so, I say, without conviction.

"It's like everything else. I mean, if you're not good enough to play the concert halls, you play clubs. If you're not good enough to play clubs, you play pubs. So if you're not good enough to play in the League, you play non-League football for £20 or £30 a Saturday. Or you go further down and play for a fiver and expenses."

Laurie limbers up

So football for him is a passion, a vocation?

"Oh yeah. I've always loved football. I watch it at every level. I still get a kick out of playing with the kids in the park during the summer.

"Obviously you get to a stage every season when you're sick to the back teeth of football. Players get a bit stale because you *can't* keep it up week in, week out. But you get away from it for a fortnight and you can't wait to get back.

"It's difficult, though. I mean, you work precious few hours for a great deal of money, but your life is dictated by when you can eat or drink, when you take holidays, no weekends off. And all the spare time can be a problem for single players, who usually turn to gambling to divert their attentions."

McKENZIE LIVES with wife Dot and four-year-old son Andrew in a large mock-Georgian house next to Haydock Park race course. "It doesn't hold any great appeal for me" — he means the racing — "but I take the nipper to see the horses sometimes."

There's enough room out the back of his place for a couple of pitches and the house itself is like a showroom, everything brand new and squeaky clean; I was surprised the Afghan hound was allowed to kip on the fancy sofa. There are plenty of ashtrays dotted about the room (Duncan smokes about 30 Bensons a day) but the fags are kept hidden because Andrew likes to eat them.

He obviously loves the North, and during the few months he spent with Chelsea he lived in hotels or stayed at Moody Blue Justin Hayward's place in Surrey.

"I think a lot of people consider my move to Blackburn as grabbing at the first opportunity to move home. But I feel a lot more contented being up here.

"Things didn't work out at Chelsea for a number of reasons. Danny Blanchflower wants a team of 19-year-olds, and my wife was expecting a baby which we lost a few weeks after the birth — so she was going through hell and it was no fun for me being the other end of the country."

The Chelsea affair was the third time a potentially rewarding move had fouled up around him. He was happy during his eight years with Forest, but disillusioned when manager Dave Mackay ("The first man who believed in me and made me believe in myself") left midway through the '74/'75 season. When Forest refused to sell him to Mackay's new club, near neighbours Derby, McKenzie elected to join Leeds United under Brian Clough: "I've got this unfortunate jinx — every manager who's bought me has been sacked within two months."

After Clough's departure, McKenzie instigated his own move to Anderlecht of Belgium. He spent six months there ("It was hazardous, a bit like Scotland used to be — I've seen a few non-League clubs better than one or two in the Belgian First Division") before Billy Bingham brought him to Everton. Within a month, Bingham was sacked.

Enter Gordon Lee, ex-Blackburn Rovers and Newcastle United manager, a former squad player with Aston Villa and a specialist in grooming effective but deadly dull outfits — the man who incurred the everlasting wrath of Tyneside by packing Malcolm Macdonald off to London.

"Gordon Lee is probably the last manager that I'd've picked on this earth to have come to Everton. I could honestly have survived under practically anyone else. He made a ridiculous statement in the press — 'I've always said that Duncan McKenzie is not my type of player' — and I thought, 'That's a great start, we haven't even met!'

"I got on very well with him as a bloke — we could talk about anything except football or each other. I was leading scorer when he came and playing exceptionally well. Everything was rosy, the team were doing well enough — everybody was happy except Gordon. He used to call me in quite frequently and ask me if I wanted to go here or go there. Because I was happy here — we waited 12 months for this house to be built — I wasn't going to give it all up for one man.

"Eventually he paid £350,000 for Mickey Walsh and told me I'd never play for Everton again. He inferred that if Walsh got injured he'd prefer to pick one of the younger players, rather than me. Which shows you what a stupid vendetta football can become. I thought this was a complete waste of time and Chelsea came in with the best offer."

AS DUNCAN'S move to Chelsea was disastrous, so too was Mickey Walsh's short stay at Everton. A scorer of a couple of spectacular (televised) goals for Blackpool, Walsh seemed out of his depth at Goodison. He was recently swapped with QPR's Peter Eastoe, a man who scored plenty for Swindon but dried up at Loftus Road. Gordon Lee, I venture, is not the world's most astute assessor of talent and the national press appear to take the piss out of him for his sometimes absurd after-match comments.

"Yeah, well — I just laugh, now, because since I've left Everton their gates have gone down by 10,000. And yet they're in the same position, so it's not as if the results aren't there. But the spectators know what they want and Gordon Lee has spent nearly £2m boring the pants off everyone."

The win-at-all-costs aggression of club captain Mick Lyons sums up, for me, the Gordon Lee prototype.

"That's right. He thinks all his footballers should be able to kick a ball 100 yards and run around like blue arse flies. The kindest comment I've heard about Gordon Lee is that he'll never manage a side that'll be relegated, because he's got a team of battlers. But he's never won anything."

But all managers are in an invidious position, aren't they?

"Oh yeah, but they're only a figurehead when all's said and done. A manager is only as good as his resources. I mean, probably the best managers in the game are in the Third and Fourth Division. They work on a shoestring, they've got no money to spend and they've got to make ends meet. In the First Division they've got more of a charmed life because they've got limitless cash.

"But once you join the merry-go-round of management you don't have a secure life anymore. No matter what, you *know* you're going to get the sack within five years. You're safe as a coach or a physiotherapist — who's going to blame you? I mean, it would probably only take Bob Paisley (of Liverpool) three or four untoward seasons before he got the chop. And when you look at it in that light, then no one's safe.

"Yet why? They're probably doing the same job as when they were appointed. When a club's relegated, why don't they sack the ball boys? Why don't they sack the supporters?"

Why don't they sack the directors?

"Yeah, right. A lot of it is down to politics. It can be a daft game, you know, there can be a lot of interference that has nothing to do with the manager. It's very difficult for managers to manage."

And managers would say that referees don't make their jobs any easier, either.

"We used to pride ourselves on having the best refs in the world — and we *did* have, until the last eight or nine years. But the refs have changed as we, the players, have changed. A lot of money is at stake to win, so there's dissent, generally out of frustration, and snidey tactics have been brought into the game.

"Although the game has always been physical and hard, years ago no player would deliberately set out to put another player out of the game. This happens now — whether it's psyching out or going over the top with the deliberate intention of maiming — and it's being done so cleverly that referees are finding it difficult to pick up. And what with players putting up fists to one another — unheard of a few years ago — and ridiculous situations like crowd invasions, there are a lot more distractions for the referee. That's why the standard is not so good."

Does he talk to referees during a game?

"Oh yeah. Sometimes slag 'em off, sometimes take the piss — it depends who they are. You just talk to them as things go by. They're only human; if someone called me a cunt half-a-dozen times on the trot, I'm damn sure I'd send him off."

McKenzie's been booked just three times in his career and sent off once, by a German referee during a European game — "I was mad and young".

WHY WAS HE never picked for England?

"When I should've played for England — when I was at Leeds — I was a victim of circumstances. Because Cloughie had bought me and Revie was managing England — and they hated each other. That, basically, was why I never played for England. And I should've done. I think practically every English-born striker played for England under Revie, except me. It was almost as stupid as that."

Surely, after missing out all the way along the line, he feels bitter about opportunities denied him?

"It's difficult for me to feel bitter when I've got a Mercedes and a Ford Granada in the driveway of a sixty grand house in the north of England. I've more than fulfilled my initial ambitions. Football's been kind to me, financially, and it would be unkind of me to be bitter towards any aspect.

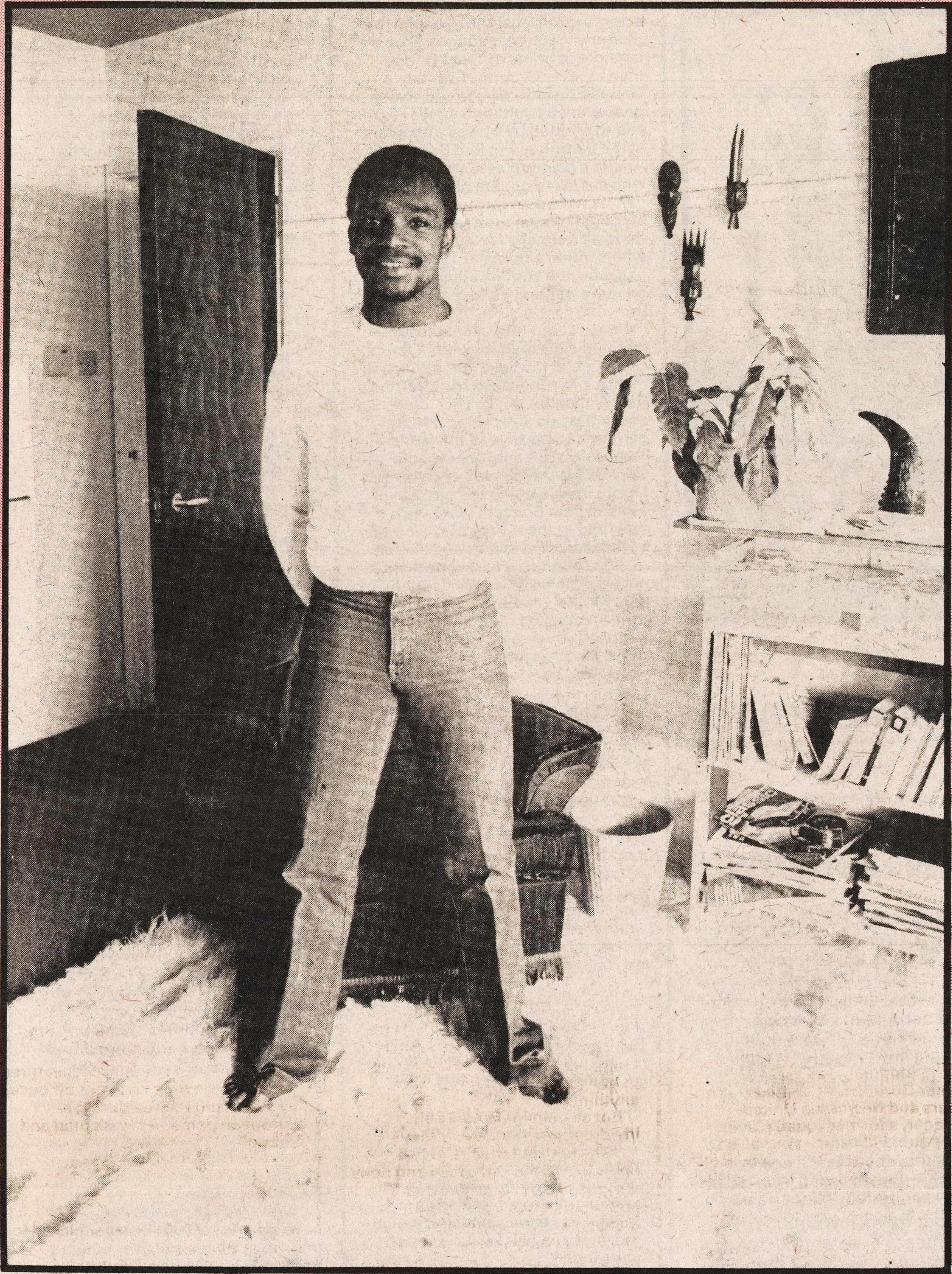
"But you tend to become cynical about football and the way it's run. There's got to be a lot wrong with football because it's continually in debt. Unless wholesale sponsorship is allowed the game will continue to suffer, because there'll be no Third or Fourth Divisions on a professional basis.

"And we've already reached the stage where we're driving people away, people who are frightened to go on the terraces, and I don't believe we're making the right progress to combat it at all. We've got to learn from the Americans, but we tend to be critical of them. We should take note of the fact that they're getting families at their games every week, and they're having a fine time."

Does it bother him that he'll be playing Third Division football next season?

"Yes, it bothers me, but the prospect doesn't frighten me. When all's said and done we're being paid to entertain the football public and they're the same wherever you go."

Ironic though, poignant even, that one of our most gifted ball players should be consigned to the Third Division.



Laurie Cunningham and carpet.

Gerry Summers and stand.

"Compared to our day, when I see the boys running out of the tunnel nowadays they all look as if they are on their way to Vietnam."
Joe Mercer, former manager of Manchester City and England

2. LAURIE CUNNINGHAM West Bromwich Albion
(ex-Orient)

IF LAURIE Cunningham was half as cheeky and forthright off the field as he is on he'd be the perfect spokesman for the exciting crop of black players currently rejuvenating our game. But he's shy, seemingly nervous, and appears to hold briefs for no one and nothing.

He shrugs a lot and our meeting is about as agreeable as Kissinger's prayer sessions with Nixon must have been. When we were arranging the interview over the phone, Laurie asked for a fee and, having checked with a football magazine editor, I've brought a tenner along to give him.

We were supposed to see Laurie during a training session at The Hawthorns but thanks to the vagaries of schedules and fixtures over Easter the players have this Thursday off. After a taxi ride through the black heart of the Black Country — a fetching example of Midlands grafitti is the word 'Nigger' spray painted across the forehead of a young girl on a baked bean billboard — we arrive, appropriately enough by turning down Rotton Park Road, at Cunningham's Edgbaston flat.

He seems stiff as he answers the door ("I've just got out of bed") and as soon as we're ensconced in his living room he asks if I sorted out the money. He accepts the £10 disdainfully and I feel like the bloke who's farted in a lift.

There's a reggae cut playing in the background, but "That's the only reggae tape I've got," he says in answer to a query about musical preferences. "And it's only on a section of that one. The rest is soul. I can't get into the 'new' reggae. It's too heavy — all that 'Look what the whites have done to us' and heavy politics. I preferred reggae when it was, I dunno, all gaiety and happiness."

He says he has no particular religious or political beliefs. I'm vaguely amused by a gold disc on the wall; it's Eric Clapton's 'Slowhand', with a plate inscribed 'To WBA on the occasion of their appearance in the UEFA Cup, September '78.' Laurie says all the players were given one, and he's never heard about Clapton's Enoch Powell-like rantings.

"Everyone's entitled to their opinions," he shrugs, and looks at the wall. "Maybe I'd better burn it then," he adds, chuckling.

BORN IN Archway, North London, Cunningham has progressed rapidly since joining Albion little more than a year ago. The penetrative power of Albion's strike force (which includes the imposing Cyrille Regis and the dependable Tony Brown) has relied to a large extent on Cunningham's quixotic skills on the wing.

He became involved in football because, he says, he's always loved the game. "And when someone said it's a good way to make a lot of money in a short time I thought, 'I must try this'."

He had a trial with Arsenal, but chose to join East London's unfashionable Orient: "It was a smaller club and I thought it would be easier to get in the first team. But it was still hard to get into the team there. Orient were a tight little outfit. I liked the club a lot, a good bunch of lads, and there was contact right through with the directors and shareholders — like a big family."

So was it a wrench to move to WBA?

"Not really. It's all another experience and I thought I'd see what the Midlands is like." He has another short, soft laugh. "And . . . it's OK. There's not a lot to do and I don't go out much because I get pestered by people who want to talk about football all the time. Sometimes that's alright, but . . .

"It's a lot slower here, and in London you can walk around and no one knows who you are. I never go to pubs — I don't like them, I never have done — but sometimes I go to wine bars. It's not that I particularly like wine, it's just that I don't expect the people who go to wine bars to like football or know anything about it."

People who do know about football include, of course, the National Front, one of whose thuggish henchmen — Martin 'Sweetie' Webster — went on BBC TV's *Panorama* to proclaim how the retarted boot boy could become a useful member of society; something about frightening old ladies and gobbing at immigrants. The Front have been hanging around some grounds for years — notably Millwall and West Ham — but Laurie sees little threat in their filth.

"Those people have probably never met a black, you know? Like they say, there's good and bad in all races."

But doesn't the moronic chanting of racist supporters bother him?

A light shrug: "No."

Have any players ever tried to 'get at' him during games?

"Not any more. One or two did, I suppose, when I first played in the First Division. But I just did what I always do — laughed."

Did it never get him down?

"No. The best way to deal with it was by playing and beating them. Which I did."

Ever any trouble with referees?

"No. I always get on well with them. I've never been booked. I very rarely lose my temper but if a referee sees that I have he just says, 'Come on Laurie, calm down' and I'm alright."

There was some sort of trouble when he was touring with the England Under 21 side in Sweden, though, wasn't there?

"Yeah. But that was built up by the press, you know what they're like. Everyone in the party had an England blazer and Les Cocker, the man in charge, said we needn't wear it as long as we wore a collar and tie. I was the only one with another suit — because I wanted to go out that night and see this singer — and I didn't like the blazer anyway. So the press see me, the only one not wearing a blazer, and say, 'Laurie's a rebel again' or something."

A MORE palpable controversy was aroused earlier this season when WBA manager Ron Atkinson announced his intention of staging a special 'Black v White' match for Len Cantello's testimonial game, which was to have featured the country's best black players against an Albion select XI.

"It's an idea that's been around for a few years. I always wanted it for my testimonial. When Len's was coming up I said, 'You should do it.' As usual," adds Laurie, laughing, "the Boss stepped in and took all the praise."

But Atkinson took a lot of stick over it, didn't he, with media protests about apartheid?

"Yeah. So I suppose it's just as well he did come forward. I still think it's a good idea to have a black side against a white side. It would create harmony and be a good match. But other people said it would cause trouble on the terraces. That's sad — it's just an idea to get Len some money out of football, you know, and would've been interesting. I haven't heard any more about it, so I suppose it's off now."

Who would've been in goal?

"Uh . . . that QPR goalie, Derek Richardson."

It's just that I couldn't think of a black goalkeeper.

"Well, he's *nearly* black."

Did Laurie feel anything in particular when Nottingham Forest's Viv Anderson became the first black player to win a full England cap?

"No. I mean, I was pleased for him but I didn't feel anything special. They call me the Old Man anyway" — he's 21 — "because I've been around so long. The first successful black player, or so they say. I knew I wouldn't be the first though. But things have been going well and I expect to be in England's summer touring party. I should be."

Just two weeks after talking to him, Cunningham was dropped by Ron Atkinson after 60 consecutive appearances for Albion. The reason given was Laurie's 'lack of confidence'. Ron Greenwood, though, has retained him in the England squad. His contract comes up for renewal at the end of the season, and he'll stay with Albion if the price is right.

I sometimes wonder what Laurie Cunningham would be doing if he *weren't* young, gifted and black.

THE MANAGER

"If you look rationally at the football season it is a series of hellish tests, Saturday after Saturday."
Eamon Dunphy, Only A Game?

GERRY SUMMERS Gillingham

DUNCAN McKENZIE said that the best managers are probably in the lower divisions, because they're hamstrung by tight budgets. The last couple of seasons have unearthed a slew of young men who are performing managerial miracles with pretty basic props.

The supreme example is Brian Clough at Nottingham Forest, but most teams outside the First Division don't have access to the likes of Peter Shilton, never mind having enough dosh to join in the loony excess of the transfer market.

In the Second Division, Terry Venables has relied on Crystal Palace's adventurous youth policy (and royalties from his *Hazell* books), Alan Mullery on Brighton's settled squad (and big cigars and dark glasses), Alan Durban on Stoke City's experience (and Cloughie's tutelage at Derby County). In the Third Division there are the Grahams Taylor and Turner at Watford and Shrewsbury, John Toshack and the Liverpool bloc at Swansea City, Bobby Moncur at Carlisle, the Smiths Dave and Bobby at Southend and Swindon — all have achieved much with little.

And Gerry Summers has turned unfashionable Gillingham into one of the most consistent sides in the Third over the past two seasons, taking them to the brink of Second Division football for the first time in the Kent club's 86-year history.

"I've always thought Gerry was a down-to-earth bloke who spoke a lot of sense," says *The Guardian's* David Lacey. "He's always done a good job unspectacularly, and I'm impressed by people like that."

At Gillingham, it would have to be unspectacular. The ground is small, a mixture of homely and pokey; the support fickle, tending towards cynicism and apathy at the first signs of struggle. And, yes, Summers is down-to-earth, sometimes to the point of offhand brusqueness.

A 40-year-old Birmingham man, he talks quickly, thinking things out as he goes. He's a realistic optimist: "I don't think we're going to have any problems in the Second Division, I'm just worried about getting out of the Third."

There are bars on the small window of his office (presumably to protect the glass from the desperate clearances of Harry Cripps-style defenders), adding to the general oppressiveness of the place. Constant interruptions, by phone and people walking in and out, further contribute to the air of organised chaos.

Living from one result to another must make managing a two-ulcer job. Surely it's a job which requires a peculiar temperament?

"You've got to be a bit of a nut really. I've got one big blessing — a poor memory. So I forget bad performances quickly and that's an asset for a manager, I think. And I work out a lot of my frustrations by

Continues over

From previous page

coaching. If I was a general manager and I had to say to my coach, 'Now can you do this, can you do that', that would be a big problem for me."

Summers is very much a tracksuit manager, sharing the coaching duties with his assistant Alan Hodgkinson, the ex-Sheffield United and England goalkeeper. Watching the pair of them hold a training session, it is evident that Summers is clearly the boss. He runs the show like a CSM, barking out instructions in double time.

He'll pick on anyone he thinks is slacking — "C'mon Mick, make those legs work . . . Alright Dean, *imagine* there's a ball there" — and some of the more complicated manoeuvres leave a few players mildly perplexed: "Where are we supposed to be going?"

But it's all spritely and spirited, and generally good-humoured. One player — leading scorer Danny Westwood — waltzes around photographer Tom Sheehan after a miskick and says, "Did you get a picture of my new haircut?" OK, so Westwood's barnet may not win any prizes but his legs are better than Debbie Harry's.

The players are evidently enjoying themselves, but then they're in a successful side. For an intriguing account of how sour things can become in a struggling team, see Eamon Dunphy's *Only A Game?* (Penguin paperbacks, 75p), a diary of his unhappy last four months with Millwall.

Does Summers think the best managers are in the lower divisions?

"There's a different levels. You see, how *do* you prepare yourself for being a manager? There's two problems in the game: the people who don't prepare themselves and then become managers; and directors.

"You're as good as your chairman. No matter what club you're at, be it Liverpool or Crewe, you've got to have a relationship with your chairman. And I prepared myself when I was still playing at 21 — not when I was still playing at 30, wondering what the hell I was going to do."

THE FIRST Lilleshall coaching course Summers attended was run by Ron Greenwood, then manager of Eastbourne. As a player, Summers served WBA, Sheffield United, Hull City and Walsall, all the while working towards becoming a staff FA coach. He coached Walsall and Wolverhampton Wanderers before joining Oxford United as manager ten years ago. He stayed there 6½ years — quite remarkable considering the extraordinary mortality rate amongst managers.

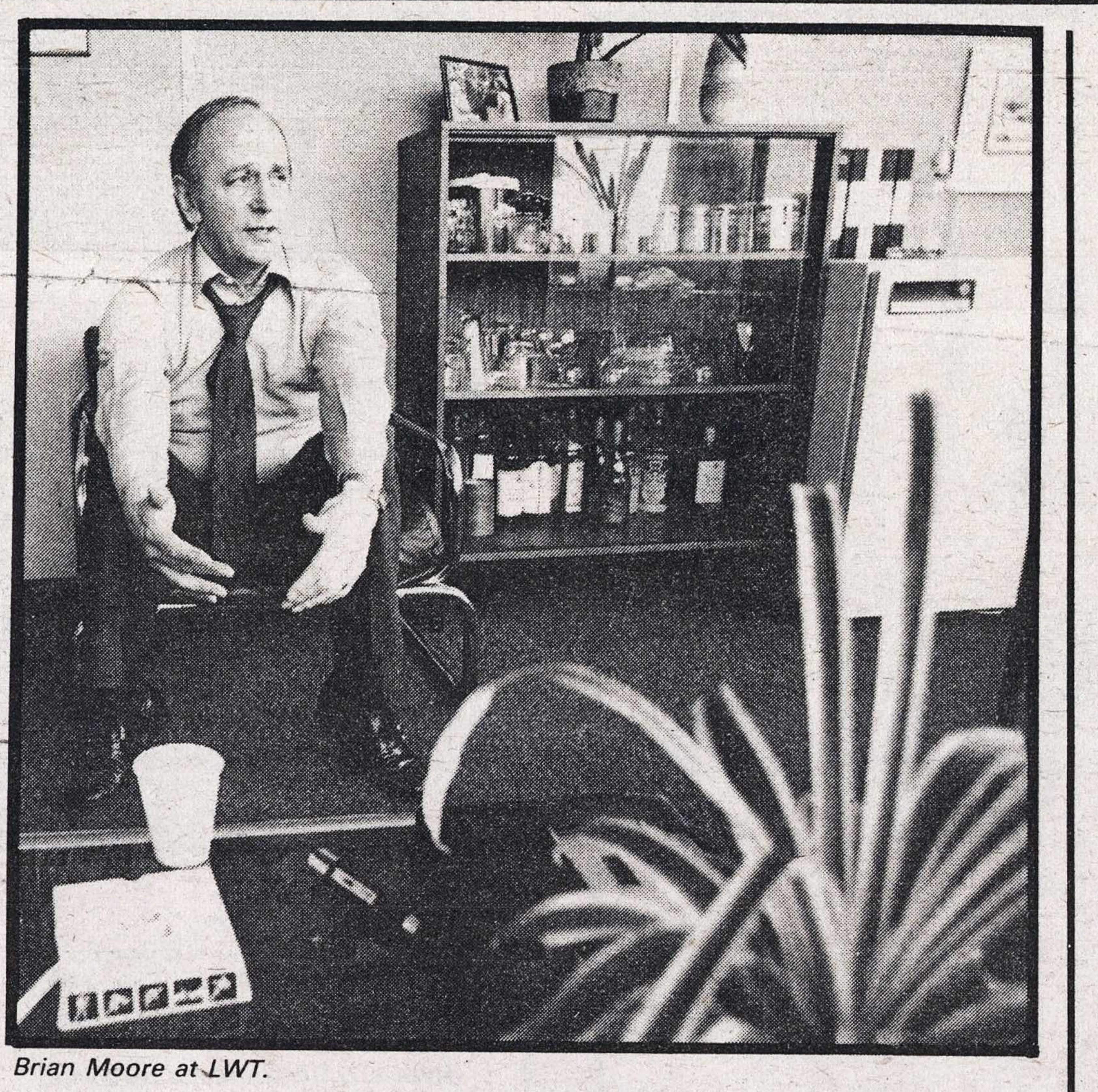
"It is a precarious business. But football managers have been brought up on it from the moment they first kicked a ball — it becomes a way of life. Managers and coaches are frustrated players really. You're as near the action as you can be. Because one of the problems is when you're a player, when you get to know a bit about the game, you're too old — the old legs give out.

"As a manager, you're really involved in it, and it's difficult to give it up. Ask Joe Mercer, or anyone who's been involved in the game for a long time."

Summers was one of the sixty or so League managers who attended the recent Bisham Abbey conference, called by Norwich City's John Bond in an attempt to strengthen the Secretaries' and Managers' Association. As the Professional Footballers' Association has a voice in Cliff Lloyd, so the SMA needs a spokesman — Derek Dougan is one name being bandied about — to allow them a say in the running of the game.

"The managers aren't consulted about anything," says Summers. "The Football League — well, Alan Hardaker really — gets things going and the largest body in football, the SMA, get it dumped in their lap. Like the players' freedom of contract — there was so much we could've done on that. But we're not strong enough as an association and now we're trying to get some teeth."

ASIDE FROM the science-fictional spiralling of transfer fees, the most pressing point raised at the meeting was the inconsistent standard of refereeing. Relationships between



Brian Moore at LWT.

players and refs have sunk to a new low.

"It's one of the biggest problems in football, and we've got to do something about it. It's got to a point where I feel the referees are not good enough. We've got to get professional referees. We've got to get former players from the people who have to pack up the game at 26 or 27 through injury.

"Because our sport is one of the few that is not refereed or umpired by former players. And why do they make the best ones? Because they've had experience of the game, they know what it's all about."

And the reason we don't have former players as referees is that they're not a professional body?

"Well, if any player does quit at 27 and says he wants to be a referee, they stick him on the parks for seven years to kill him off. Referees are the most jealous people in the world; it's not how good they are, it's who they know — that's how they get on.

"I'm not saying there are *no* good referees. The top 15 are probably not bad, but we've got 80 or 90. We want to chop some of them down and get some professionals, who are liable to make better referees if they are given a chance early on.

"I've often said to the Referees' Association it would be better if they got a team together and played some games, to see the problems and frustrations. One or two said, 'But I can't play . . .'

"That's the problem."

Does he think that the football authorities, the FA committees, tend to be a bit blinkered generally?

"It's a very difficult thing. They are a bit inward-looking, I suppose, but there's got to be some sort of disciplinary code.

"You see, one of the problems is that the Football League, in their wisdom, put a lot of pressures on referees about eight years ago to clean up the game and suddenly *everybody*'s being booked. And this season, the referees have an assessor watching them at every match. That must be terrible — and it's wrong. But neither the FA nor the Football League will let the managers, coaches and referees get together. And until we do get together, it'll never get any better."

Like other clubs, Gillingham is tacking on bits and pieces to its ground in an effort to make it more 'acceptable', more welcoming. Because of their poor disciplinary record — exacerbated a few weeks ago when a referee was assaulted on the pitch by a 50-year-old spectator — Gillingham will have to fence in their fans. At least they have a brand new sports complex attached to the ground, and family memberships are what they're aiming for.

"We've got antiquated grounds which we put bits on," says Summers. "And really you need £5m to develop a stadium."

So is wholesale sponsorship the answer?

"Yes. *All* clubs need money. But the problem is when clubs do get money they spend it all on players. We're trying a long term idea — because lotteries have come into it to a large extent — of spending half our money on players and the rest on developing the ground.

"But at the end of the day it's what you put on the pitch that gets the people in. So it's all a vicious circle."

THE COMMENTATOR

"Wan-Nil!!"

David Coleman, BBC TV

BRIAN MOORE
The Big Match, LWT

WE ALL HAVE our own favourites: "Wherever you look there's a Manchester United player, and here's Phil Neal of Liverpool"; "The balls from defence are not going to hand"; "All the players are wearing rubbers today"; "There's been a colour clash, both teams arrived in white"; "And he's getting the ball on his favourite left foot . . ." etc.

But whatever cock-ups the commentators make, televised football would be the poorer without them. It would be like watching Sylvester and Tweety Pie without the cat's splutters, Tom and Jerry without the thwacks.

BBC TV have the king, Mr Colemanballs himself ("Has Grabowski got the legs of Tarantini?") who appears to go through several sexual changes in the course of one match. Eric Idle lookalike/soundalike Barry Davies seems properly enthusiastic but John Motson is awfully dull for a 33-year-old, and Jimmy Hill has a beard and that's all you need to know about him — he'll fill you in on the rest of the details himself.

Heavily regionalised ITV has its fair share of likeable duffers: former actor Hugh Johns, the one with the plummy voice who sounds like he'd be more at home at Trent Bridge than the City Ground; Granada's Gerald Sinstadt, who greets every goal with an exultation similar to the sound emitted by Moses' followers at the parting of the Red Sea; Anglia's personable Gerry Harrison, who seems to get the players' names wrong on purpose; and, amongst others, the grandaddy of them all Kenneth Wolstenholme, who's found a home at Tyne Tees and who still sounds about as keen on life in general as Samson after his haircut.

Brian Moore doesn't make any less mistakes than the rest of them but he's still the best. Not only does he front *The Big Match* on LWT, he's the linkman for all the ITV internationals and mid-week cup games, and his love of the game comes through in every syllable. Only BBC's Davies comes close to Moore in conveying the passion of football (and Sinstadt when he's sensible) — the others may as well be talking about stocks and shares.

"It's a bit mucky at the moment, nobody knows what will happen," says Moore, on the current contretemps over football's televised coverage. "But for all the clubs' breast-beating, I think it's an offer that's too good for them to turn down."

The offer made by the TV companies is £10m for the clubs over the next four seasons, with alternate BBC and ITV coverage if necessary.

"Whether it's on ITV or BBC doesn't matter, football's got to be televised. And the competition is a good thing — look how far televised football coverage has progressed. So it's good for football that both companies continue covering the game. And I say that not only from a football director's point of view, but as a football lover."

A JOURNALIST, Moore was born in Benenden, Kent, 47 years ago, and attended Cranbrook School when he wasn't playing truant to watch Gillingham (then in the Southern League). He was invited to become a director of the Third Division club in December 1974 ("You never lose your first love") and accepted with three provisos: no money would be involved, his television work would come first and his family life even before that.

Being a club director, he says, is amazing: "It gives you a totally fresh insight into the game, the tensions, the pressures. I would rather do, and manage better, a live one-hour peak-viewing show than watch Gillingham in a crucial Third Division match."

So he hasn't minded missing most of this season's games?

"No. But that in its way is also frustrating."

He's uncomfortable about involving Gillingham in *The Big Match*, which is contracted to cover only two matches from the Third or Fourth Division each season.

Despite its distortion, televised football is compulsive viewing for the fan. Watching from the terraces, the high drama generated throughout a game's 90 minutes can be almost apocalyptic and when you see it reduced to 25 minutes of televised highlights it seems absurd, as if Ken Russell was pulling the strings in a bad Hitchcock parody. But there's no doubt that it's a great way to keep in touch with what's going on throughout the country and abroad.

Even so, neither *The Big Match* nor *Match Of The Day* ever make TV's Top 20 ratings (though, for obvious reasons, 'live' internationals and cup matches always do).

"If you put on old movies or variety shows they'd probably get bigger audiences than we do; so in that respect £10m over four years is a very fair offer to the clubs.

"*We're* passionately devoted to the game so we think everyone who's walking across Waterloo Bridge is wondering how Arsenal and Manchester United are going to get on in the Cup Final — whereas the majority of them are wondering about the lupins in their garden. If you're a horse-riding geezer, you think everyone's interested in the televised equestrian events. They're not.

"It's the same with football. And it's a bad judgement that televised football affects attendances. The things that stop people going to football on Saturdays are the ITV Sevens, rugby internationals, Gillette cup matches — all Saturday afternoon sport. And there are infinite alternatives for people on Saturdays, much more so than 20 or 25 years ago.

"Plus, the biggest factor of all — hooliganism. Although you and I know there are 'safe' areas in every ground, why should people risk their lives by going to football grounds? I think you'll find that clubs are slowly getting to grips with the problem and that the trouble isn't so much inside the ground as outside."

In which case, 'social' problems aside, should we learn from the Americans?

"You can only compare it vaguely with America. What they've got is lots of sunshine, acres of space and a beautiful modern stadium — people are encouraged to have picnics at the ground.

"Now you tell me how you can have a picnic at Tottenham, mid-November when it's raining hard and you can't park within a mile of the ground. Where the Americans *have* got it right, and we must follow, is in the basic public relations philosophy, where they make you feel very welcome — because so many of our clubs still regard it as a privilege for letting you in."

In that respect, the clubs are as hidebound by tradition as the football authorities. I wondered if Moore thought, particularly with reference to the recent incident where Arsenal's Sammy Nelson dropped his shorts after scoring both goals in a 1-1 draw, that FA committees sometimes made themselves look silly by adhering to a strictly blinkered outlook.

"I tend to think you're right. But I certainly think that Arsenal had to discipline Nelson in some way. All this about bringing the game into disrepute, it seems you only have to step slightly out of line before you bring it into disrepute.

"I happen to think that it's such a marvellous game, with such great traditions, that it can withstand any number of knocks. And Sammy Nelson dropping his shorts is certainly not going to ruin the game of football for anybody."

Nelson was fined two weeks' wages by Arsenal and suspended for three games.

And it's not as if he was rushing around breaking people's legs.

"That's where the quality of refereeing comes into it. If the referees stamped on each and every bad foul, then it wouldn't happen. In fairness to them, there are inconsistencies in everything involving human factors but what comes close to home for me, being involved in television, is that people think referees are above criticism.

"The football authorities, I'm sure, look on Jimmy Hill and myself with suspicion when we put referees under the slow motion microscope. But my belief is that it would be dangerous if we didn't. If you're anyone in the public eye, including referees, then you're fair game.

WBA and Everton caught in village green poses . . .

Continues page 37

WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
THE ALBUM
THINGS YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU
SAFARI
GOOD 2
PRODUCED BY DAVID CUNNINGHAM

Patti Smith Group

FREDERICK.

The New Single: FREDERICK. ARIST 264.

Taken from the Album 'WAVE.' SPART 1086

c/w

FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

(Special B Side)

Produced by Todd Rundgren

ARISTA

From page 34

"But referees are attacked on so many sides. I wouldn't be a referee if it was the last job in sport. They can't referee naturally anymore because they're serving too many masters. I'd like to see referees given a free hand for a couple of seasons — forget about assessments and directives — and you might get a totally different attitude toward refereeing.

"Players are very sharp — it's the law of the jungle in many ways — and they know what they can get away with. But the referees have got to work for the players' respect, and you don't earn that by flashing yellow cards. There's the law of common sense, which is the most important of all."

Overall, Moore is convinced that English football is on the up and up — but then he thinks we've never been that far behind.

"OK, when the Hungarians blasted us at Wembley in 1953 we didn't realise that there were any teams outside these islands who could play football. But it's been very different since.

"You take the Italians, a great footballing nation — what have they ever done in the World Cup? The Italians wouldn't mind having our post-war World Cup record. Even the Germans were a bad side in Argentina.

"I'm not depressed, because Ron Greenwood's attitude is 'The day you stop learning is the day you stop.' And at the moment we've got a very good side. Greenwood's overview is sound and he'll put us firmly on the right road.

"And it's the youngsters, after all, who are inspired by a winning side."

Gills feel the strain. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

THE WRITER

"Refereeing caught my young man's fancy, but only because I could not make the grade as a player."
Jack Taylor, former FIFA referee

DAVID LACEY
The Guardian

DAVID LACEY'S 'Football Commentary' in *The Guardian* every Monday is not only the most astute of sports columns, it's also the most readable.

There's none of the tabloids' risible rumour-mongering, of course, but more importantly there's none of the 'quality papers' usual condescension towards football. *The Sunday Times* is absent without leave, and Brian Glanville's somewhat effete analyses are not missed; *The Observer's* Hugh McIlvanney is a professional Scotsman, so he doesn't count because he hates English football; and *The Times,* wherever it is, has yet to replace the doyen of them all, Geoffrey Green.

Which leaves 41-year-old Lacey as the best writer on the game in this country. In his columns and match reports he nimbly uses peculiar analogies — literary, cinematic, whatever — and invariably turns them into a neat joke; but you are never left in any doubt as to just what goes on in any particular match and, difficult this, why.

As a lad from Lewes in Sussex he supported Brighton. He still does: "It's nice to have a team to support when you're watching the big clubs all the time."

David Lacey. Pic: Guardian.

I spoke to him the day after he'd watched Nottingham Forest qualify in Cologne for the European Cup Final. It is a significant time in English football and Lacey thinks we are approaching the level of prestige achieved abroad by our winning of the World Cup in 1966. Is that so much due to an English revival, though, or Europe's general downward trend?

"Both. There's no doubt we are now producing teams that can take on continentals at their own game. The broad difference between our game and theirs is that they mark man-for-man — the back four stay back and leave a lot of space in the middle of the field, making each game a series of individual battles of wit — whereas in the English game everyone crowds midfield and everything has to be played that much quicker because space is so tight.

"In the past that has been an embarrassment to us when we've tried to take on a good continental side. Now we *can* take them on because Liverpool learned over a number of years and Forest learned in a remarkably short time how to use this system to their advantage: if your left winger, for example, is being marked man-to-man, he can wander all over the place and the other guy will follow him. You saw that with Kevin Keegan and Bertie Vogts in the Rome European Cup Final.

"Also, of course, the great individual players from Holland and Germany are either playing in Spain or America, or retired. So while there are a number of good players around, they're not all with the same club. And that was the basis of international success for Holland and Germany — all the great players were with Ajax of Amsterdam and Bayern Munich.

"So it's a combination of things. We've improved slightly, European standards have dropped slightly — we're meeting them half way."

Can we take heart from the fairly mundane level of play in last year's Argentina World Cup Finals?

"Yes. There are still certain things we don't do very well — call it basic skills or whatever — but steps are being taken to rectify this and the world is certainly not distancing itself from us.

"So I'm fairly optimistic. Not least because skilful players are being allowed to make their own decisions on the pitch. And Ron Greenwood has always been a practitioner of that, you know, the player has got a brain, he's not just a robot. So as long as there's not a disaster — Kevin Keegan breaking a leg in other words — we can go over to Italy for next year's European Championship and look as though we *belonged*."

Is the current encouragement of ball players helped by the introduction of foreign players into the League?

"Yes, certain foreign players. I think it was quite a good thing that the PFA persuaded the Department of Employment to bar non-international players — and that still casts the net pretty wide because any Under-21 squad member is included — otherwise we'd just've have been flooded with cut price Yugoslavs. But the Dutch pair at Ipswich can have an enormous effect, because that type of player is not *that* foreign and they're good examples to follow."

As far as financial security is concerned for the domestic game Lacey thinks that sponsorship is inevitable. And with localised sponsorship, he sees a future even for the Third and Fourth Division clubs.

"They get good gates, you see. Compared to anywhere else in the world, some of the attendances the Third and Fourth get, even if you're only talking about six or seven thousand, are remarkable.

"A Third Division club in Germany is lucky if it gets 500, simply because there's not the depth of interest. Here, some of the grounds are straight out of the 19th Century and on a pouring wet November afternoon a team 11th in the Fourth Division playing a team 18th will get 2,300 people to watch them. That's remarkable. There's a tremendous amount of public goodwill towards the game."

As befits a man who "did a bit of reffing in the RAF", Lacey tends to sympathise with the men whose birthrights are called into question every Saturday afternoon. And doesn't think making them pros would help.

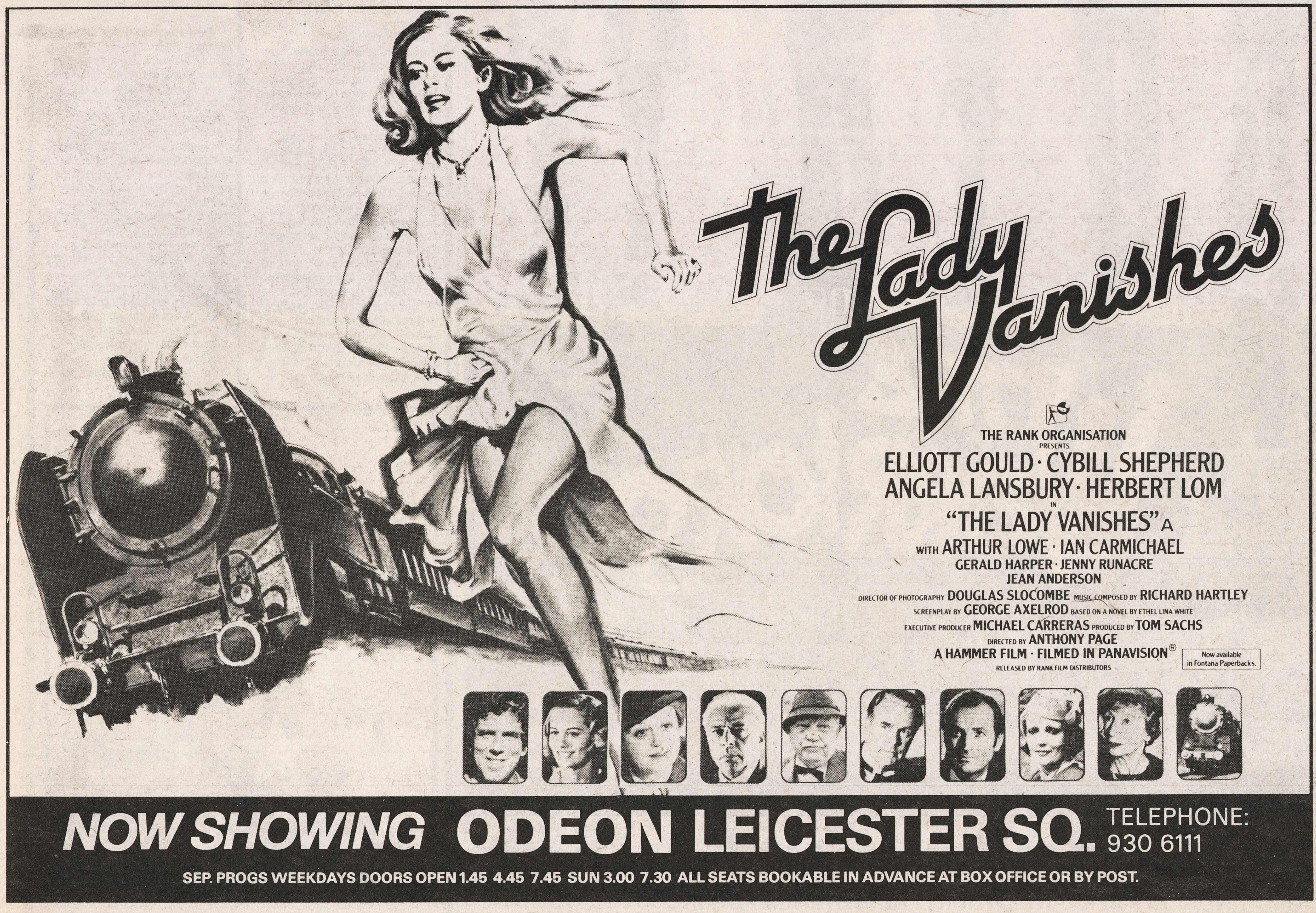
"Referees are not helped by the fact that the League is constantly harassing them and taking away their discretion on the field. The players would have more respect for them if they could see a real effort in getting more consistency into the refereeing.

"The biggest critics of refs are other refs, and they should concentrate on getting a good batch of first class referees and let them get on with it. But I've never thought that a career ref would be any better than those we have now. That's a very dodgy proposition."

The best team Lacey has seen this season is Liverpool ("The only outstanding team in Europe") whilst — Brighton excepted, of course — West Bromwich Albion have been the most invigorating.

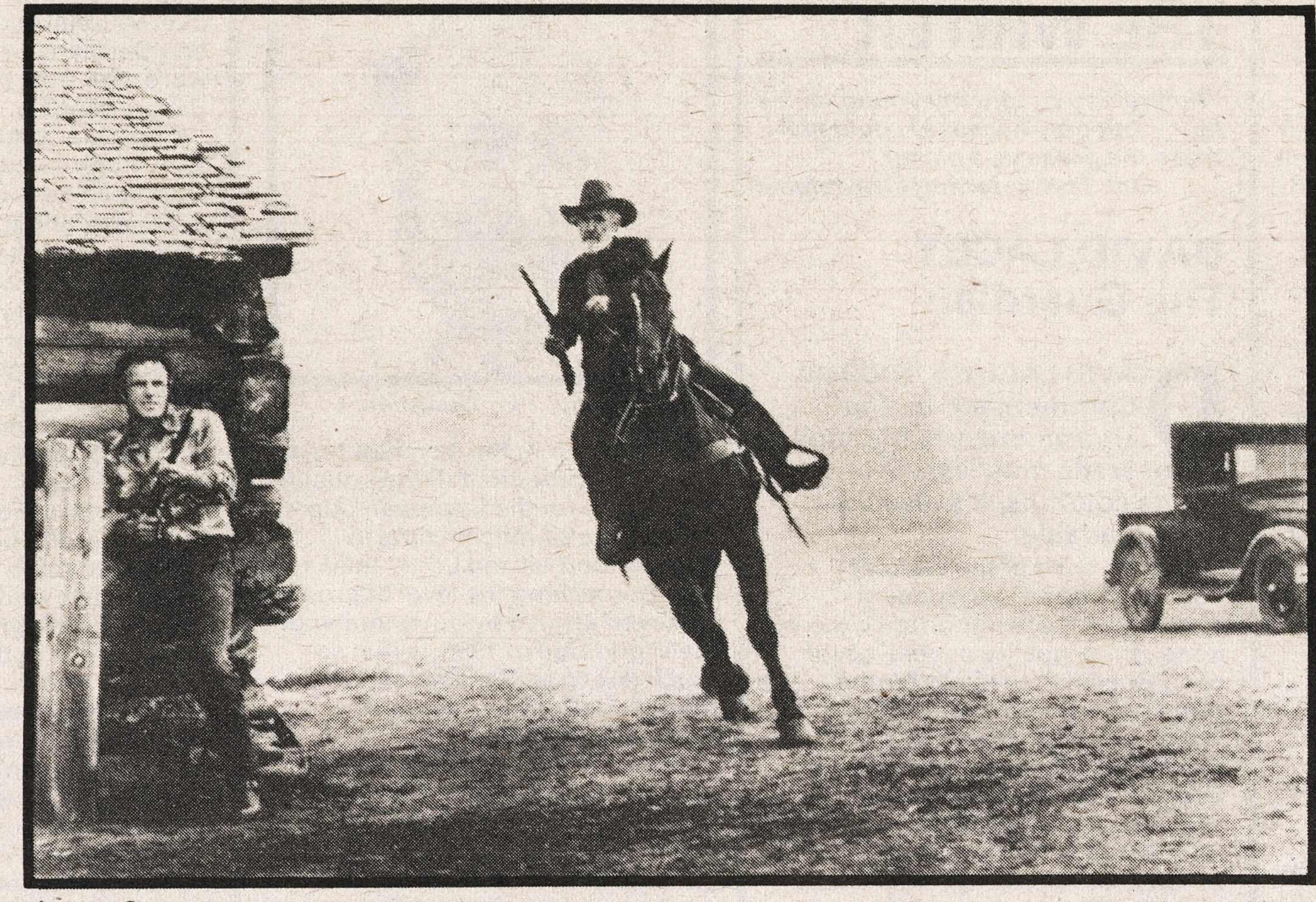
"I saw them in Valencia when Laurie Cunningham had the crowd on their feet applauding. That's the sort of thing you love to see because you're so used to teams coming over here and hearing 'Why haven't we got players like that?' "

Ball boys bye bye . . .



SILVER SCREEN

The West in vista visions



James Caan comes a gunman as Jason Robards Comes A Horseman.

Comes A Horseman

Directed by Alan J. Pakula Starring James Caan, Jane Fonda and Jason Robards *(United Artists)*

Pakula gear changes, very deliberately shifts the stick into reverse. *Comes A Horseman* is hardly what you'd expect from a director whose best work has made scalpel-keen incisions into the flab covering the uses and abuses of power, public and private, in '70s America.

Klute played off murder mystery and mismatched love against up-market prostitution and big business corruption; *The Parallax View* played on obsessions with assassination conspiracy theories; *All The President's Men* dramatised Woodward and Bernstein's uncovering of Watergate: a pessimistic trilogy, isolated and dissenting individuals rarely making much headway against the march of events or the dead weight of institutions.

All the same, like Arthur Penn before him with that "flawed masterpiece" *The Missouri Breaks*, Pakula seems to have felt the need to 'prove' himself by ranging right and making a modern Western. Unlike Penn, he's made one that convinces and coheres more on its own terms (and conceits) than on those of other admired and archetypical directors like John Ford and kind.

Horseman isn't in fact nearly as grey about the gills as Pakula's recent work. It's set in another time, another place (mid-1940s Montana, USA), when and where men and women walked taller and behaved bigger. It's a largely successful attempt at creating a film of shameless classicality, both an epic (it's about two hours long) and an elegy. It succeeds because it's so indelibly a Pakula movie; Penn fretted about form and flow whereas Pakula's grip, that of the confident craftsman, remains strong.

The vistas here are vast, mountains and forests enclosing the ranchland basin under immense and changeable skies, landscape dominating the figures in it. The orchestral score swells again and again to celebrate this big, beautiful country. Oh America . . .

Great forces, elemental, emotional and political, are at work. The film's four central characters take their places on its stage like participants in a Greek or Shakespearian tragedy. They're goaded, driven. Fate and fatalism are the words.

But even fate is two-forked. The feud between cattle baron J. W. Ewing (a superbly patriarchal Jason Robards) and equally implacable farmer's daughter Ella (Jane Fonda in a role that'll delight liberated persons in the film's early stages as much as it'll disappoint them later) has its roots in matters of sex and money. Its integrity — you know, letting folks squabble it out among themselves — and momentum are threatened though.

Cattle, once a guaranteed livelihood, have become obsolete overnight with the arrival of prospecting oil companies; the Old is haplessly, doggedly pitched against the New. Compromises are made and then unmade. Pakula's abrupt cut from a rural panorama, windmills prominent, to an oil exec's light plane landing at a local strip is brilliantly dislocative — like having a swarm of helicopters whirr into the middle of Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*.

Meanwhile Frank (an oddly diffident James Caan), recently demobbed from the Marines in Europe, is disillusioned and in search of a grand pioneering past. Dodger (a lovably ingenuous portrait by real-life cowhand Richard Farnsworth) is that past personified: a man who's lived, eaten and probably dreamt cattle all his days. The bonds formed between him and Frank are ascloseasthis.

And so the scene is set. Its outcome isn't entirely foregone; it's only in the closing moments that Pakula, suddenly quickening the pace of his narrative, clinches it for Good or Bad (yup, this *is* an old-fashioned move — unlike the current crop of Hollywood 'realism' that has men mumbling inaudibly into beards at bars, you can rilly hear every word).

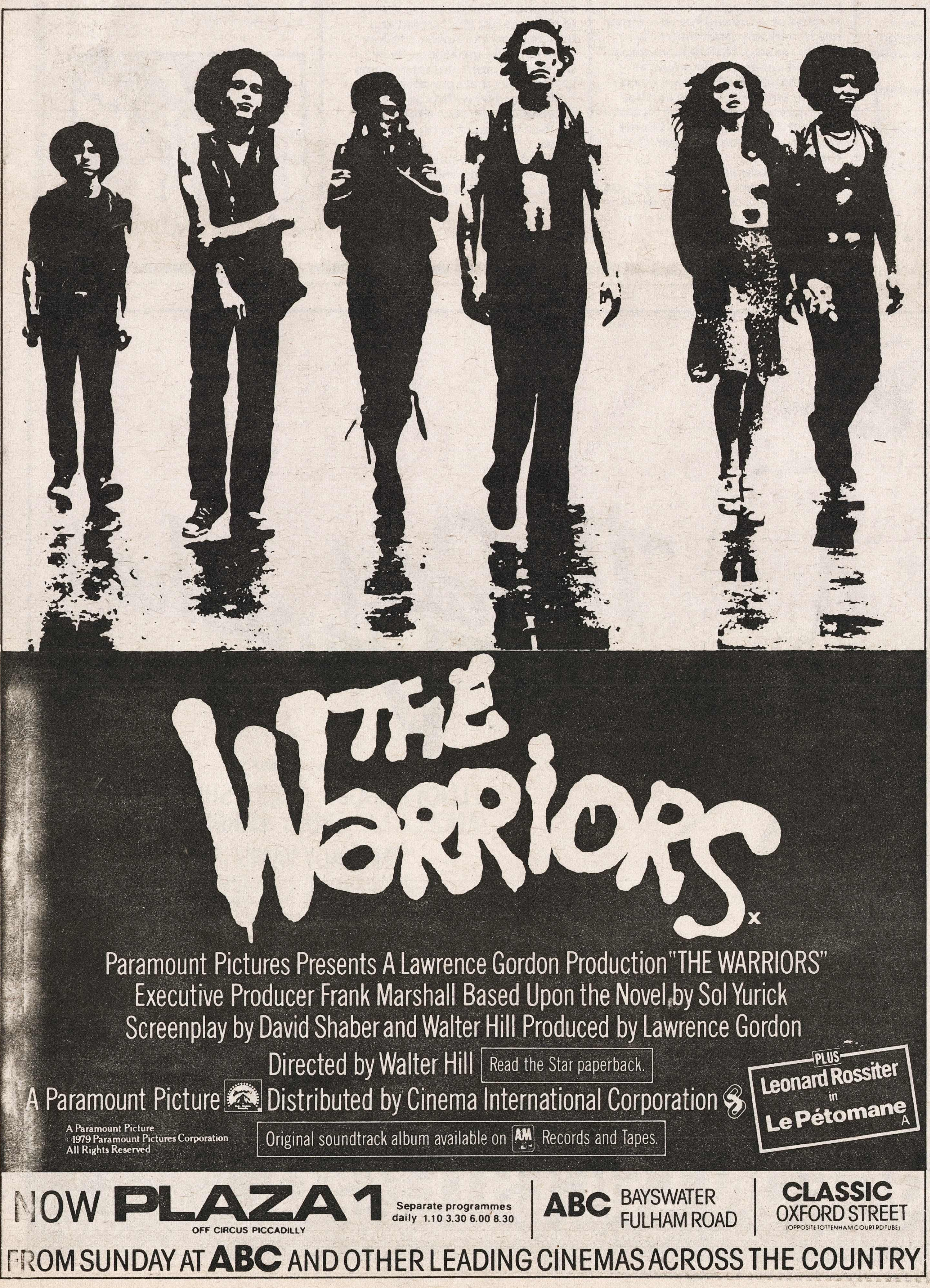
But worry not. Even if the idea of a self-consciously Great American Film About Great American Men, Women and Moments doesn't appeal, there's still much to munch on here. Fonda and Robards' acting is dedicated, consistently good, and Pakula's eye is wonderfully pervasive — his great sweeps across this almost mythical landscape are only matched by his interiors, faces and furnishings set in warm chiaroscuros worthy of (gulp) Rembrandt.

Comes A Horseman is a literally *essential* film. It deals in essences, cliches if you prefer, but manipulates them to its own ends. It's gushingly sentimental at times, but as dramatic in parts as it's melodramatic in others.

Me, I loved it.

Angus MacKinnon

Comes A Horseman: A happy end for Jimmy and Jane?



RIDDLE OF THE MUD: Michael York putting his foot in it.

The Riddle Of The Sands

Directed by Tony Maylam
Starring Michael York, Simon McCorkindale and Jenny Agutter *(Rank Films)*

The plot of Erskine Childers' ancient spy thriller uncovers a German Intelligence plan to invade Britain's east coast by shipping troops in barges from the Frisian Islands.

Taken in the context of its publishing date (1903), it's at least commendable that, despite a loose, forgiveably stylised structure, the story was a feasible and ingenious prediction as opposed to merely being the First World War revisited.

In Tony Maylam's screen version, such inspiration is in short supply.

As it lacks much visual potential (obviously it's devoid of any of the slick, modern gadgetry we're now conditioned to associate with spy sagas), he opts successfully for a mass of chocolate-box sunsets to spice the film's soporific pacing.

But he fails to recreate the whole era without its sentiments appearing archaic, simplistic, and, at time, plain ludicrous.

A swarthy Arthur Davies (Simon McCorkindale), moored in his yacht off The Frisians, becomes suspicious of a neighbouring German captain and enamoured of his daughter Clara (Jenny Agutter), who's accent and stilted performance become equally strained.

Davies enlists a fellow Oxford graduate — the languid and anaemic Charles Carruthers (Michael York) — to help him unravel the mystery.

Maylam plays strongly on their contrasting characters. When Carruthers swops his city duds for wellies and casual deckwear, gets duffed up by German heavies and dropped in the mud, he assumes a new virility and purpose. From then on, the weather-beaten Davies starts to take a back seat in their laboured detective work.

It's hard to tell which is the least convincing — our heroes' hackneyed, boyish sense of achievement, or the overbearing moral commitment that fuels their ham-fisted escapades.

When Davies, in one of their tedious, bitchy dialogues, *twice* uses the expression "Chuck it, Carruthers" you can but stifle your hoots of derision.

Mark Ellen

Miracle Films present

John Carpenter's

HALLOWEEN X

THE TRICK WAS TO STAY ALIVE

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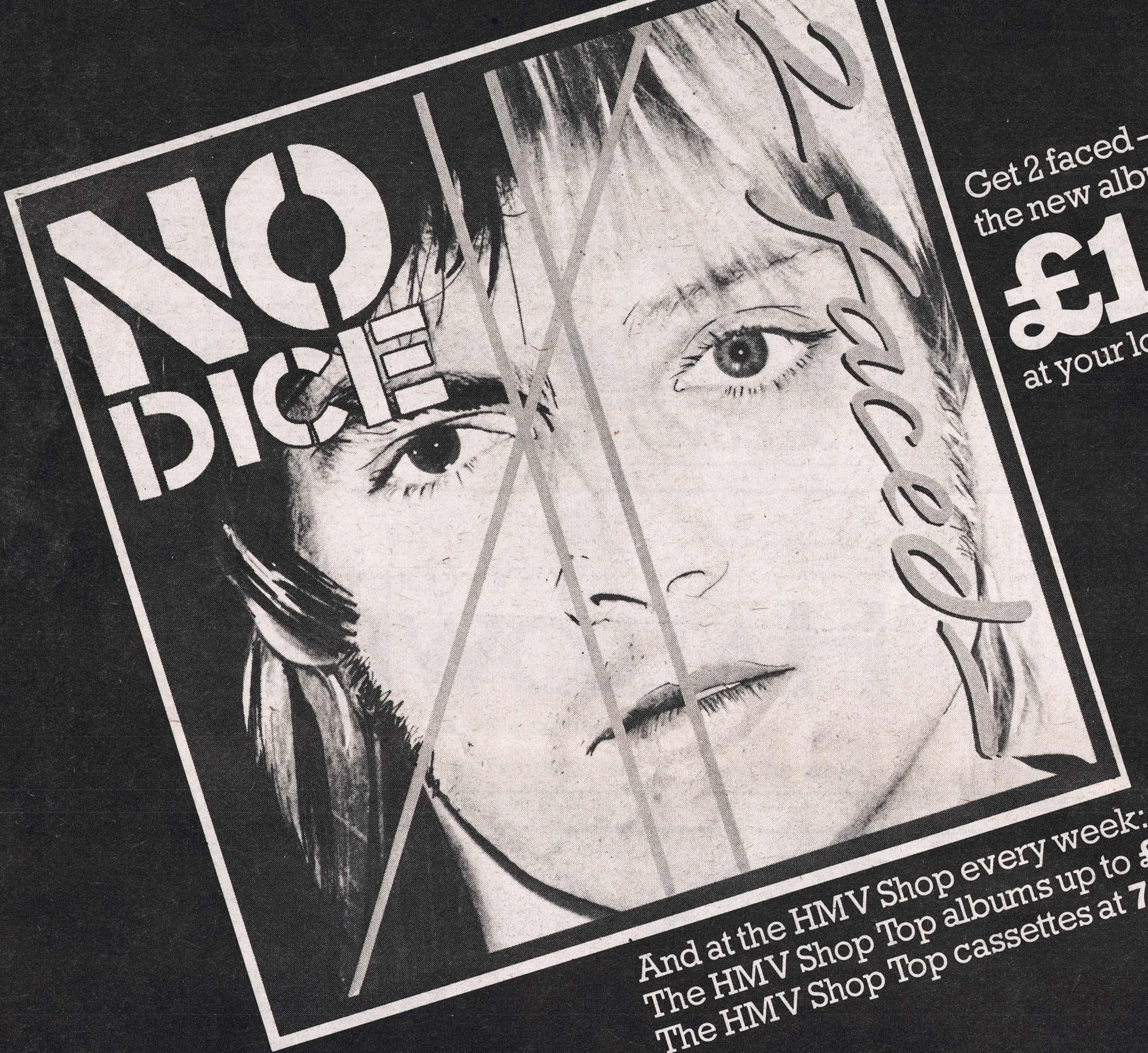

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ALBUMS

ABBA: Voulez Vous *(Epic)*.

Up, up on Olympus, pop music's platinum triumvirate looked at life and saw that it was good. F. Mac, the Brothers Gibb, and The Abbarigines — these blessed ones had much in common beyond being golden, bronzed, fabulously wealthy and somewhere between 30 and 40.

None of them are exactly spring chickens. All would rather make one good TV video slot than slog their way round two dozen life-sucking live dates. All provide more work for session men than the Musicians' Union. All employ their manager not because he's "just like a member of the band" or any such piffle, but because he's a very, very fiscal person.

And when one black cloud rains on paradise they all get wet. None can escape the ravages of life, emotional chaos, the end of marriages but not professional associations.

Recently it's been Abba's turn.

What we have on this album is not Abba attempting to be crass and stupid, as you could be excused for imagining, but post-Bjorn/Agnetha-marriage-break-up Abba trying to be sophisticated.

Trying to explain that they are mature, worldly adults and as such know all about doing, um, rudies (giggle, blush). The case for the defence, pleading that they don't just churn out pretty faeces.

This is how they do it. 'Does Your Mother Know' is a poppy paedophilic paean in the mould of 'Dancing Queen' but more overt, beefy Bjorn singing the lead and with sweaty palms trying to lure some cute little bopper into the bushes with a sticky lollipop in slobbering lecher style, interpreting her every breath to mean she wants to stimulate his smorgasboard.

The self-assurance of his swaggering stud on skis makes Generation X look like veritable paragons of saintly humility and owes everything to a smooth line in chat that Bjorn and Benny would *never* have permitted into the mouths of the Abbarettes. . .

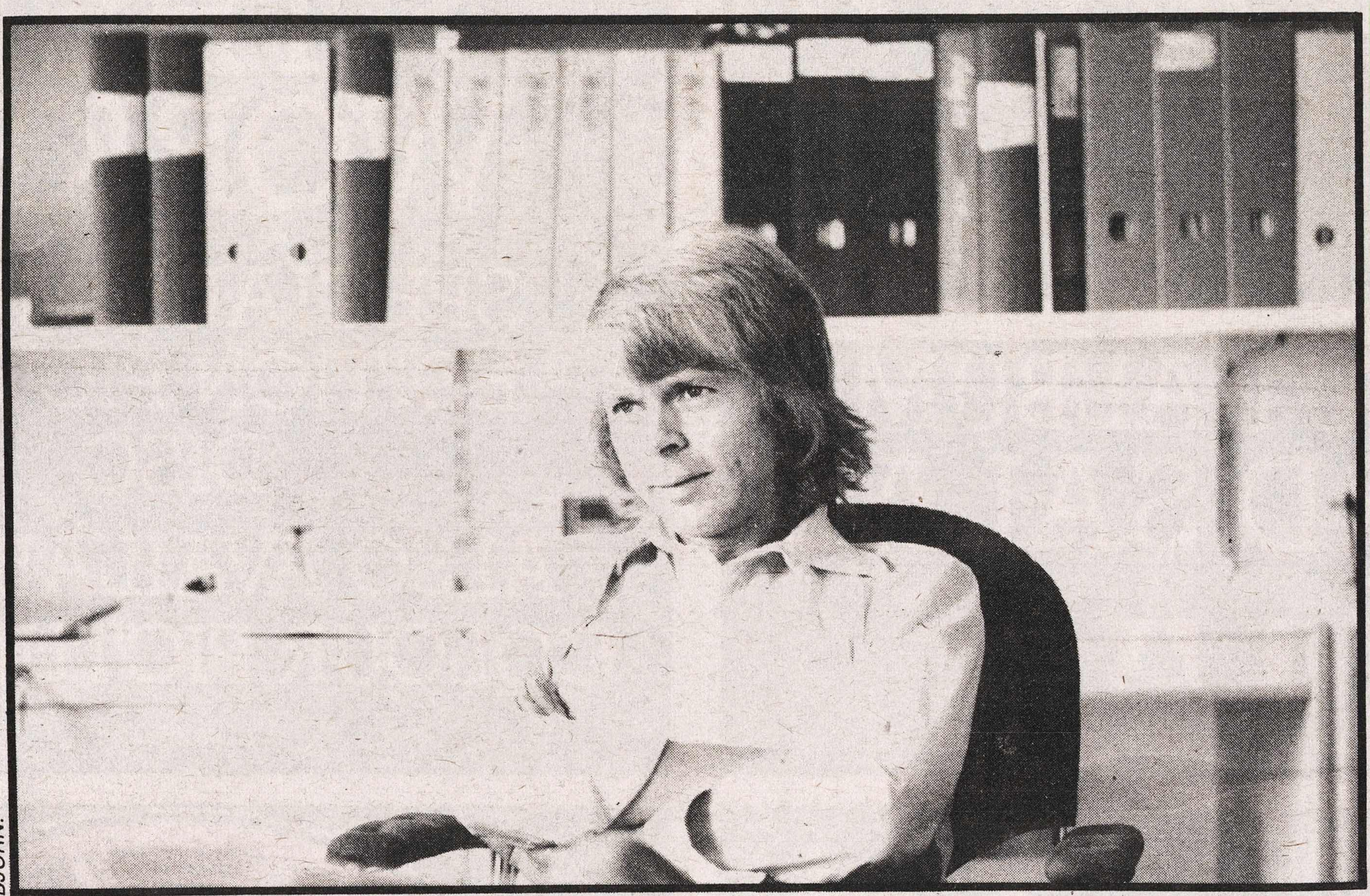
"I could dance with you, honey / If you think it's funny . . ."

"I could chat with you, baby / Flirt a little maybe . . ." — Chat? Chat? Is this the "implicit sexuality" that Bob Woffinden warns may outrage some listeners in his CBS Press Release?

Meanwhile Agnetha and Frida babble in the background like household pets who have just jacked-up an ounce of methedrine (this is to make them sound ickle-tickle-gurlish).

All this 'adult' stuff started with the last album, named during a moment of pure creative genius as 'The Album'. There were Abba shouting 'Wally' just like the grown-ups on 'Hole In Your Soul' ("It's gotta be rockanroll,/To fill the hole in your soul."), writing a tribute to The Eagles called 'I Feel Like An Eagle' (*"They came flying from far away/Now I'm under their spell/I love hearing the stories that they tell/And I feel like an Eagle,"*) and — the crowning glory — their 'The Girl With The Golden Hair' micro-musical which told the admittedly innovatory tale of a young person who enters showbiz, becomes a Star only to discover that fame and fortune do not bring happiness, tomorrow is another day, you can't teach your Granny to suck eggs, red sky at night shepherd's delight and many other flashes of pure, wonderful wisdom.

This time our cherubic



BJORN.

Adult Abbaration?

chums do their best not to be so *obvious*; ten tracks, five a side, look quick and you could be kidded this is business as usual.

The overall spirit is po-faced — the actual number of fast songs on 'Voulez Vous' could be counted on the hairs of Benny's head, the chords are minor and the pervading ambience is decidedly sub-Gibbish.

And alas, if you're looking for a 'Dum Dum Diddle', 'Mama Mia' or 'SOS', then you're floating up the wrong flord, Sven, me son.

The three uptempo toe-tapping tunes are as follows:

The aforementioned 'Does Your Mother Know'.

'As Good As New', a hideous travesty of mother nature's scheme of things that mates chamber music (not dissimilar to the jolly japes on the Pistols' saucy soundtrack's whacky waxing) to a fairish forgery of Caucasian disco with the meticulous hands of a craftsman owning nothing but thumbs. The two musical forms stumble, trip and lurch into each other, making it sound the most hamfisted track to every open a Name band's album (with lots of lyrics about trying again, how Bjorn is so much sweeter the second time around and so forth — split? What split?).

And finally the closing track 'Kisses Of Fire', which could be one from the vault if you close your eyes and concentrate very hard.

Abba's major talent always was being capable of turning subliminal advertising into a fine art: a verse so very nondescript, neo-non-existent and very nearly nowt at all, with a rigid policy of non-intervention until Agnetha sends a secret semaphore signal to the rest of the band with The Ass That Ate NATO and all habit-forming hookline heaven is unleashed, relentless, unstoppable, Chinese Water Torture persuasive.

Irresistable, irrepressible and irrefutable . . . a simpleton siren song, a temptress called Abba beckoning a vessel bearing the entire record buying public to come closer and we go willingly to the jagged rocks of ecstatic doom . . .

FRIDA. Both pix — PENNIE SMITH

Actually, 'Kisses Of Fire' is not that good. By the standards of Abba's finest moments it's strictly low rent bracket, but when compared to the rest of 'Voulez Vous' it stands shining like a proud, brave beacon for future generations to emulate.

'Kisses Of Fire' *encourages* you to indulge in a bit of auto-suggestion, is all, because in almost every other nook and cranny on the album Abba artlessly amble around material that's the direct antithesis of the reason their bank manager's mouth is transfixed with a grateful smirk of sated greed.

'If It Wasn't For The Night' is polite disco, restrained, reserved and resigned to its fate, very defeatist, with a Nun Today, Nun Tomorrow message . . . a hapless, unhappy hand-job waiting for a divorce to come through and featuring Abbarettes.

'Voulez Vous' itself is 'Lady Marmalade' with disinfected sheets and a language problem, going for urban and urbane but only making it to morbid and mundane, displaying all the gall and guile of a Little Hampton librarian making a movie about fornication in the King's Road in the sixties. Please, spare us the myth of Swinging Stockholm, chaps.

'The King Has Lost His Crown' is the group at their most unbearably pidgin, bringing to mind inhabitants of Camelot with their tongues welded to the roofs of their mouths by Hammer McNee for stealing a slice of bread, while musically what we have is 'Summer Night City' with its legs broken.

"Disaster and disgrace / The King has lost his crown / Suddenly he's clumsy like a clown."

One more myth for the morgue: this isn't slick, snappy, sharp Eurosuperpop, psychosomatically addictive and sending shudders through your spleen. It's not even a passable self-parody. Just aural camouflage that blends and blands into the landscape until it's almost totally concealed. It doesn't annex mind and body without trying, you won't get stared at involuntarily whistling edited highlights queueing at the supermarket till. No, you will, in fact, have to listen with one hand pressed tight against one of your ears to permit any of the words and melodies to register at all.

Well, so far, so soporific, and I've saved the worse for last.

'I Have A Dream' (surely not digging up Martin's grave?) osmoses massed children's choirs at mass with butter in their mouths but not melting as a crack squadron of angels with acoustic guitars strum blissfully as they hover around the rafters and Frida revisits The Bachelors' 'I Believe' and Louis Armstrong's 'What A Wonderful World', succeeding in making the pair of them stand revealed as debauched glorifications of degradation.

You wouldn't let Agnetha sing a song like this would you, Bjorn?

No, more up her street is 'Angel Eyes', Picketywitch's Polly Brown in bovine style, suffering serenely.

'Lovers (Live A Little Longer, Baby)' finds the LSO shrill and peevish doing a life sentence residency in Studio 54 on a dowdy little voyeuristic ditty.

"Makin' love is a dynamite drug, baby / So why don't we start right away? / I don't care who's watching."

Which leaves only Abba's darkest hour of all; Fernando de-mobbed with a fortnight in Benidorm gets too much sun on the first day, picking bits of dead skin off his post box red person, glad that Jose Feliciano is on draught . . . 'Chiquitita' would have been unthinkable a year ago and it caught all of us off balance, it was pop's Profumo Affair, Pearl Harbour and Edward and Mrs Simpson combined . . .

It was horrific . . . never mind about Art imitating Life, it was — no! no! you can't make me say it! — *Abba imitating Brotherhood of Man . . .*

This song was the very core of the Abba dilemma; it seemed like they could no longer hope to match the twisted charm of BoM's blonde *chanteuse*, all goodness and light as she skylarked, *'They took their lives that night!"*

Abba hung their heads in despair. Soon Bjorn and Agnetha had gone their separate ways, both attempting to adjust to The Change as best they could, she now answering to the name of The Ass That Died Of Shame, while Bjorn continued to follow people in the street insisting that they were trying to pick him up, although now even his wolf-whistle had a hollow ring about it.

And so they strive to prove their true worth to society, growing ever more experimental and progressive as they walk boldly backwards to acceptability.

It's only being so bleeding cheerful that keeps them going.

Tony Parsons

DWIGHT TWILLEY
Twilley *(Arista import)*

Dwight Twilley's affair with rock'n'roll frisson continues undaunted by mass critical unacceptance. Dwight is a delta rocker, a southern gentleman who likes his women soft and warm and his tunes to match. He is entirely successful in applying pop craftsmanship, Brunel bridges built over sticky hooks, to a very real affection for simplicity. All you need is love.

Everything in the Twilley scrapbook from 'I'm On Fire' and 'Sincerely' to 'Looking For The Magic' to this third collection suggests that Dwight is unrepentant in his desire to redefine a style. The era of 'Rubber Soul' and 'Revolver' falls in a shadow over his every move but there is no danger of simulation, not even Cheap Trick cloning.

Dwight Twilley lacks the adulation he'd like. Listening to his vocal projections here, particularly now that Phil Seymour has split the farm, the overriding visual impression is that Twilley spends a lot of time combining an ideal image with his belief that music should be sexy. Dwight Twilley is a pop star.

Any misgivings that the critic is prey to are not instantly dismissed, but gradually eroded. Part three of this story soon seems as integral as its predecessors; songs roll by on equally alluring waves or recognition and surprise. Lyrically he's got his act honed to new edges. The ballad 'Out Of My Hands' is an unimpeachable tribute to the strength of strings. 'Standin' In The Shadow Of Love' finds the writer rising to new peaks, expressing telling sentiments through the vehicle of pure pop cutesiness; he's pouting but they ain't sweet nothings. Dwight gets up off his thing to let it rock more often than not. 'Betsy Sue' will send you shimmying across the floor like updated rockabilly from say, Robert Gordon, never will. Twilley is after all entirely modern in his approach (his production expertise comes as no big shock), letting some clandestine technology through the back door so that in a number like 'Darlin'', or the exquisite 'It Takes A Lot Of Love', you're lost in dual worlds of naivety and sophistication.

Assisting the cause are the ever-present Bill Pitcock IV on lead guitar and newboy Jim Lewis on bass and drums. This unit is as tight as you'll find anywhere in any zone, playing material you won't find in many. They got you where they want you. Everything about Dwight Twilley, his band and his music fits except his absence from the radio signals of the universe. Maybe he's just waiting on the '80s.

But what if there is no '80s? When D.T. sings 'It Takes A Lot Of Love', you better listen to what the man says. Hours of pleasure for all the family.

Max Bell

Fischer-Z

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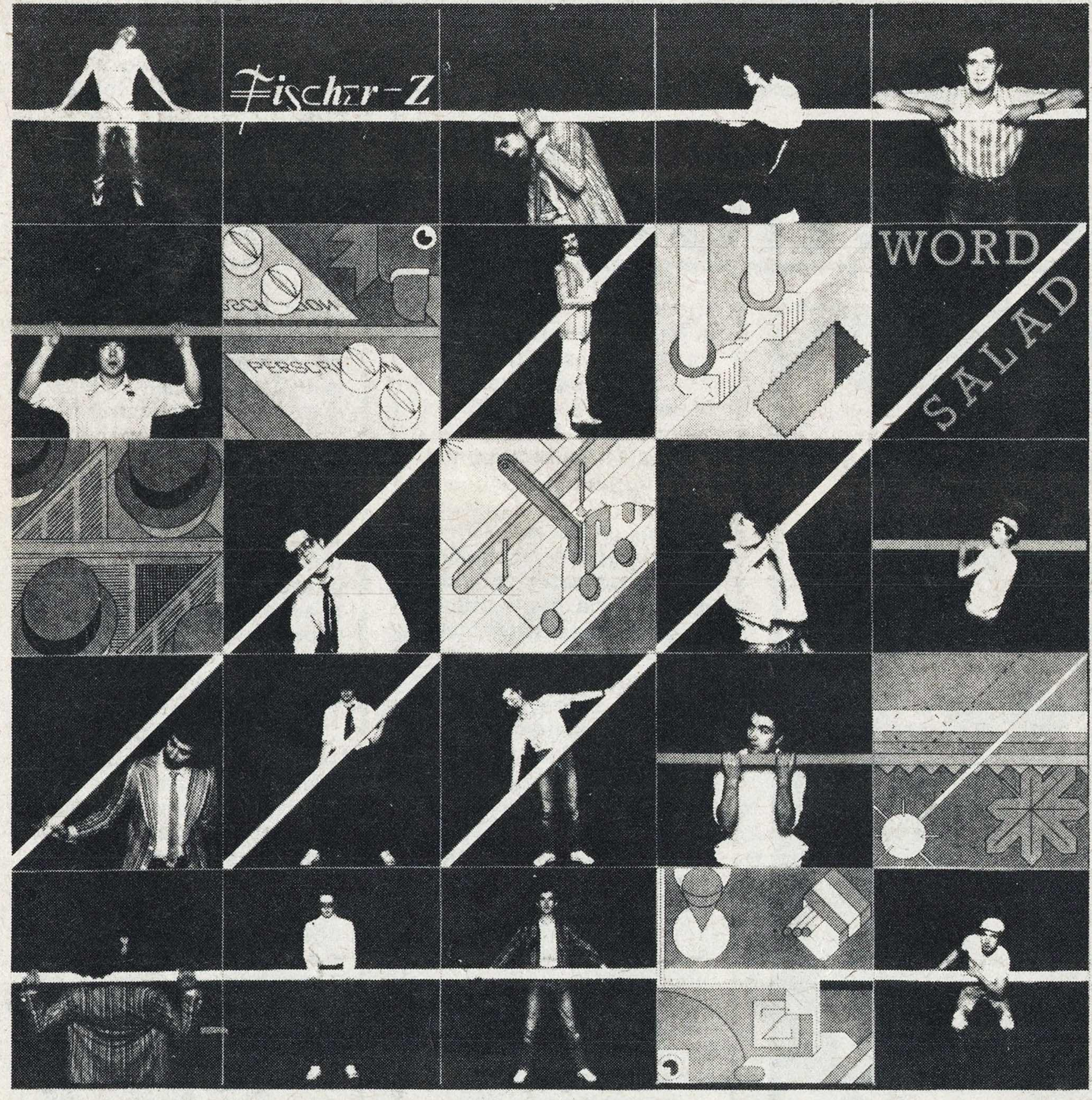

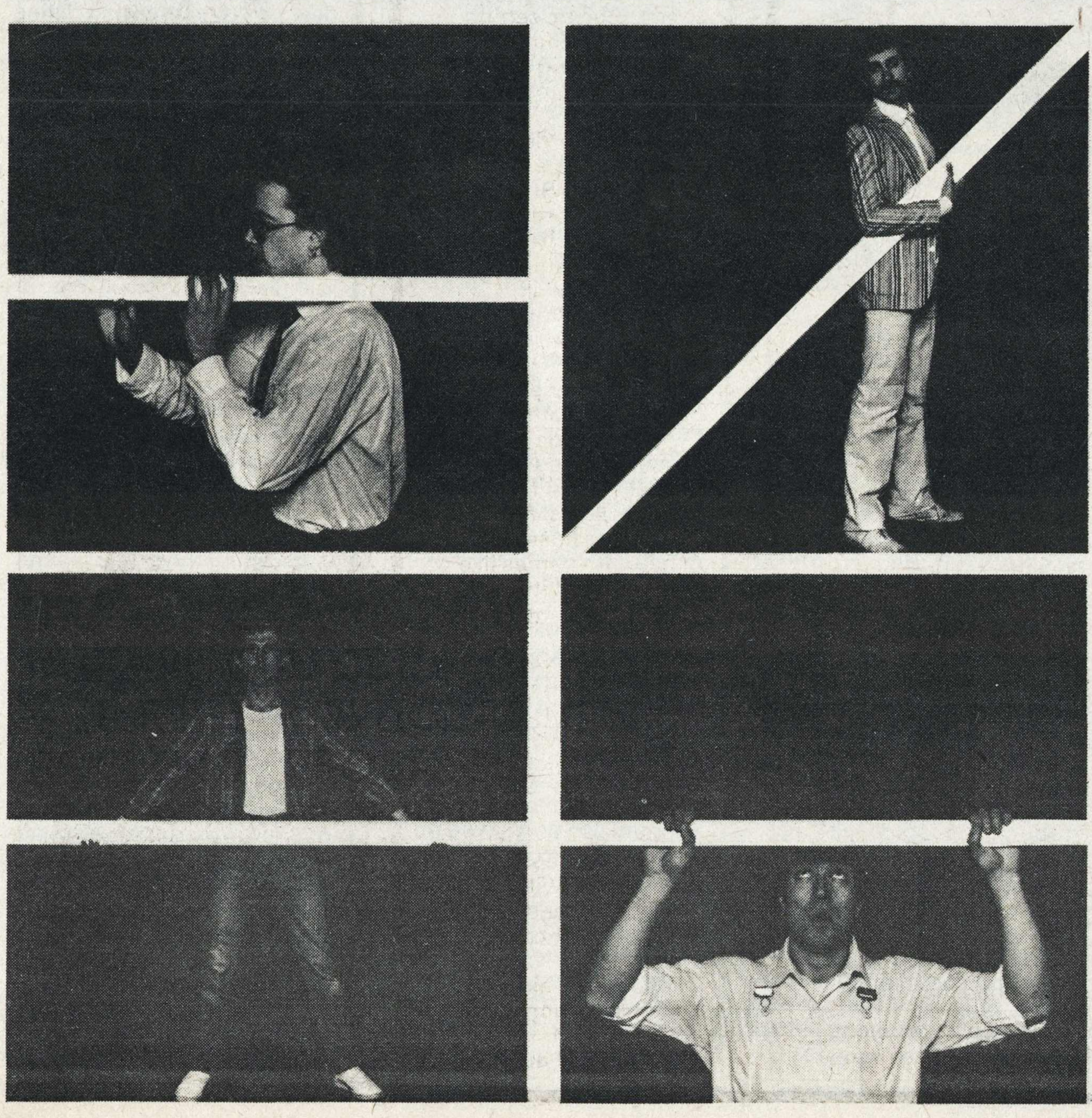

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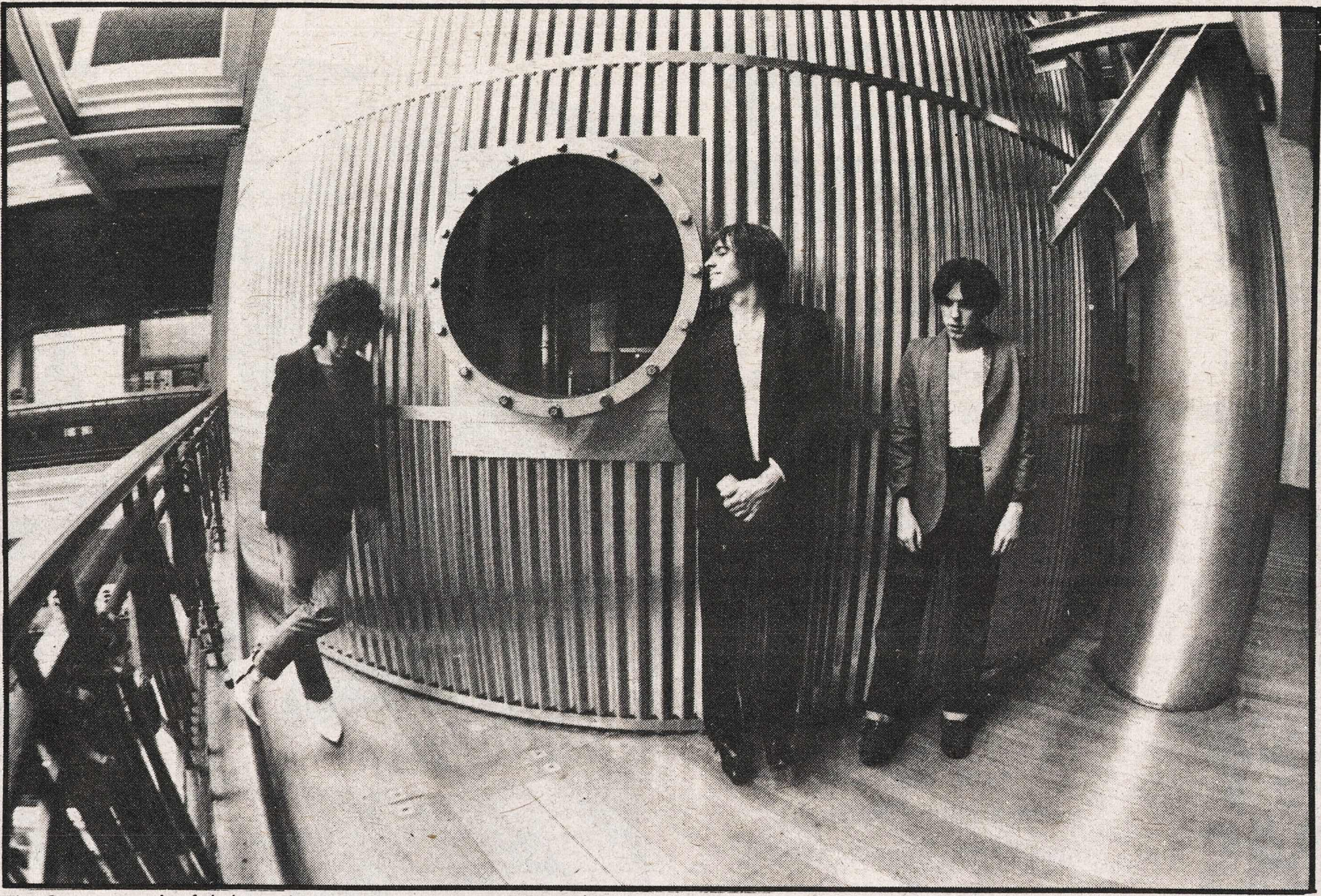

The Cure: meaningful chaps in an even more meaningful situational environment. Pic: George Bodnar

A Cure For Cancer?

THE CURE
Three Imaginary Boys ***(Fiction)***

Aaah! More alert and anguished young men chalking up more sanctioned and sactimonious marks. Do not applaud them. This glistening long player contains twelve self-conscious variations upon the smoothly quirky theme, somewhere between hypnotic and indifferent, that brought the world, somewhere between hype and anonymity, the pleasureable 'Killing An Arab'. For one whole album that pretty bending and doodling does a lot less than please, and a lot more than irritate. The Cure's formula is not that marvellous.

But The Cure are not just making pop music. They make things much worse than they could be by packaging this insubstantial froth as if it had some social validity. As if it were going to alter our conceptions of what is real and what is unreal. They garnish their twelve little ditties with unreliable trickery, not content to let ordinary songs die ordinary deaths.

The lads go rampant on insignificant symbolism and compound this with rude, soulless obliqueness. They are trying to tell us something. They are trying to tell us they do not exist. They are trying to say that everthing is empty. They are making fools of themselves. They are represented on the ice cream colour cover by three bulky, ageing household gadgets. Lol Tolhurst (drums) is a fridge. Michael Dempsey (bass, voice) is an upright Hoover. Robert Smith (guitar, voice) is a standard lamp. Each song is represented on the back sleeve by a picture and on the label by a symbol.

Thus a typically dehydrated interpretation of Hendrix's 'Foxy Lady' is matched with a polaroid snapshot of a slinky lady in pencil skirt and stillettos striding along a metropolis pavement. "So What' is represented by a picture of two bags of granulated sugar spilling over the floor. All clever stuff. All this charming, childish fiddling about aims for the anti-image but naturally creates the perfect malleable image: the tantalising enigma of The Cure.

They try to take everything away from the purpose and idea of the rock performer but try so hard they put more in than they take out. They add to the falseness. Good luck to them.

The Cure, really, are trying to sell us something. Their product is more artificial than most. This is perhaps part of their masterplan, but it seems more like their naivety. The way it is, The Cure set themselves up as though they float a long way outside the realms of anything we can understand. They are scandalous, fulfilled aliens, and they look down on us. What do they see?

Not much that'll shoot your being through with vigour or sudden understanding, but they never stop nagging. Willowy songs wallow in the murk and marsh of tawdry images, inane realisations, dull epigrams. Sometimes they sound like an avant-garde John Otway, or an ugly Spirit. Sometimes a song is as pretty as 'Killing An Arab': 'Accuracy' (a target over a man's eye) or 'Fire In Cairo' (palm tree in the desert). Most of the time it's a voice catching its breath, a cautiously primitive guitar riff, toy drumming and a sprightly bass. Nowhere is there anything alarming, nowhere is there anything truly adventurous. Not that I demand adventure at all costs, but The Cure do suggest that they're on a worthwhile expedition.

Neither do I constantly demand anything that's going to make my life a little bit better but, again, The Cure hint that they're doing this and more. What they've done here is the equivalent of an album of Enid Blyton readings packaged as reading from Angela Carter. No, it's maybe not that awful-good.

It's just that in 1979 people shouldn't be allowed to get away with things like this (The Cure are absolute conformists to vaguely defined non-convention). There are just too many who do (Doll By Doll, Punishment Of Luxury, Fischer Z). Fatigue music. So transparent. Light and — oh, how it nags.

Paul Morley

Fischer — Z
Word Salad ***(United Artists)***

When does marketing become merchandise? When does a group cease to be material and exist as fashion-rating or market-suitability alone?

There are many examples of beat groups bedevilled by commercial pressure to a point of blurred resemblance. Fischer — Z appear to have never possessed their own identity; 'Word Salad' evinces a sealed vaccuum, a space devoid of the least glimmer of doubt or determination.

United Artists have pushed Fischer — Z with Ralph Steadman pic sleeves, abysmal 'modern' picture discs, and now an album sleeve which looks like an unsuccessful silk screen of Futurism and *Watch With Mother.* The three elements of presentation have nothing in common. Fischer — Z, 'Word Salad', the sleeve. Bric-a-brac.

A record company with a putty music-unit in search of the successful form? An elaborate hoax? A conceptual excercise in nihilist super-realism? A cheese advert?

Musically, Fischer — Z can only be defined by default: a Supertramp without cynicism, a Genisis without width, etc. Lyrically, everything is found and pointed at (Paracetamol, Russia, work, de-humanised sex etc.): a questionnaire, a shopping list. No hint of lived, observed or discussed experience. Painting by numbers sociology.

Fischer — Z: where Semiotics is semolina.

Ian Penman

SPIRIT
The Best Of Spirit ***(CBS)***

What a massive irony . . .
What a bloody disgrace . . .

Pardon me if I blanched puce while tapping out the title to this titillating tirocinium but I'm not sure if I read that right. Did it say The *Best* Of Spirit? Or was it The Best Of *Spirit*? CBS in their infinite wisdom gave this band from Los Angeles the boot after they'd made their standard reference work ("The 12 Dreams Of Dr Sardonicus") and how the good doc would chuckle now at this untimely aberration.

The Best Of Spirit is nothing less and nothing more than Spirit's first, their one and only debut album (1968, to you toots), a disc I could and would like to wax at great length on, but hardly feel that the time is right.

This re-release comes to you from the Embassy time coast, which makes it a cheapie, embellished by a liner note that expresses the hope "first of a series . . . reinstate . . . early work . . . current availability . . . blah blah" and a brand new cover design which is approximately irrelevant and infinitely inferior to the original. Naughty, naughty CBS to blunder thus, especially as only a fool or a marketing man could fail to spot the 'deliberate' error.

Brilliant record mind, 11 years old and fresh as a daisy. Randy California, Ed Cassidy, Mark Andes, John Locke and Jay Ferguson trip the light fantastic over one acceptable face of jazz/rock (see Traffic for another). Thrill once more to 'Fresh Garbage', 'Uncle Jack', 'Girl In Your Eye', 'The Great Canyon Fire In General', etc.

Does any of this mean the end of Columbia Broadcasting Systems as we know them? Tune in next week, same time, same place.

Max Bell

DAEVID ALLEN
Banana Moon ***(Charly)***
N'Existe Pas ***(Charly)***

Between 'Banana Moon' (his re-released '71 debut) and 'N'Existe Pas' (his latest album), watch Daevid Allen's redundant case history filter by.

The former of this gruesome pair sounds loose, so loose you half-expect it to self-destruct. Allen's bead-strewn mothership has lift off, and skims whimsically through the stratosphere of 'spontaneous invention' (ceasless jamming) en route for that bastion of mystical politics, the planet Gong.

Fellow cosmonauts like Kevin Ayers and Robert Wyatt turn in hapless performances, and 15 minutes exposure to the space dirge 'Stoned Innocent Frankenstein And His Adventures In The Land Of Flip' could well prove fatal to all but the tone deaf.

'N'Existe Pas' finds the post-Gong Allen unrepentant and typically self-possessed. He shuns the evil weed for spiritual awareness, and is racked by the illusory nature of his physical state. *"Something tells me I don't exist"*, he intones, in a voice like one of The Wurzels.

It can't be long before he quits hoeing his galactic bean-patch for a life of divine decadence, or starts churning out paperbacks on the Zen of jogging.

Mark Ellen

Rockaway Beach revisited

No comment — we found him on the cover, is all

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Pebbles Volumes I & II
(BFD Records Import)

It was once said of The Ramones that they could take any song and make it indistinguishable from any other song. It has been said of the bands assembled here that they could take any song and make is sound like 'Louie, Louie'. Now that's a compliment.

These two volumes of '60s US garageland obscurities comprise the unofficial follow-up to Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' collection — an essential record at one point in this decade, filed proudly alongside 'Raw Power' 'Teenage Head', 'Back In The USA' and the first Modern Lovers' album.

But what we have here are the records Lenny Kaye must have deemed too ignorant, too crass, too innocent, to even include on 'Nuggets'. These bands, none of whom were ever popular outside of a 5 mile radius of their local dive, were the also-rans in a race where the Shadows Of Knight were the winners.

They are captured here for posterity in that splendid moment when it all turned real. What began with seeing the Stones on the *Tami* show, or hearing Them, The Yardbirds or The Animals for the first time and took on its own inexorable momentum with the words "Right you can play bass, you play drums, and I'll play guitar", finally reaches its full, frenzied expression in these grooves. And more than likely, for the first and last time.

It is a deeply moving noise. The pure adrenalin thrash perpetrated by these bands as they scavenge ace R&B licks learnt secondhand from the British purists will warm any rock'n'roll heart. These boys do what white boys always do when they play black music, and they do it with such marvellous irreverence — like Robbie Robertson once said, "They turn up the guitars , amplify the beat, and stomp!"

The recipe was simple, and it was learnt by countless upstart wonders from various urban backwaters in the South and Mid-West with names like The Preachers, The Floyd Dakil Combo, The Grains Of Sand, The Ju-Ju's, The Haunted, The Elastik Band, The Wig. You simply went for the hardest driving beat you could muster, to which was added a riff, preferably loud, preferably distorted. A cheap plastic organ could be introduced for a measure of atmosphere, and the guitarist should be encouraged to 'freak out' on the solo (actually it was hard to stop them). If the singer could fake an English accent and scream in tune you had it made.

Lyrics weren't a problem. Most simply took the regular mean woman blues theme and re-wrote it, often badly, but earnestly. Many tried for a more contempory hallucinogenic landscape, with similar results. The more ambitious tried to take Dylan's best bile and give it a souped-up electric setting: The Lyrics' 'So What!' for instance, a snarling rich bitch put down complete with wailing harp.

These two records might explain what happened in America after the British Invasion and before the Summer Of Love. They contain some genuine classics from the annals of psychedelic hoodlum rhythm and blues music, such as 'Making' Deals' by The Satans, 'Lost Innocence' by The Buddhas, 'Feathered Fish' by The Sons Of Adam (featuring a young Arthur Lee) and '99th Floor' by The Moving Sidewalks. Plus there's a whole host of pop neophytes with names like The Squires, The Little Boy Blues, The Dovers and Phil And The Frantics . . . all stumbling towards a golden tie-dyed dawn when their guileless, unsophisticated and eager sincerity would be seen as, even then, a trifle naive.

If you know why 'Liar, Liar' by The Castaways or 'Your're Gonna Miss Me' by The 13th Floor Elevators are such great records then you will understand the need people feel to splash their cash on this sort of trash.

They sound like exciting times. I think I'm gonna have a psychotic reaction.

Paul Rambali

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Supertramp: Breakfast in America

Rick Wakeman: Rhapsodies

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Kate Bush: Lion Heart

Violinski: No Cause for Alarm

Roxy Music: Manifesto

Elvis Costello: Armed Forces

James Galway: Concierto Pastoral

Average White Band: Feel No Fret

Beach Boys: L.A.

Dire Straits: Dire Straits

David Essex: Imperial Wizard

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Pianist and arranger **Gil Evans** is best known for his collaborations with Miles Davis, notably the epochal 'Birth Of The Cool' ('49/'50) and 'Sketches Of Spain' ('59/'60). Dating from the late '50s, 'Pacific Standard Time' is exactly that: four sides of jazz nuggets from the likes of Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke.

Some find Evans' widescreens too soft-centred, but I'd defy even dissenters to quibble with the quality of conception and execution here. Most prominent among the featured soloists is Cannonball Adderley, his alto sax a model of commitment and passion, the most striking pattern on Evans' flying carpet.

Impossible really to overstate the obvious or underline Evans' intimate craftsmanship, every voice in the chorus heeded, the variety of tone and texture amounting to a rainbow vision.

'Doin' Allright' and 'Go' are the first and third of six albums **Dexter Gordon** made for Blue Note in the '60s. A long (6' 5") shadow over Coltrane, Rollins and countless others as he reached the first apogee of his career in the late '40s, Gordon's tenor sax style was (still is) generous, urbane, witty and, above all, supremely hip. It combined aspects of the new bridges laid by Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker then, with crushing originality, set them amongst the sizzling exigencies of Bop.

The '50s saw Gordon's comet dive off the star maps. Changes in fashion, drug problems and a prison sentence were all contributory factors towards his recording at all too infrequent intervals. But in 1960 Gordon was asked to score and act in a movie, *The Connection*; the experience restored his confidence and pre-eminence almost overnight.

The overall consistency of Gordon's work has been remarkable. Those already familiar with his recent CBS albums ('Homecoming', 'Sophisticated Giant' and 'Manhattan Symphonie', the fruits of another revitalisation, this time after Gordon's return to the States after a decade or more in Europe) will check 'Allright' and 'Go' to find an earlier richesse of the man's staggering melodic and harmonic invention, swaggering tone and deceptive nonchalance of expression. Added points are scored by trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's brash hot 'n' cool on the former set, drummer Billy Higgins' pealing cymbals on the latter.

Two more chapters of Gordon's open-ended book, a book that's as easy to read, admire and enjoy as it's hard to fault.

Dead at 36 in 1964, **Eric Dolphy** eschewed squares for diagonals, cut across styles as often as he demolished expectations. A listless spirit moving across sometimes sombre waters, Dolphy had played with Mingus and Coltrane before, uneasy at some critics' vituperative reaction to his work in the USA and his prospects there, he exiled himself in Europe at the end of Trane's '61 tour.

'Out To Lunch' isn't. It's Dolphy's last album, and one of his best. The supporting cast is A1 and above: Hubbard on trumpet again, burgeoning towards maturity, Bobby Hutcherson scintillating on vibes, Richard Davis interrogative on bass and Anthony Williams, on loan from Miles Davis' Quintet, a-m-a-z-i-n-g on drums, proffering signatures that have more to do with spiritual than physical time.

Dolphy's multi-instrumentalism hints at the emotional extremism of his art, alto sax querulous and questing on 'Out To Lunch', bass clarinet absurdly boisterous on 'Hat And Beard', flute swimming lagoons of quietude on 'Gazzelloni'. Regrets that Dolphy's death prevented him from moving on and out, perhaps achieving a measure of creative catharsis, are understandable, but the unsettled and unsettling drift of his soul resounds with dedication and dignity.

Like so much of the New Thing pianist's output (input?), **Cecil Taylor's** 'Unit Structures' is massively intimidating. Take it on its own terms or leave it alone; preparations for this withering assault are as pointless as any for Armageddon.

Taylor's own sleeve note combines prose poetry, musical and philosophical theory, ends up envisaging a visionary landscape, glimpses of geological strata and natural flora and fauna merging to propose a rival theory of evolution (Africa and her peoples are All).

The music completes the equation, history and energy in tandem. Taylor's hard, bevelled edges crunch and claw amongst the scouring twin basses, fragmenting drums and scrawling reeds. 'Enter, Evening Soft Line Structure)' is a rare but welcome respite from this chaos of creation. Taylor's work must have an axis in his strivings to reconcile intellect and intuition; such antagonism elicits defiant and startling results.

Kenny Burrell's 'Midnight Blue' takes another train. Much admired by Duke Ellington and equally adaptable as both leader and sideman, Burrell's guitar explores nuances and settings that Brian Eno would gratuitously define as "ambient".

'Midnight Blue' is ultramarine, well laid-back but far from out, Burrell's solo limelight on 'Soul Lament' proving once and for all that mood music doesn't have to be modest in aims or assumptions; in a mere two minutes the pieces achieves an encyclopedic melancholy. The group cuts are exquisite, Stanley Turrentine's tenor sax and Major Holley's bass catching the wave-crest with Burrell to overwhelm sense and sensibility with some of Blue Note's bluest notes.

Turrentine's own **'Stanley Turrentine'**, a double-decker of his mid-'60s work for the label, almost passes me by. Blink and it's gone, the cumbrous big band gushes through blues, ballad and bossa nova evaporating on closer scrutiny. Name players like pianists McCoy Tyner and Hank Jones, trumpeters Donald Byrd and Blue Mitchell are toppled into anonymity by the gaucherie of material and arrangements.

Only the more compact, and arguably more strenuous, quintets on side four make much impression. I don't begrudge Turrentine his populism, but so much of this is pretty confectioneering, sweet casings around sweet nothings.

Much better big bandmanship can be sampled on **'Thad Jones & Mel Jones'**, a resume of the trumpeter and drummer's recently ended but felicitous partnership through the late '60s.

This is sturdy, mainline stuff, always appealing and sometimes inspired. Most of the material is Jones' (Hank and Elvin's brother), featured alongside that of writers as various as Ellington, Curtis Mayfield and Allen Toussaint. Not a set that expands universes, but still a warm, restful hearth of the end of the day.

As for **Dizzy Gillespie's** 'Live At The Village Vanguard' — why UA pushed this out when they have such a strong catalogue to hand defies all logic. It's not a 'real' Blue Note, side two being on permanent loan from Solid State, nor remotely representative of Gillespie's extrovert trumpet talents.

'Dizzy's Blues', 'Blues For Max' and 'Tour De Force' are shambling affairs, alright on the night in '68, I'd imagine, but hardly worth preserving for posterity, let alone for Chick Corea's rummaging through the Art Tatum chordbook. A miss by more than a mile.

Although unlikely to interest would-be dwellers on Watership Down, **The Jazz Crusaders'** 'The Young Rabbits' will prick other ears. Another double, it follows Messrs Sample, Felder, Henderson and Hooper from '62 to '68 as they made their own giant steps across the mainstream.

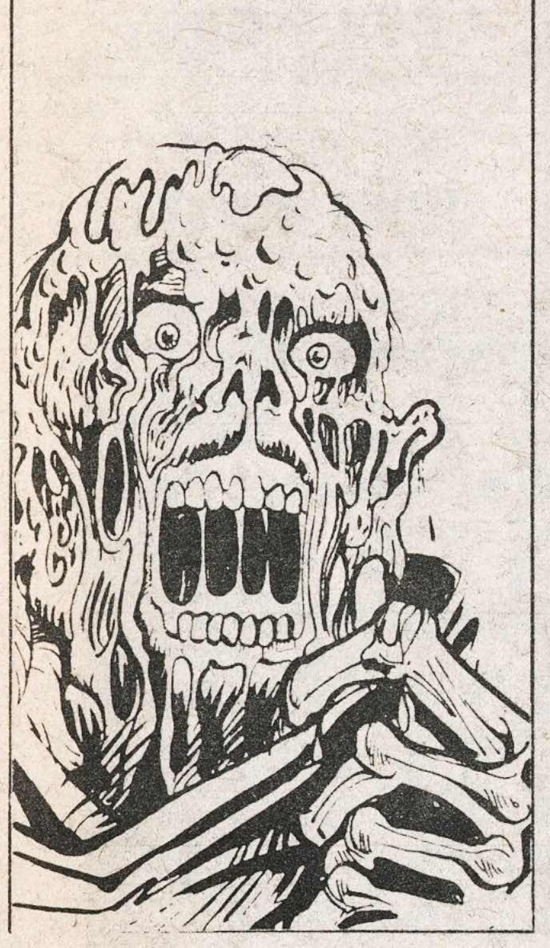
If Max Bell's enthusiasm hasn't convinced you of the Crusading cause, then only acts of God will force a change of heart. Firmly rooted in Texas, a feverish musical crossroads in the '50s and '60s, The Crusaders have always been open to suggestion and invention.

Blues, R&B, soul, rock and Latin all stay the course here, long before fusion or funk became dirty (or do I mean clean?) words. Pieces and players jostle for checks, but mention of bassist Buster Williams' 'Fire Water', the very best of post-Bop, must suffice.

The Crusaders' march has been long and estimable. You can join it here.

Angus MacKinnon

Phantoms.
A little creature comfort.



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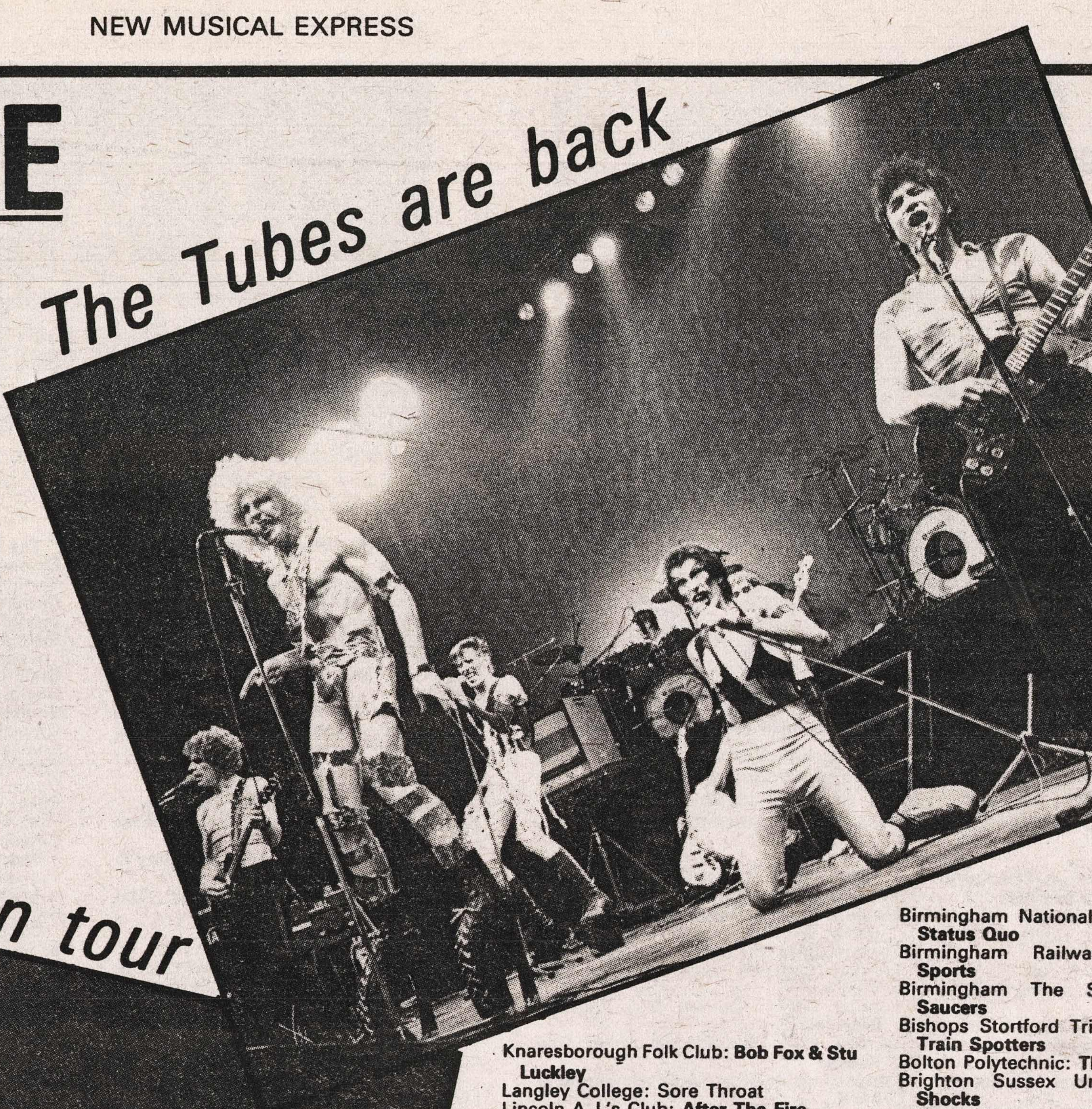
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

***THE TUBES** return for another major concert series after having to curtail their previous tour when lead singer Fee Waybill was injured in a fall. They came over briefly for the second of last year's Knebworth shows, but now they're on a country-wide itinerary — opening at Glasgow (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday) and Liverpool (Tuesday), with seven nights at Hammersmith to follow later in the month. Squeeze support on most dates, and play headlining gigs of their own between times.*

***STATUS QUO** are on the rounds again, appearing at some of the top venues in the U.K. — like London's Wembley Arena (Thursday and Friday) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (Saturday). And in other cities they play several successive nights in order to accommodate as many people as possible — kicking off with four in Newcastle from next Tuesday.*

The Tubes are back



Status Quo on tour

Thursday

Aberdeen University: **The Bishops**
Askham Malt Shoid: **Sten**
Basildon Double Six: **Neon**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Bath Tiffany's: **Studio**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **XTC**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Here & Now/The Perfects**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rush**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bleasby Star & Garter Hotel: **Omen**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Matchbox**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Little Jimmies**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Fairport Convention**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Witchfynde**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Bruford**
Clipstone Youth Club: **Menticide**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Iggy Pop/The Zones**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Ralph McTell/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Dials**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Fall**
Glasgow Bishopbriggs Memorial Hall: **Friction**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Scottish Monos**
Gosport John Peel: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Penetration**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Undertones**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Fischer-Z**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Pressure Shocks**
Leeds Fan Club: **John Potter's Clay/Gimmix**
Leeds Kirkstall Bar-Celona: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for three days)**
Leeds Oak Tree: **2TV**
Leicester University: **Chris Rea**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Dennis Brown**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Glass Torpedoes**
London Camden Brecknock: **Portraits**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8**
London Camden Music Machine: **Chelsea/The Users/Vermillion & The Aces**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Del Bronham Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Beggar**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Dalston Rio Cinema: **Barry Forde Band/The Spoilsports/Belt & Braces Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Red Lights**
London Edgware Jingles: **The Mods**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Rachel Sweet/Nick Plytas & The Hire Men**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
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London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cygnus**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Clyde Bernhardt Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Johnny & The Rockers/Breathless**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Angletrax/Skin Deep**
London Victoria The Venue: **Michael Chapman**
London Waltham Forest North-East Polytechnic: **Mike Absalom**
London Wembley Arena: **Status Quo**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Cabaret Voltaire**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **China Street**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Ardri Cinema: **Violinski**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
Newcastle City Hall: **Roxy Music**
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: **American Echoes**
Newton Aycliffe Trades & Labour Club: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **John Otway Band**
Plymouth Drake Club: **Yakety Yak**
Portsmouth HMS Nelson: **High Flames**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Soft Boys**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Scott/The Hughes Bros.**
Reading Three Tuns: **Double Xposure**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Squeeze**
Sheffield Northern & General Club: **The Jags**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Child/-Kick**
Sunderland Fusion: **Light Of The World**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Shakedown**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Chris Rea**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rush**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Sydenham Small Heath: **The Crack**
Birmingham University: **Fairport Convention**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Ersatz**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Quartz**
Brentwood Youth House: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Woody & The Splinters/The Parrots**
Brighton Top Rank: **Dennis Brown**
Burton 76 Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Penetration**
Cannock Troubadour: **E. F. Band**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Fall**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Wild Angels**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: 2TV
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Doll**
Derby Wilmorton College: **Pressure Shocks**
Dundee Samantha's: **The Scottish Monos**
Durham University: **Bruford**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Tubes/-Squeeze**
Glasgow University: **The Bishops**
Guildford Star Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Hatfield Forum Centre: **Stinky Winkles/Lol Coxhill & Mike Garrick**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Ipswich Royal William: **Gypp**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Ack Ack**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Invaders**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley**
Langley College: Sore Throat
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **After The Fire**
Liverpool Eric's: **John Otway Band**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Fast Exit**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mike Montgomery Band/Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Gargen Rock Garden: **Sussex**
London Edgeware Jingles: **The Mods**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **The Crooks**
London Epping Forest Folk Festival (for three days): **June Tabor/Fred Wedlock-/Pete Atkin/Derroll Adams/Spreadthick/Pete & Chriss Coe/Martin Simpson/Ticklers Jam/Jenny Beeching/Hot Vultures and many more**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Renaissance**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **Crass/Poison Cirls/Charge**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Streetband**
London Kilburn Gaumont State: **The Chieftains**
London Marquee Club: **Angletrax**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Strangeways**
London Plumstead Green Man: **The Realists**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **Fischer-Z**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Clyde Bernhardt Band**
London Southwark Southbank Polytechnic: **Thieves Like Us**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The V.I.P.'s/The Passengers**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Matchbox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charles Mullen**
London Wembley Arena: **Status Quo**
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club: **Carol Grimes Band**
Luton College Of Higher Education: **Mike Absalom**
Manchester Stockport College: **The Accelerators/Capers**
Manchester The Factory: **Joy Division/Orchestral Manoevres/John Dowie/A Certain Ratio**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Marmalade**
Newcastle City Hall: **Roxy Music**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Iggy Pop/The Zones**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Dole**
Newport The Village: **The Undertones**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Between Pictures**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Reading Merry Maidens: **Soul Direction**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Gary Boyle Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Jags**
Southampton University: **XTC**
South Normanton Community Centre: **Flying Saucers**
Staffordshire North Staffs Polytechnic: **Capital Letters**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Rachel Sweet**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Spice Island/Take Away**
Walsall Town Hall: **Gonzalez**
Windsor College: **Sledgehammer**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Members**
Worthing The Balmoral: **The Tinsels**
York University: **Supercharge**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **Dennis Brown**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Cimarons**
Birmingham Barbarella's **Violinski**
Birmingham Festival Suite: **Denizens/Au Pairs**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Andrew John & Lissa**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Status Quo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham The Sydenham: **Flying Saucers**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Train Spotters**
Bolton Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Brighton Sussex University: **Pressure Shocks**
Brighton The Adur: **Shakedown**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Canterbury Odeon: **Child/Kick**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Stormforce**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Cabaret Voltaire.**
Chester Arts Centre: **David Donohoe Band**
Cleethorpe Bunnies Club: **2TV**
Corby Exclusive Club: **Soul Direction**
Coventry Heath Hotel: **Stuff Movies**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Soft Boys**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Light Of The World**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Doll**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Gonzalez**
Durham University: **Gary Boyle Band**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **E.F. Band**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Bishops**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Tubes/Squeeze**
Filey Reighton (Sands Theatre Bar: **American Echoes**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Judas Priest**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Bruford**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Minotaur**
Leeds University: **Iggy Pop/The Zones**
Lincoln Wragby Rd. Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Roxy Music**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Undertones**
London Camden Brecknock: **Destroyer**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Softies/The Act**
London Camden Town London Film Co-Op: **The Monochrome Set**
London Chelsea College: **Fairport Convention**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Deptford St. Mark's Hall: **The Void/Catch 22/New Devices/The Come Ons**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & the Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Small Hours**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kate Bush/Peter Gabriel/Steve Harley**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Late Show/Sussex**
London Kilburn Gaumont State: **The Baron Knights**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London Marquee Club: **The Teen Beats**
London Rainbow Theatre: **John Otway Band**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Mr. Gladstone's Bag**
London School Of Economics: **XTC**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Roland Hanna**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cousin Joe/Rocket 88**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **London Zoo**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Reds/Skin Deep**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Here & Now/The Commuters/Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
Loughborough Auditorium: **The Jam**
Manchester Ashton Spreadeagle: **Direct Hits**
Manchester The Factory: **The Dickies**
Manchester University: **The Jags**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Marmalade**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Mossley The Duck: **Private Sector**
Newcastle The Canteen: **The Noise Toys/Arthur 2 Stroke/Treatment Room**
Newcastle University: **Agony Column**
Northampton Deadly Fun Hippodrome (matinee): **The Shapes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Michael Chapman**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **V2/Frantic**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

Panic Promotions Present
Maximum R & B at
THE NOTRE DAME
Leicester Place, off Leicester Square
with
PURPLE HEARTS + LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ THE COBRAS
Monday, May 14th
Doors open 7 pm Bar till 11 pm. Admission: £1.25
Be There Or Be Square

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
KLEENEX
CABARET VOLTAIRE
THE RAINCOATS
THURSDAY, MAY 10TH AT 8 PM
ACKLAM HALL,
PORTOBELLO RD (UNDER THE FLYOVER)

TICKETS £1.50 ON THE DOOR OR £1.25 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

Shock the Universe Presents
Scritti Politti
PRAG VEC
The The
Africa Centre
38 KING ST. COVENT GARDEN
FRI. MAY 11th 8-00 pm
£1-50 on door

01-261 6153
LIVE PAGE

Return of the Sultans of Haggard
REDS
+ support
at the
MOONLIGHT CLUB
West Hampstead
Saturday May 12th

LANDSCAPE
AT THE MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH STREET LONDON NW1
WEDS. 16 MAY
ENQUIRES 699 8787

ALAN STUART MANAGEMENT
PRESENTS
SUCKER
FRI 11th MAY, HATFIELD POLY
SAT 12th MAY, DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET

MAM presents
JOHN OTWAY
THE HEADBOYS
DAFNE AND THE TENDERSPOTS
Saturday 12th May 8.00pm
Rainbow Theatre **Finsbury Park, London**
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 Available from box office
Tel. 01-263 3148/9 and usual agents

Gaumont State Theatre
High Road Kilburn NW6
Manager Mr W.Weir Box Office 624 8081

The London Borough of Brent presents
THE CHIEFTAINS
FRIDAY, 11th MAY, at 8.30pm
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50

also
THE BARRON KNIGHTS SHOW
SATURDAY, 12th MAY, at 8.30pm
Featuring: THE BARRON KNIGHTS, MIKE FELIX, THE VOYAGERS & THE ARTHUR DAKIN TRIO
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25, £2.50, £1.50

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel. Uxbridge (89) 39125
Friday, May 11th
RACHEL SWEET
+ support
Tickets: £1.10 in advance, £1.30 on door
Tickets available from Social Secretary or Hardpress Records, High Street, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Nearest Tube: Uxbridge

---

THE COAL BIN
DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN

Wednesday May 16
CANNIBALS
+ Commuters

Wednesday May 23
LEW LEWIS
+ support

THE ORANGE TREE
Friern Barnet Lane, Friern Barnet
Friday, May 11th
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

BRIGHTON FESTIVAL FRINGE
Top Rank Suite Brighton
The Members
The Piranhas
Nicky and the Dots
Wednesday 16th May 8.00pm
Tickets £1.60 in advance, £1.80 on door

SOUTHBANK POLY S.U.
ROTARY ST, SE1. 01-261 1525
Monday, May 14th at 8 pm
THIEVES LIKE US
+ Disco + Bar
Admission: 50p. Nearest tube: Elephant and Castle

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT MUSIC FROM THE FACTORY

JOY DIVISION
JOHN DOWIE
A CERTAIN RATIO
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
THURSDAY, MAY 17TH AT 8 PM
ACKLAM HALL, PORTOBELLO RD (UNDER THE FLYOVER)
TICKETS £1.50 ON THE DOOR OR £1.25 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

City Hall, St Albans
Sat May 19th at 8pm
VIOLINSKI (from ELO)
+ Special Friends and Mary Jane Disco
Tickets £1.80

Mon May 28 at 8pm
SQUEEZE
+ Fashion + D.J.'s Willie, Andy, Nicky & Keith
Tickets £1.60 advance, £1.80 on door

Sat June 2
CAROLINE ROADSHOW
Tickets £1.50

Tues June 5
HI TENSION
Tickets £2.50 available from box office
Chequer St., St Albans
Tel. 64511 or on door

Queensway (Civic Hall), Dunstable
Sunday May 27 8pm
NO DICE
+ Straight 8
£1.40 + 10p booking charge
In advance from Queensway Box Office
Tel 603326
£1.50 on door

THE HOP POLES, Baker Street, Enfield
presents
A Mod Night with
THE CHORDS
THE CROOKS **BACK TO ZERO**
Tuesday May 15th. Doors open 7.30 pm
Tickets £1.00. (Five minutes from Enfield Station)

XTC AT THE LSE
This is an advert for XTC at the LSE.It is in the same style as the cover of their LP Go 2.Its purpose is to inform you they are playing their only London date at The Haldane Room,London School of Economics,WC2 on Sat.12th.May.Tickets cost £1.80 adv(from LSE Union shop)& £2.00 on the door.Doors open 7.30 & the nearest tubes are Holborn & Temple.

MEL BUSH PRESENTS
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
+ STARJETS

Bradford, St George's Hall
Wednesday, 23rd May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0274 32513

Bristol, Colston Hall
Tuesday, 29th May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0272 291768

Portsmouth, Guildhall
Thursday, 31st May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0705 24355

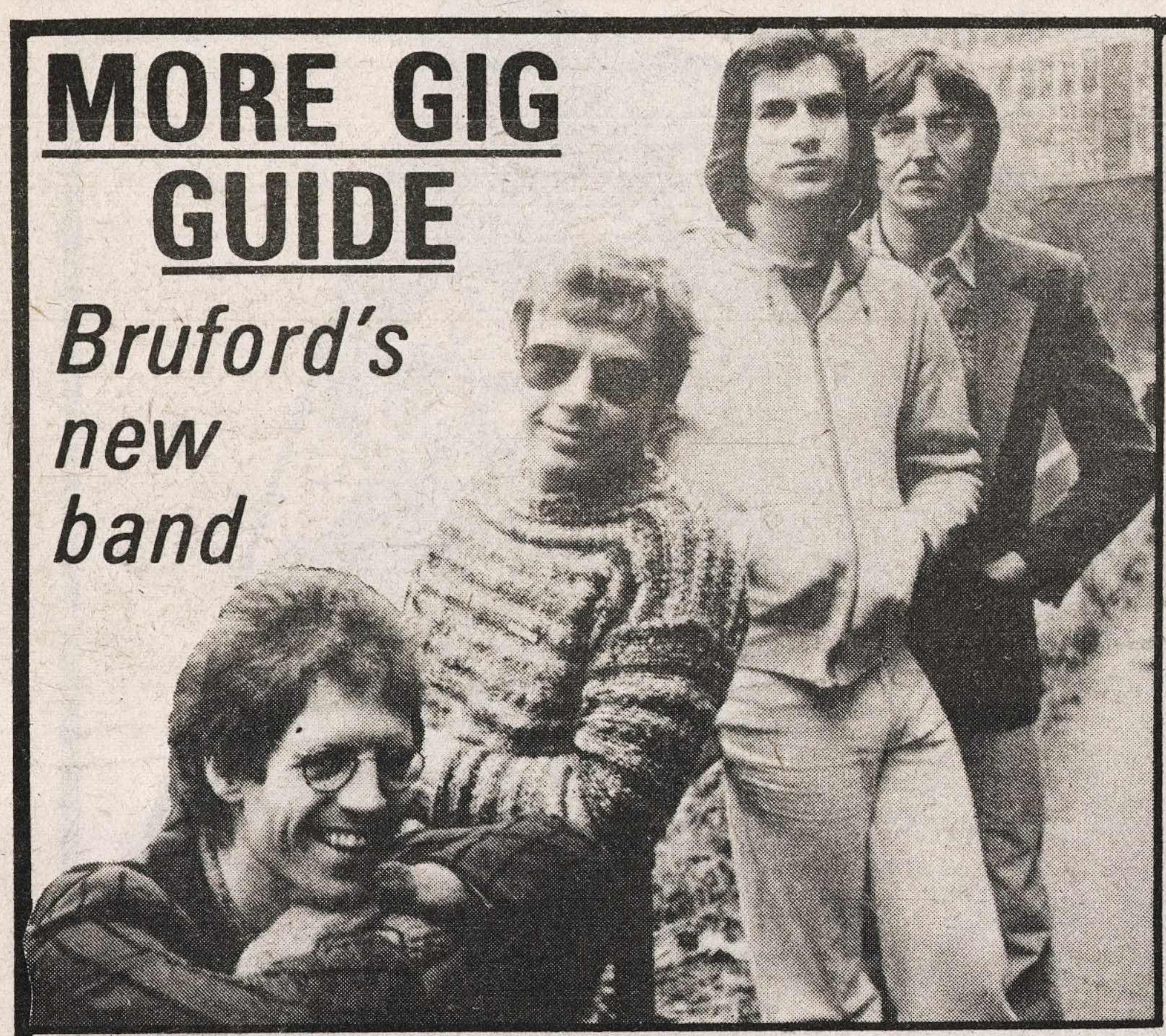
Leicester, De Montfort Hall
Tuesday, 5th June
Tickets £2.20 and £1.80
Tel: 0533 27632

If you think you've got problems see;
TYGER LABEL
AGONY COLUMN
MAY
9 Leeds University
10 Union Hotel, Colne
12 Newcastle Univ.
17 Station Hotel, Goole
20 Bingley Arts Centre
25 Porterhouse, Retford
28 Royal Park, Leeds
30 Heriot-Watt Univ.

And hear their single on TYGER LABEL
(I had it) ALL WORKED OUT
TYG 2

MORE GIG GUIDE

Bruford's new band



BRUFORD *are (from left to right) Dave Stewart, Bill Bruford, Jeff Berlin and Allan Holdsworth. And they're undertaking their debut tour with dates at Cleethorpes (Thursday), Durham (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Wakefield (Sunday), Birkenhead (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).*

RENAISSANCE *begin their delayed concert tour, originally planned for last month, this weekend. First gigs are at London Hammersmith (Friday), Southampton (Saturday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).*

Elevators/The Distractions/The Altifits
Reading University: **The Invaders**
Redruth London Inn: **Lipservice**
Rochdale Technical College: **The Accelerators**
Sheffield University: **Chris Rea**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Renaissance**
Southampton Shirley Ashby Centre: **Yakety Yak/Little Tony & the Tennessee Rebels**
South Leverton Village Hall: **Armpit Jug Band**
Taunton Fagin's Kitchen: **Interference**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **Cosmotheka/Andy Caven/Wheels**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Quartz**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Capital Letters/Fashion**
Workington Working Men's Club: **Mistress**
York College of Ripon: **Little Acre**

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Witchfynde**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Dennis Brown**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Scorpions**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit (lunchtime)/Antares (evening)**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Dickies**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Roxy Music**
Bristol Locarno: **XTC**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Penetration**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **High Flames**
Creswell Elmton Rd. Club: **Strange Days**
Croydon Greyhound: **Flying Saucers**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Bishops/The Pop Group**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Members**
Guildford Wooden Bridge (lunchtime): **Squire**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Fairport Convention**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Child/Kick**
Ipswich Kingfisher: **Gypp**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Judas Priest**
London Acton King's Head: **Strange Fruit**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Crooks**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blitzkreig**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Bowles Bros Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kate Bush**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Late Show/The E.F. Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Jags**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Destroyer**
London Palladium: **Engelbert Humperdinck**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Mekanix**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence (lunchtime): **Belt & Braces Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Commuters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Iggy Pop/Tradition/The Zones**
London Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens: **Here & Now**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **Mistress**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Tubes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Boogie House: **Strangeways**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Stylistics**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Armpit Jug Band/-Steve Rostron**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Squeeze**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Rush**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Doll**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Bruford**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Bruford**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Kleenex / The Raincoats / Cabaret Voltaire**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Boston Folk Club: **Brandywine Bridge**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Stylistics**
Bristol Colston Hall: Rush
Bristol Locarno: **Dennis Brown**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Headlines**
Bromsgrove Stars Club: **Little Acre**
Chester Smartyz: **The Bishops**
Coatbridge The Beechwood: **Underhand Jones**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Judas Priest**
Dundee Hong Kong Restaurant: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
Exeter University: **The Jam**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Scorpions**
Hobden Ridge Cinema: **The Chieftains**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Leeds (Yeadon) Peacock Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool Eric's: **Next**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Small Hours**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Portraits / Secret Affair / The Bozos**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Ilford Odeon: **Child / Kick**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Headboys / The Invaders**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Purple Hearts**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Fairport Convention**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K.Band**
London Palladium: **Cliff Richard (for two weeks)**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Inmates / Double Xposure**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Rea**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Daphne & The Tender Spots / The Reaction**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Ack Ack
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Here & Now/ The Fixations / Zoundz**
Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: **Dog Watch**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **Penetration**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Plymouth Tops: **The Members**
Poole Wessex Hall: **XTC**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Roxy Music**
St. Helens Haresfinch Social Club: **Mistress**
Swansea Circles: **The Soft Boys**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **The Executives / Jonnie & The Lubes / Woody & The Splinters**
York Pop Club: **The Dickies**

Tuesday

Bellshill The Iron Maiden: **Underhand Jones**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Fall / The Prefects**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **Renaissance**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Gypp**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **The Wall**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Rush**
Bristol Locarno: **The Members**
Castleford King William: **2TV**
Chester Smartyz: **Quartz**
Coventry City Centre: **Little Acre**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Scorpions**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Omen**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Dave Evans**
Gateshead Quay Tavern: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Grimsby Technical College: **Mike Absalom**
High Wycombe Tuesday Disco: **Soul Direction**
Keele University: **Violinski**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Invaders**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Tubes / Squeeze**
Liverpool University: **The Jam**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Mullen Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bobby Henry**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Roy Morgan Quartet**
London Fulham Greyhound: **E.F. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fashion**
London Maunkberry's: **Day 2 (for three days)**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: **Skin Deep**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Strangeways / Rubber Johnny**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sad Among Strangers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Kleenex / Cabaret Voltaire**
Malvern Nags Head: **Stuff Movies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Accelerators**
Manchester The Factory: **The Bishops**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Dickies**
Newcastle City Hall: **Status Quo**
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: **Roxoff**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Sheffield Limit Club: **After The Fire**
Southend Talk of the South: **Edwin Starr**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Odeon: **Judas Priest**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Penetration**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Headlights**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Bradford University: **The Skids**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Members/The Piranhas/Nicky & The Dots**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **The Impalas**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coatbridge The Redbridge: **Underhand Jones**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Scorpions**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Kate Heath**
Keele University: **Violinski**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Squeeze**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Renaissance**
Liverpool University: **The Jam**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Mullen Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Lew Lewis Reformer/The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **John Spencer's Louts**
London Crackers Disco: **Quartz**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Jose Feliciano**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Comet Street**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Crooks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Roxy Music**
London Marquee Club: **Fischer-Z**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Belt & Braces Band/Charlie Bravo**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Inmates**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Skin Deep**
Newcastle City Hall: **Status Quo**
Newcastle University: **Bruford**
Newport Stowaway Club: **Kleenex/The Raincoats/Cabaret Voltaire**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Soft Boys**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Radio Stars**
Reading Target Club: **The Wall**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Violinski**
Southampton University: **The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Alistair Russell & Tom Napper**
Warrington Parr Hall: **The Chieftains**

'ello. Sid Snot 'ere.
Only kidding, 'cos really I'm ***JUDAS PRIEST,*** *or part of it anyway. And we're on the road at Glasgow (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Derby (Monday), Manchester (Tueday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).*

THIN LIZZY
BRIDLINGTON SPA
We were very sorry that we could not return for an Encore on Friday 20th April because one lad deposited his drink over the mixing desk and the P.A. ceased to function.
The Band, like the audience, had travelled a long way for this show and were as disappointed as you that we could not play longer to such a great audience.
The band hope to see you again soon.
THIN LIZZY

DAVE MAXWELL
(EX MARABOU)
Friday May 11th:
THREE RABBITS, MANOR PARK, E12
Sunday May 13th
DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET
Two Nites Only

dog watch
Sat May 12
CANNING TOWN
Bridgehouse
Sun May 13
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms
Mon May 14
MILTON KEYNES
Craufurd Hotel
Wed May 16
OLD KENT ROAD
Thomas Abecket

V.I.P.s 6 W.F.C. 1
V. I. P. s
Friday May 11th
The Pegasus, Stoke Newington
Saturday May 12th
The Hop Poles, Enfield
Sunday May 13th
Two Brewers, Clapham Common
Bookings: Twist and Shout 01-223 6481.

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB
(Opp. Highgate Tube)
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
+ FRICTION
Saturday May 12th at 8pm
Members £1.00. Non Members £1.30

WIGTON MARKET HALL
(Near Carlisle)

May 11th	THE FALL	May 25th	THE SKIDS
May 18th	PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY	June 1st	SOFT BOYS

Enquiries: 0965 31245

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday, May 10th	PIRANHAS	75p	Monday, May 14th	SCREENS	60p
Friday, May 11th	LOCAL OPERATOR	£1.00	Tuesday, May 15th	HELICOPTERS	Free
Saturday, May 12th	MARK ANDREWS and THE GENTS	75p	Wednesday, May 16th	THE GENTRY	75p
Sunday, May 13th	THE JOLT	£1.00	Thursday, May 17th	FISCHER Z	75p

THE PIRANHAS
Thursday May 10th: HOPE & ANCHOR, N.1
Friday May 11th: ROYAL, GUILDFORD
Saturday May 12th: SUSSEX UNIVERSITY, BRIGHTON
Sunday May 13th: BUCCANEER, BRIGHTON
Wednesday May 16th: TOP RANK SUITE, BRIGHTON
(with The Members)

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

Will you buy your own copy, or listen to everyone else's?

Album 9109 620 Cassette 7109 334 Single Sandy 001

Sandy McLelland & The Backline. A superb debut album that includes their new single "Can We Still Be Friends".

Maybe you heard them on the "Old Grey Whistle Test". If so, you'll buy the album without waiting for their unique brand of music to reach the public at large.

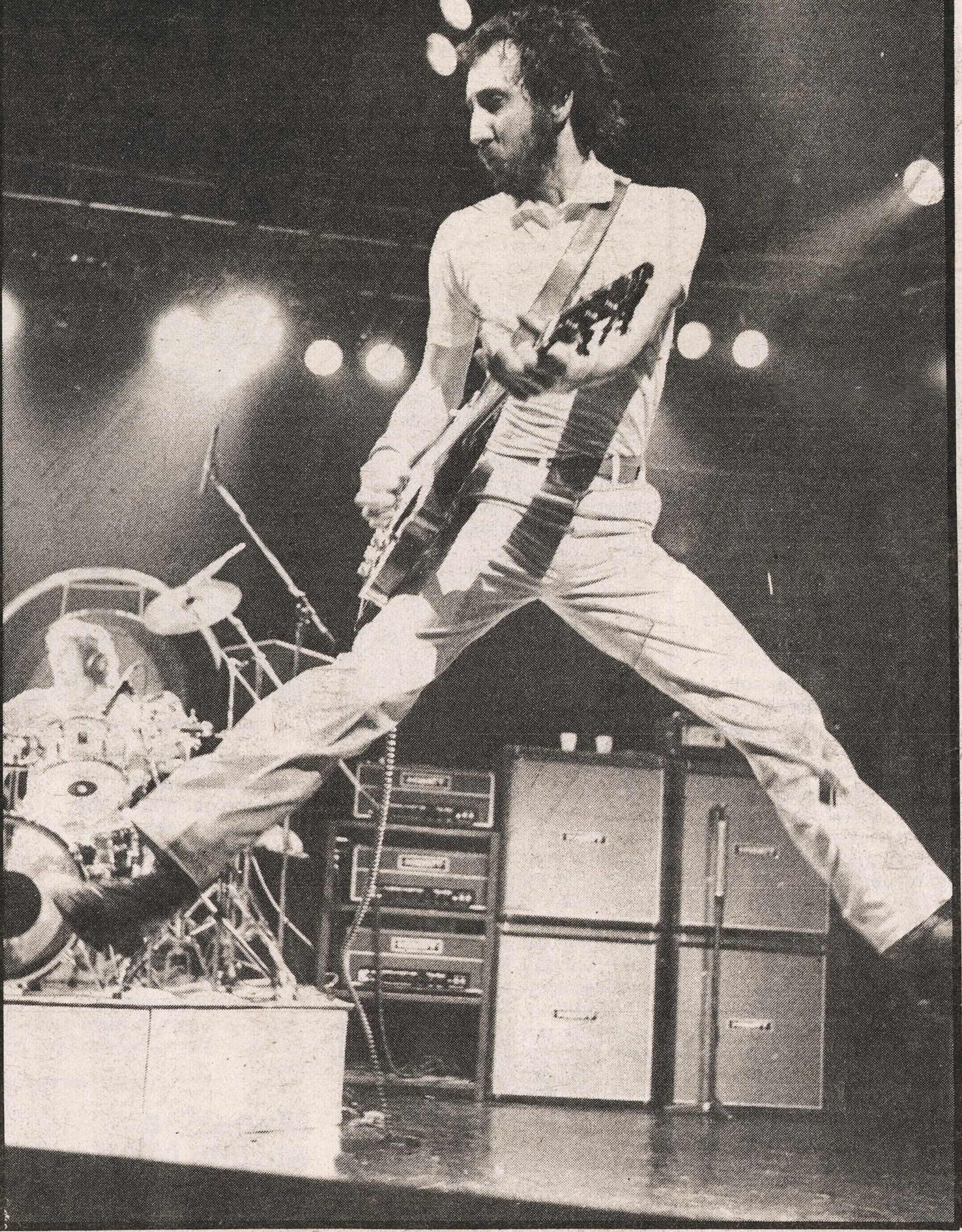
If you haven't yet heard the music, you will. You will...

Mercury

marketed by phonogram

Why Pete didn't need a wheelchair

ON THE TOWN



Townshend: talkin' 'bout regeneration. Pic Robert Ellis

The Who

Rainbow

Zoot-suits and scooters, Union Jacks and parkas, crowds and queues and tense expectation. Police and thieves. The Who

The Who are back and they're playing London — a last minute surprise that spread across town like electricity. On the streets around the gig there are fortunes being made; there are kids with a dream they're desperate to make come true.

By an eeerie quirk of fashion, you get this overpowering sense of circularity. The Who are making a new beginning — in one sense a beginning from scratch — and here to help them are armies of young mods, as if summoned from some suspended dimension, awaiting the hour.

In a strange and magical way, The Who are not reliving their history tonight but remaking it afresh.

What *could* have taken place was an act of homage to the past 15 years: a celebration of affection and nostalgia, maybe tinged with a little sadness; an occasion for reverence or ritual, for the outward preservation and the inward destruction of everything Pete Townshend ever meant to rock'n'roll.

What *did* happen was a fine, great and gorgeous rock'n'roll gig: no more and no less; as superb a show as The Who can ever have produced. And it shouldn't need me to spell out just how good and worthwhile an event like that can be.

No need to bring the incense and candles. Just be there or be nowhere.

The lights go down and a roar goes up. "'Allo! This is Kenny Jones . . . this is Rabbitt . . . and we're The 'Oo!" And a glorious crash of chords signals 'Substitute', followed by 'I Can't Explain' and 'Baba O'Riley'.

Roger Daltrey, shorn of his curls again, is uncannily like his '65 self, attacking the songs with a ferocious exhuberance. Townshend bounds from one side to another, executes the legendary windmill chord-smash and generally performs like a man tasting freedom for the first time in years. While John Entwistle, of course, only stands and works, offering a fixed point to set against the careering of his fellows.

Next is 'The Punk And The Godfather' from the album (and up-coming film) 'Quadrophenia'; then it's over to The Ox for the ludicrous, growling 'Boris The Spider'. Complete with a slapstick mime by Pete, the song bridges the explosive energy of the opening numbers with the less direct and previously unperformed 'Who Are You' pieces 'Sister Disco' and 'Music Must Change'; and then the haunting beauty of 'Behind Blue Eyes.'

The first gig in over two years, it's by no means a slick performance — witness the unfortunate roadie attempting a quick repair on an amp to the crowd's raucous impatience and Townshend's good-humoured jibes. With two new men to integrate and some of the material new to the stage, the show is an exploratory affair, a public rehearsal.

"We're still learning," Townshend confesses, identifying the very thing that sets The Who above the other megabands who peddle perfection to the stage of pointlessness.

From 'Tommy' come 'Pinball Wizard' and 'See Me, Feel Me'; the latter building to an awesome crescendo which brings the set to its peak. It's followed with the single, 'Long Live Rock'. Sung by Pete, the number's anthemic relevance to the evening is obvious, doubly so as the lyrics concern The Rainbow itself.

Meanwhile Kenny Jones is settling into his role. Although a relatively restrained, unobtrusive player for The Who, the ex-Faces drummer adapts himself to the material perfectly — as, indeed, few could seriously have doubted he would do.

'Bargain' is next and it features, quips Pete, "Some nifty keyboards by our new all-British Texan keyboard player." John Bundrick (better known as Rabbit, best known for his part in the latterday Free) endows the sound with some attractive but unfussy arrangements, offering the kind of responsiveness which previous experiments with tapes could never achieve.

Then there's 'Who Are You' itself. It's not their strongest single and fiddles about too much to be entirely successful in the live context. After that, there's a comparatively relaxed version of 'My Generation', joined together with 'Join Together'.

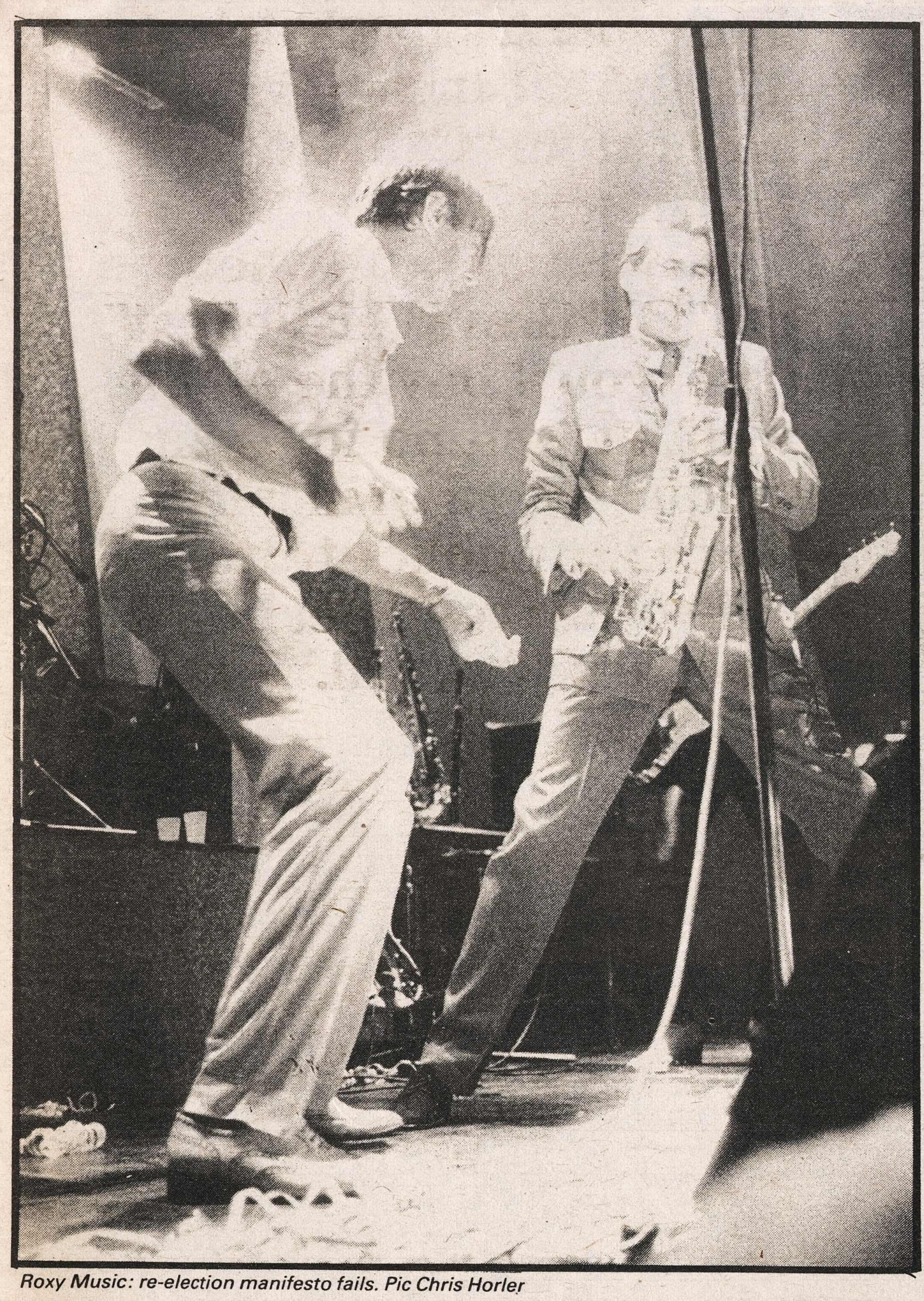
But best of all is 'Magic Bus' pure Marquee Club stuff and enlivened by Daltrey's frantic harmonica. Last of all is 'Won't Get Fooled Again'.

Of course they give an encore; not, surprisingly, of 'The Kids Are Alright' (title of the other up-coming film), but 'The Real Me' from 'Quadrophenia'.

And in the end, one thing was obvious: The Who enjoyed tonight every bit as much as we did. They stilll deliver and they still promise. Who's for the '80s? No question.

Paul Du Noyer

... but why Bryan does



Roxy Music: re-election manifesto fails. Pic Chris Horler

Roxy Music

Leicester

De Montfort Hall is one of those elegant, neo-classical numbers with a stack of Roman pillars at one end.

Inside, a restless audience entertains itself by flinging fistfuls of paper streamers, a free packet of which has been left on every seat. It has the desired effect: from the balcony, this whole scenario smacks of the 'Manifesto' album cover.

Black curtains eventually part to the ominous opening chords of the title track and reveal a sensational stage looking like an expensive collision between the arctic crystal palace of *Superman* and the lower mandible of *Jaws*; ten silver pyramids gleam against the forced perspective of a vanishing stairway.

Throughout the show, this dazzling facade will be set in descriptive relief by ingenious blends of colour. During 'Still Falls The Rain', stark, white spotlights will spray down in scattered beams and the houselights will rise to an eerie, streetlamp glow. 'Trash' will conclude with blinding use of strobe, dropping Ferry into spasms of exaggerated jerks; and in 'Mother Of Pearl' projected cloud patterns will score their way across the backdrop.

The visual effects will be nothing short of celestial.

In all, it's a suitably grandiose context for the return of the pretentious, institutional Roxy Music.

The attempted subtleties of their comeback album — its East/West side division of persona and direction, its 'moods', its quasi-political leanings — flounder in a mass of slick, expressionless indulgence. The new music sounds like the old music, as does the old music. but *older*.

The band enact the classic drama of the prelude to 'Manifesto', with Andy Mackay toting about six horns of varying sizes and dressed in the grey, shapeless guise of the Far Eastern Military. Phil Manzanera, his presence and guitar-playing both equally low-key, applies angular dischords.

A spotlight discovers Ferry sliding in from the wings in a crimson sharkskin suit, dilettante tie, shirt and regulation white shoes. Between his "Hello, we're Roxy Music" introduction and his "Roxy Rule — okay" pay-off, he exudes something between unsettling charm and transparent condescension.

He moves with the same celebrated, reptillian sleaze as the band churn through tired, repetitive instrumentals. Solos circulate from sax to keyboards and guitar; individually, they all depart at safe, accessible tangents; together, they make frivolous colouring to embroider a lifeless canvas.

Only twice do they impress — 'Love Is The Drug' and an encore 'Do The Strand' — mainly because they're the most definitive statements of Ferry's poise and opulence. The rest is oppressive, stifling tedium.

And they just keep coming: the aptly disposable 'Trash' making way for 'Out Of The Blue' and Mackay's only contribution to 'Manifesto', the dreary 'Angel Eyes'. Even 'Still Falls The Rain', the closest to Roxy's original sensitivity and passion, is bulldozed under by the incessant drumbeat.

Is there life beyond disco? Was there life *before* disco?

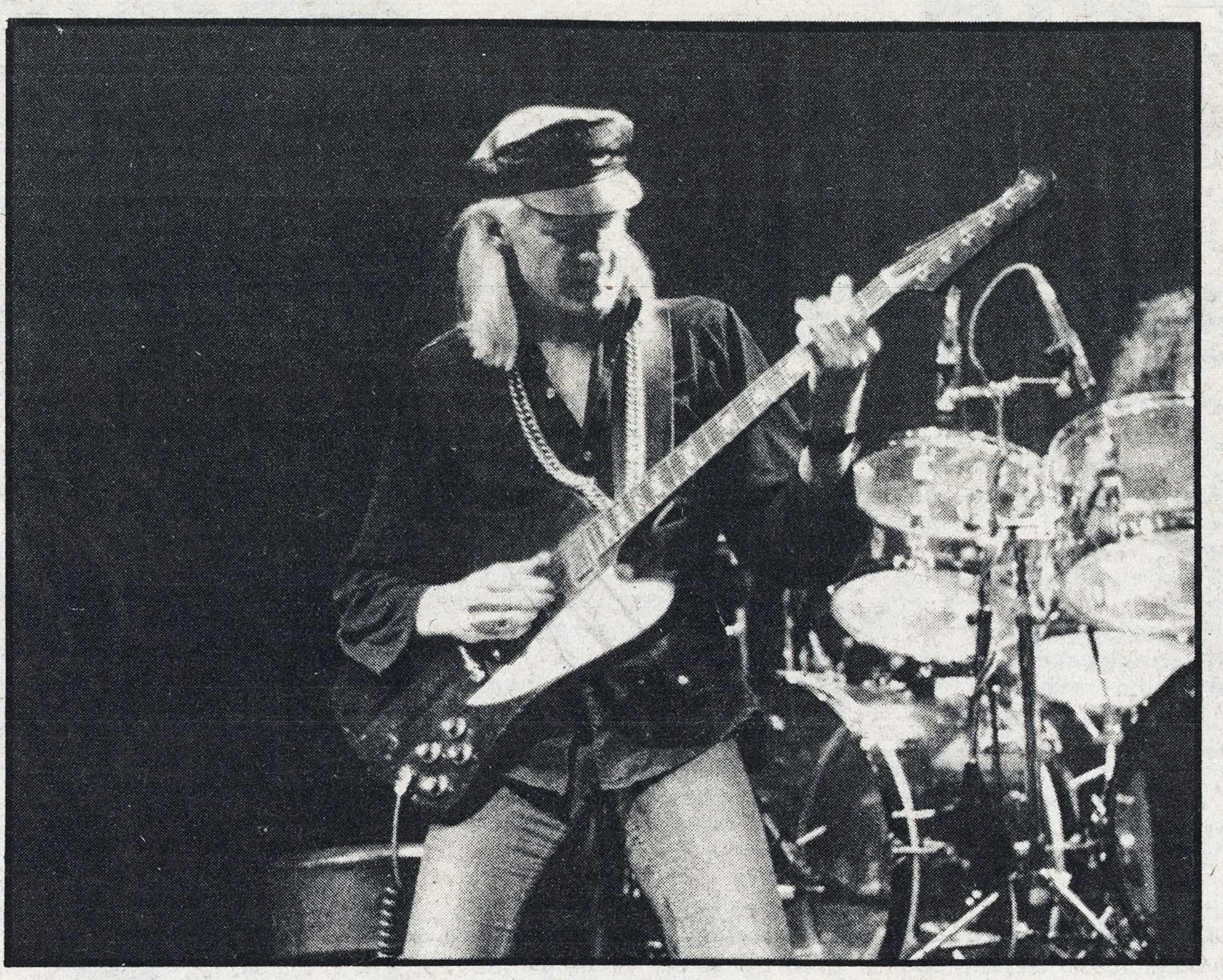
Maybe they're content to just reiterate and recycle. Maybe they're intimidated by the idea of leaving their own secure parking-lot. Maybe they underestimate the flexibility of their audience.

Ferry's restrained theatrics seem jaded, his songs reactionary, insular, and as ornamental and superficially glossy as his stage set.

Roxy are like an empty shell. Polish it, put it on the mantlepiece, and dust it once every three years.

Mark Ellen

Winter of discontent



Johnny Winter: a bad habit of megaflash. Pic Denis O'Regan

Johnny Winter
The Sinceros
The Venue

Since his justly-lauded work with Muddy, Johnny Winter's credibility is so solid he could've walked the Atlantic on it.

His voice is the same old bellow — 'like an ornamented belch' — but with his hot line to the main source reconnected, four-star nirvana was surely on the cards. Wanna bet?

Initially there was little sign that the rock machine was about to turn me every which way but on.

Smoking to start with, Winter limbered up with some instrumental boogie full of good natured flash. Drummer Bobby Torello played on the 'White Hot And Blue' album and Jon Paris (bass) may have done too (the sleeve credits one I.P. Sweat). Anyway, they're making the right noises.

'Messin' With The Kid' saw the germ of disaster begin to fasten and thrive. The voice was as thuggish and hoarse as ever, but the guitar solo far too long. Put on the same stretching rack and deadened by Paris' merely workmanlike harp solo, 'Walkin' By Myself' similarly lost all touch with music. Playing rockin' bass and reasonable mouthorgan would get my vote in a juggling contest . . . but that's only when we're talking about *real* music.

Twenty-two minutes: three songs.

Ah, a glimmer of hope: no rootsy, downhome National Steel, but the thin white one sits down to tell us about Willie Brown, a little-known Mississippi bluesman said to have influenced Robert Johnson and others. Then he plays 'Mississippi Blues'. Containing the *'Going down to Rosedale/take my rider by my side'* line better known from 'Crossroads', the song draws some thick, resonant guitar from Winter, backed by Torello's lonesome hi-hat.

Emerging from a trance some minutes later, I realised with road-to-Damascus insight that I could have been sitting at home listening to Sam Mitchell doing the same thing infinitely better — *and* in a fraction of the time — on Charlie Musselwhite's recent album. When Paris shoved in his harp, I thought the cavalry had come.

Sleepy John Estes' 'Diving Duck' was no exception, but this time some percussive bass/guitar interplay and the leader's most fluid, pertinent picking yet gave the exercise some purpose; unfortunately the ending was pure stadium blitzkrieg. The riff to 'Suzie Q' rang out clearly; then a loud, sketchy solo irretrievably plunged the evening into an abyss. A drab blues followed.

Seventy minutes: seven songs.

'Got My Mojo Working' received zippy, disciplined handling, featuring the nearest thing to dynamics so far; but a crushingly hollow 'Johnny B. Goode' was almost the death knell. It was left to Torello to finally kill the act as one drum solo ran into another.

Is it 1969? Ten Years After? Blodwyn Pig? No, it's the last tube home.

Winter's back-to-the-roots bit is in no way bogus, but he sure does love dem ole bullfight cheers. Give me a call when you've kicked *that* habit, Johnny. Till then, I'll stick with your albums.

Logistically, The Sinceros were bad news. Sure, they gave you something else for your fiver, but their presence meant no Winter till after 11pm while the tickets said nine.

Don Snow, Ron Francois and Bobbi Irwin (organ, bass and drums respectively) were the heart of Lene Lovich's first and best band. With Mark Kjeldsen — a sparing, surprising guitarist — they make an agreeable noise and can unquestionably write songs.

Lacking a stunning vocalist, the front three blend well to compensate; but the modestly good-time mood recalls lovable losers like the Brinsleys and Clover.

Boys, you should have done a Rumour and stuck with Ms Plaits.

Harry George

Devoto. This year's Einstein hoho. Pic Kel Edge.

Magazine
Simple Minds
Theatre Royal

Simple Minds remind me of all the early/mid '70s groups I especially dislike — Queen, Cockney Rebel, Sparks, Ultravox.

Essentially, they're a minor power-pop group with pretensions. Basic riffs are embroidered with fussy arrangements that smack more of the self-consciously clever than the functional, and they are then padded out with layers of pompous synthesizer.

Jim Kerr wanders the stage aimlessly, vocalising in a whiney see-saw voice that conveys nothing beyond the singer's inability to phrase or project. Not that the lyrics are exactly gripping — they run the standard art-pop gamut from dated (and sometimes male chauvinist) versions of romance to vacuous atmospherics and the archetypal meaningless gabble.

The music is a bruising ooze of noise. The synthesizers are employed with less than a mote of imagination — a typical mid '70s keyboards extravaganza that swamps everything else. There are no shades or spaces in the music; no finesse, no excitement.

Simple Minds are like a cut-up of all the worst aspects of 1974.

Safe, stale pop with a thin gloss of arty cleverness to garner the label 'progressive'. But it would be difficult to think of a more regressive, irrelevant and dull approach to pop. By the end of the set most of the audience were in the bar, drinking to forget.

Magazine brought us back to 1979 with a sharp, streamlined set of modern beat entertainment.

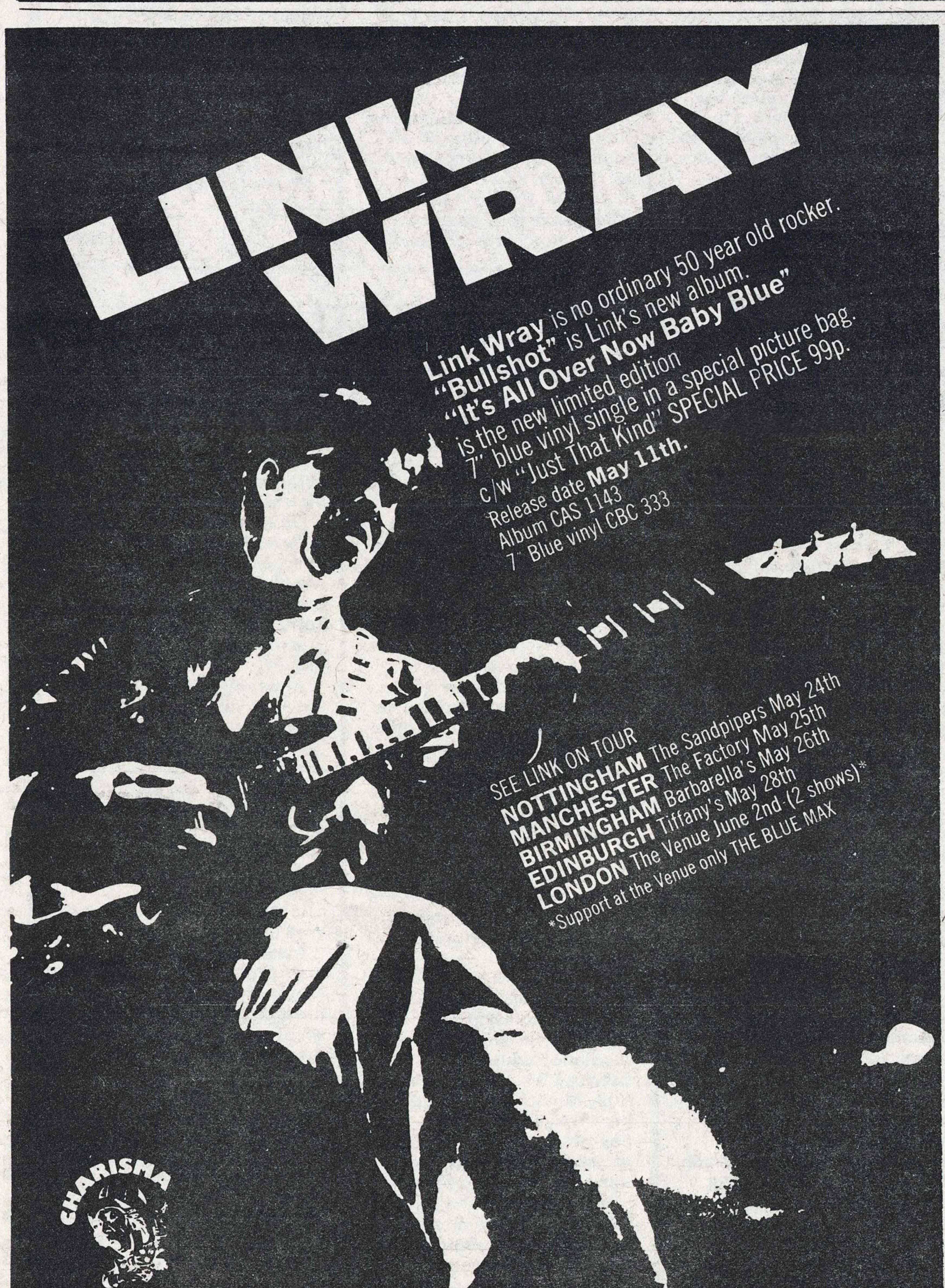
They're a frustrating group, with two albums on which the gems nestle amidst an embarrassment of obscure lyrics and fractured music. And Howard Devoto persists in the bourgeois myth that art and intelligence are somehow special, beyond the pale of everyday life and ordinary people.

His carefully-nurtured image as This Year's Einstein is laughable. After all, he is just another ex-student who failed his degree.

And his taste for enigma is a giveaway. Genuine intellects prefer clarity, whereas Devoto tends to fetishise his confusion and make it a commodity. 'Permafrost', for example, is nothing but a glorified rape fantasy; though, typically, he tries to disguise his personal hang-up as a 'significant' futuristic love song.

Live, it's a different kettle of facts. There's a neatly-synched light show. The band are excellent, meshing perfectly into a tight, hard unit of seamless sound. And Devoto is suitably intense, fixing the audience with a stare and jerking through some brief robotic manoeuvres.

Even relatively weak songs — 'I Wanted Your Heart', 'The Great Beautician In The Sky' — gain a new power live, while the better ones become almost immaculate. They climax with frantic, beautifully controlled versions of 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' and 'Shot By Both Sides'; then maintain the drive with a deliciously sly, stone-funk encore of 'Thank You For Talking To Me, Africa', complete with accapella interlude.



The close is 'I Love You You Big Dummy', enhanced by the appearance of numerous suits which flap and swirl around the stage in random disarray. An eerie, witty and brilliantly surreal piece of theatre.

If only the records could embody those qualities with more consistency, Magazine would be a lot less like second-hand obfuscation.

Graham Lock

Begeiled by a dervish

J Geils' Peter Wolf staggers from the effect of Veuve Cliquot. Pic. Chris Horler.

J Geils Band

Hammersmith

J Geils Band brought their southside strut home to roost in London town after a mere six years. It was, you might say, worth the wait.

Since they stormed the Lyceum in '72, following that British debut with a maximum R&B tour de force, Geils have whittled their act to suit the ever amplifying demands of American stadium status. Though the band are at a peak in terms of potential Stateside fandom, what Peter Wolf calls "saturation in the nation", this Hammersmith one-off indicated that another Euro-tour would be more than judicious.

J Geils still pack a fast fire repeater with the rest of the baggage, even if they veer a shade too far towards rhythm and don't come home to rest on the blues now. The esteemed king of the R&B typewriter CSM, vouchsafed that more economy in material wouldn't go amiss; he's right but I still reckon that this outfit delivers the goods with the necessary mixture of panache and venom.

Anyhow, when your frontline is composed of Wolf and the irrespressible Magic Dick on the lickin' stick, the results are bound to be frantic at the least and inflammatory at the most. And it didn't take Wolf and his cohorts too long to whip the audience into a pulsating, frothy cream.

Peter Wolf has lost none of his energetic respect for vocals and he still larrups across the floor like a demented dervish; more important, he makes sure that a constant level of communication exists between band and viewer. Consequently there is none of that sterilising facelessness that has become the trademark of many a top drawing act.

With the songs there was something for everybody: 'Whammer Jammer' for the purists; 'Lookin' For A Love' for the lonely; 'Give It To Me' as a highpoint for the sordid factions amongst us. Personally, I was pulled through a delightful range of emotions, but it was the 'Wild Man' into 'Nightmares' liaison that tipped the scales.

'First I Look At The Purse' and 'Where Did Our Love Go' remain from the stage triumphs of yore because J Geils remain aware of their strengths and reiterate them with the composure and devotion of informed pros. This love affair seemed too good to stop and Wolf was in no mood to settle for anything other than total audience submission.

Finally, a massive blur of noise, frenzied excitement and the Detroit demolition — a bad case of 'Love-Itis', a swinging 'Houseparty', a tortured 'Sanctuary'. All of them were stretched taut over the Stephen Jo Bladd and DK pulsebeat.

This J Geils thing is an egalitarian paradise; a special case of living rock 'n' roll like it's supposed to be and all too often isn't. The quality of performance on John Lee Hooker's 'Serves You Right To Suffer' (ten minutes long at that) indicated that J Geils know where they're coming from and are gonna live for the longest time.

Any band that sprays its audience with vintage Veuve Cliquot is showing class and these boys are masters in the college of musical knowledge.

Yea!

Max Bell

Dennis Brown

Rainbow

A packed and expectant Rainbow crowd did not get the best value for the money they put in the pocket of Dennis Emmanuelle Brown at the start of his first major headline tour inna Inglan.

The tour may yet be a triumph, and surely no reggae artist deserves his hard-earned success more than Dennis Brown. But this opening date was more like a Brian Rix farce than an evening with Jamaican music's original superstar.

Dogged from the outset by sound problems and all-too-regularly interrupted to give the various band members their alloted star spots, things reached heights of absurdity only three songs into the set as the entire cast tramped offstage. They remained there for ten minutes as minor adjustments were made to Lloyd Parks' troublesome bass amp.

It would have been laughable were it not so pathetic a sight, bringing to mind Joe Tex's walk-off at his Hammersmith Odeon date last year.

But the hiatus set the tone for the rest of the show, and even the considerable depth, control and expression of the singer's delivery could not salvage it.

The choice of material did not help either, most of it from the new, decidedly disappointing 'Words of Wisdom' album. It was only when Brown strapped a Gibson over his bright red dungarees for an inspired 'Drifter' that things hit any sort of peak; a high that was only touched once more in the set — during the last song, the inevitable 'Money In My Pocket'.

But those were the only two hot numbers to show Brown in his true colours (red, green and gold?) as a truly classy soul singer the equal of his Jamaican counterpart Gregory Isaacs, and on a par with the best of the Stax and Atlantic black American vocalists of the '60s.

More the pity that the magic moments were so few and far between.

Back-up band We The People, who replaced The Professionals at short notice, made heavy weather of their sound problems which, from where I was standing, seemed surmountable. Otherwise, they were impressive, with the biggest kudos going to the four-piece horn section who were particularly exhilarating throughout a stunning re-working of Dave Brubeck's archaic chestnut 'Take Five'.

Earlier on, the bill had been opened by UK female vocal trio Brown Sugar, who are signed to Brown's DEB label. Their sophisticated soul/reggae fusion is planted firmly in the lovers' rock genre. On the strength of my admittedly sketchy experience of such, I'd place them somewhere above Cool Notes but a shade below Revelation.

But the real success of the evening was the white-suited Ruddy Thomas.

Another emergent Joe Gibbs' protege, he had the audience on their feet from his opening salvo and came close to upstaging Brown in fine style with superlative renditions of his two hottest hits of last year, 'Every Day is Just Like A Holiday' and 'Loving Pauper' — Dobby Dobson's gem from the vaults of the Treasure Island label.

Although he went on to spoil that impact with the embarrassingly twee 'Let's Make A Baby' (that had the audience firmly back in their seats), he confirmed his rising status. Most definitely a name to remember and watch.

Adrian Thrills

Dennis Brown. This year's Brian Rix? Pic Murphy/Hershman

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Silence. There are ladies onstage

Dusty Springfield

Theatre Royal

Facing a London audience for the first time in ten years with seven provincial gigs cancelled, Dusty Springfield was understandably nervous.

But she needn't have worried. She was tumultuously welcomed back by most of her avid fans; and she warmed, relaxed and responded to that, producing a professional and moving set even if it was heavily steeped in nostalgia and sentiment.

Screams of "Welcome home Dusty . . we love you . . . you're fantastic!" filled the theatre and reduced Dusty to tears on 'I'm Coming Home Again'.

And that set the tone, particularly for the first half of the set which comprised material from her two latest albums 'It Begins Again' and 'Living Without Your Love': a very obvious, self-piteous plea for sympathy. 'Save Me, Save Me', 'Be Somebody' and the oldie 'Close My Eyes' *("I can't believe that you're still here")* she sang to the audience between sobs.

This lady said she always wanted to act and I think she'd be very successful.

Her voice is as strong, deep and husky as ever, the throaty sounds complementing the general melancholy of the song and lyrics. But her new albums are not the hit material she so badly needs to regain her footing long after the dust has settled.

Her biggest mistake was attempting Kate Bush's 'Man With A Child In His Eyes'.

There's a great difference between their voices; one high, vibrant and piercing; the other low, warm, caressing and infinitely more subtle. And yet Dusty tried to present it in its original form, producing a jarred, flat, choppy version of a song that soars and sweeps for Kate Bush.

A rousing version of the Pointer Sisters' 'We Are Family' brought to the fore back-up singers Simon Bell, Doreen Chanter and Barry St John who supported and toned Dusty's voice to maximum effect.

Dusty then launched into a medley of old favourites to a standing ovation. Swinging and lively, it was Dusty at her best, confidently showcasing the songs that made her. 'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me', 'Stay Awhile', 'All I See Is You', 'I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' and a marvellous 'Son Of A Preacher Man' were delivered with all the force and punch (if not more) of the originals.

But let's not forget that she has had a rough time and 'Quiet Please There's A Lady On Stage' was dedicated to all those one-time great ladies who have since disappeared and been all but forgotten.

It sounded like a last stand but wasn't. The talent and potential are still there. The encore was probably the best performed and the most fitting ending: 'Put Your Hands Together' brought the house down.

Deanne Pearson

Phoebe Snow

Theatre Royal

A full house and a standing ovation for Phoebe Snow at her first-ever British concert. She earned it too; her power, range, humour and intensity came as a revelation after her more modest performance on records.

Surprisingly, she played with a basic, rock-orientated band — just guitar, bass, drums and keyboards. At first they seemed stiff, functional, unvaried; each song was interrupted by a guitar solo that sounded very like the one just gone, while the keyboards player did very little.

But as Snow got into her stride, they loosened up and provided unexpectedly strong support on the jazz and blues numbers that ended the set.

These closing numbers showed Snow at her best: the jazzy scatting of 'No Regrets', a brilliant blues-howler version of 'In My Girlish Days' and the affectionate, gutsy finale of 'Let The Good Times Roll/Gone At Last'. Her range was phenomenal, growling out the blues one moment, hitting a Rippertonesque high note the next.

But the highlight came earlier. She picked up a guitar and joined the band in an anguished, rock-hard 'Keep A Watch On The Shoreline'. It's a magnificent song (the best I've heard about a parent/child relationship) and she sang it superbly.

When Phoebe Snow sings pop by the likes of Paul McCartney, she's merely a fine singer. But when she does jazz, blues and the best of her own songs, she touches greatness. Then she really sings it, straight from the heart with the perception of Joni Mitchell and the vitality of Etta James.

Then she wipes you out, leaves you amazed, *and* glad you were there.

Graham Lock

Natalie Cole

Theatre Royal

She breezed on, a stilleto-mounted, rose-in-hand, six foot high beanpole of green-sequined, thigh-flashin' fury.

It was obviously assault course training night.

'I Love You So' she sang like you'd better believe it. Next around came 'There Will Be', gaining a cheer from those who collect debut singles. The bump and grind of 'Sophisticated Lady' followed, prefacing the first routine rap of the evening.

"Come with me — we'll make your dreams come true with your eyes wide open," she emoted. I tried dreaming of Dinah Washington: nothing happened.

Next, the demure bit; hands clasped behind the back and moving sulkily into the intro of 'I've Got Love On My Mind', she gradually edged into the blues, letting loose with the melisma, climaxing with righteous screams of 'love . . .love . . . love . . .'

Testifyin' stuff and better, much better,

'Inseparable' provided a comforting cushion, as did 'Everyone's A Winner', a cocoa-time samba with attached scat choruses. Our critical guard down, she zipped in with the BIG ONE. Clad in a black velvet cloak and peering at the frontrow loungers like something out of *The Wiz,* she gave the treatment to 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds'. It came with reverbed vocals, an abundance of light flashing and, finally a multi-faceted 'diamond in the sky' which sparkled in best make-believe fashion turning the auditorium into a poor man's planetarium. I saw stars in more ways than one.

The funereal thump and Memphis axe lick that heralds 'Oh Daddy' brought things back to soul normality. And for a while she rhythm and bluesed it, her six-piece band — strong on percussion, stronger still on keyboards — assisting Nat the cat and her two backup soul sisters to make like testifying time at the Harlem Apollo.

But despite an energetic work-out on 'Stand By' with Natalie funky-buttin' like some rack-stretched Tina Turner, by curtain-down she'd failed to really reach her audience.

Verdict: whatever it takes, Natalie Cole has got. But she's yet to learn that effort alone does not a legend make. Being who she is, she should know that.

Fred Dellar

The Tourists

Music Machine

Saturday night down the Music Machine and that special buzz in the atmosphere isn't the PA.

The place is packed for the welcome return of The Tourists who are about the bulldoze the unsuspecting general public following their long awaited signing (to Logo) and appointment as crowd-warmers on the Roxy tour.

Anne Lennox is one reason for the air of delirium. Having now abandoned her flute and only occasionally moving on to keyboards, she concentrates on projecting stage-centre. Her expressive vocals are packed with a power that belies her sylph-like physique. Totally bewitching, she throws punches in mid-air, flaps her hands in imaginary sign language, grabs the mike and her voice soars out over a greedy audience, her eyes blazing like searchlights.

Reminiscent of Grace Slick (circa 'White Rabbit') with a steely-edged clarity, unflinching gaze and transfixing strength, she's warmer and more accessible than Slick ever was. And I haven't seen a female presence like hers since Chrissie Hynde emerged.

But Lennox is not the whole show. Pete Coombes splits lead vocals, provides sublime harmonies, complements her perfectly and handles rhythm guitar. Fellow Northerner Dave Stewart punctuates the set with scorching lead and loony tremelo flourishes, while Eddie Chin's open bass style accommodates all Tourist tangents, including reggae, '60s classicism and '70s overdrive.

They fit together well: fine, precise and incorruptible, the consistently excellent drumming of Jim 'Do It' Toomey much more than functional glue.

Their songs have been compared to vintage Fab Four with a Rezillos style delivery but without being silly or fluorescent. But the lethal combination of a Scots lady, an ace band and stunning songs may mean they are unjustly pidgeon-holed as surrogate Rezillos.

That would be unfortunate because The Tourists seduce your feet and heart instantly; it's everything classic pop should be — irresistible, fun, stylish, intelligent and unapologetic. Particularly impressive are 'The Loneliest Man In The World', 'The

Pix: Natalie Cole (above), Phoebe Snow and Dusty Springfield (bottom left and right) by Valerie Clendenning; Anne Lennox (top left) by Kel Edge; Patti Labelle by George Bodnar.

Golden Lamp' and the sadly logical 'Useless Duration Of Time'.

It was exhilarating stuff, followed by encores and farewells, then the broadcast of the new single 'Blind Among The Flowers' that sounded deflated next to the genuine live article.

There's no doubt that The Tourists have finally arrived.

Elissa Van Poznak

Patti Labelle

The Venue

I've seen two *amazing* gigs this year. One was The Art Ensemble Of Chicago playing almost perfect live jazz at The Roundhouse. The other was Patti Labelle.

She paces the stage in a strange blue sheet-like garment. She jumps, creeps, crouches, flings her arm in the air. Her hands describe fascinating patterns. Her voice swoops, soars, abruptly changes pitch, breaks into a brilliant scat interlude, then returns to the melody with immaculate timing. She does it again and again, with a wealth of variations, and every moment is totally entrancing, sheer spellbinding delight.

Each song was a majestic performance — a superb display of class, style and consummate artistic control — through torchy ballads, one sublime blues, the disco-flavoured new single, a growly 'Lady Marmalade' and an exhausting finale of 'Deliver The Funk' which recalled James Brown at his best.

Her nine-piece band were the requisite foil: fluid, precise, biting, and directed by a keyboards player who, at one peak of excitement 'conducted' them by waving a towel around his head.

It wasn't as spectacular as a Labelle concert and the mix wasn't quite sharp enough; but is was still marvellous entertainment. Patti Labelle exuded a unique stage presence and proved conclusively that after nearly 20 years in showbiz she's still one of the greatest soul singers around.

Afterwards, a voice on the PA invited customers to stay on for the second show. Can there really have been so few tickets sold? A similar apathy greeted the Percy Sledge gig. Doesn't anybody remember soul? Doesn't anybody care any more?

I walked out so high a rainswept Victorian station looked positively glamorous. Patti Labelle was powerful magic.

Graham Lock

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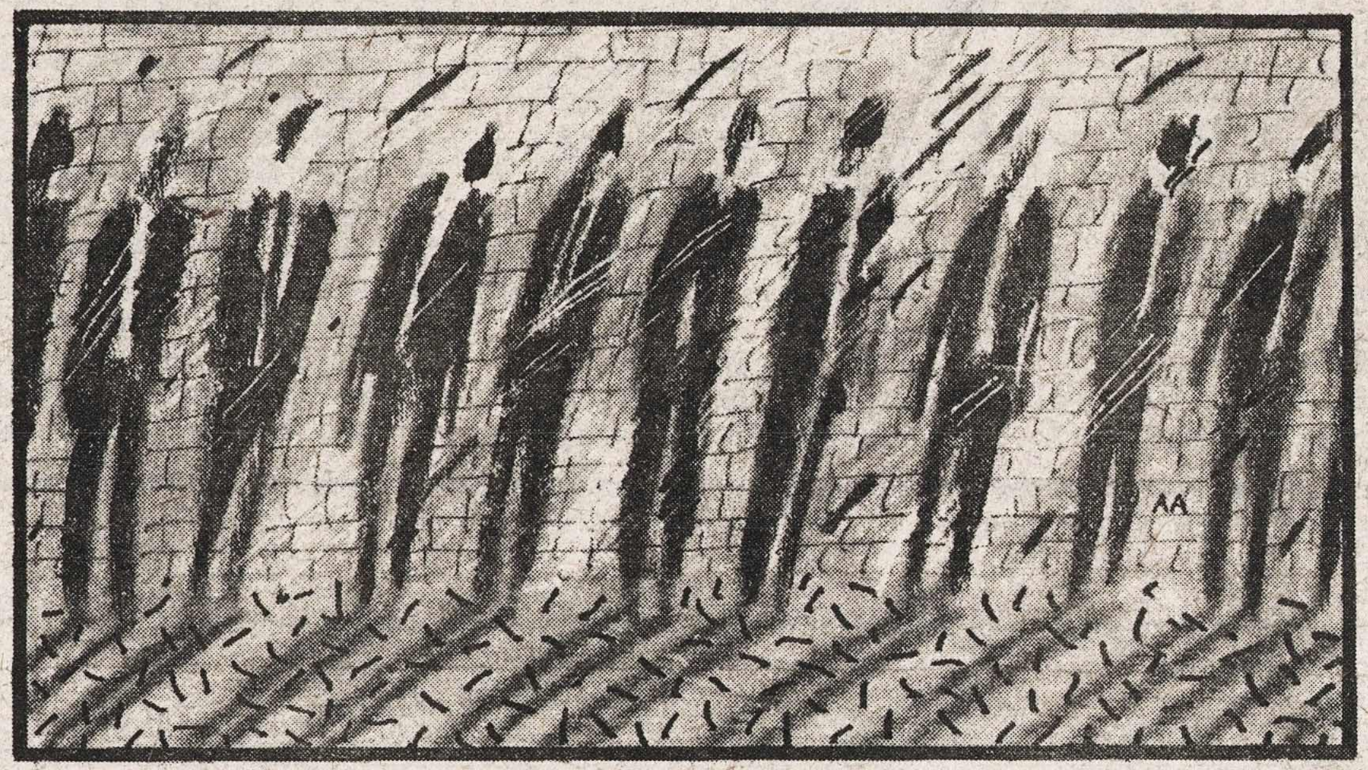

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Great mysteries of our time (contd)

I HAVE come into possession of a tape labelled 'The Beatles Live In Tokyo 1966'. It contains only four tracks, namely 'Rock'n'Roll Music', 'She's A Woman', 'If I Needed Someone' and 'Day Tripper'.

Is this a bootleg? Also, while I'm on the subject, is it true that Mick Jagger sings 'Dig It' on the 'Let It Be' album and that none of the other Beatles backed George Harrison on his 'White Album' songs? — **JOE HALL, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.**

● Will Beatlemania never die? The fax as we have them are that:
(a) The four Nip items are culled from bootleg job known as 'Five Nights In A Judo Arena', recorded on July 2, 1966.
(b) Lennon is the lead vocalist on 'Dig It' and I can't remember that Mick even chirped one peep on that session. He is, of course, in a chorus line on 'All You Need Is Love', which sported a vocal group comprising Jagger, Gary Leeds, Marianne Faithful, Jane Asher, Patti Boyd, Keith Moon, Graham Nash and Keith Richard.
(c) Even Roy Carr isn't certain who plays on Hari's 'White Album' tracks, though it's common knowledge that Clapton provided lead guitar on 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps'. Seems that George constantly re-did some of the tracks, sometimes working with The Beatles and sometimes with session men. But who figured on the final cuts isn't registered in the log book. Certainly he worked sans John Paul and Thingy on 'Within You, Without You' (from 'Sgt Pepper'), using only Indian musicians, while McCartney did his solo thing on such items as 'Yesterday', and 'Mother Nature's Son'.

TOMMY TRINDER: not on 'Sgt Pepper' . . .

CAN YOU name the songs BB King sang in the film *Medicine Ball Caravan* and tell me where I might find a copy of the soundtrack album? Also, has B B been in any other movies? — **DAVID ROBERTS, Slough, Berks.**

● BB bluescruised his way through Leonard Feather's 'How Blue Can You Get?' and his own 'Just A Little Love' in *Medicine Ball*, a movie that also featured music by The Youngbloods, Doug Kershaw, Sal Valentino, Alice Cooper, Delaney and Bonnie, plus Stoneground. The soundtrack album, on Warner Bros, has been long deleted and can now only be found in collectors' shops. You might try contacting 58 Dean Street Records (write to that address, adding London W1 or phone 01-734 8777) who specialise in obtaining hard-to-get soundtracks — certainly they've been able to help me out in the past.

Meanwhile, back at the projector, B B has appeared or been heard in the following cinematic epics — *For The Love Of Ivy* (1968), *Monterey Jazz* (1968), *The Seven Minutes* (1971), *Out Of The Blacks, Into The Blues* (1971), *Black Music In America — From Then Till Now* (1971, *Black Rodeo* (1972), *Blues Under The Skin* (1972), and *Sing Sing Thanksgiving* (1973). There have probably been others too — but these are all that have been screened at my local Saturday cinema club.

I KNOW The Crew Cuts ripped off The Penguins' 'Earth Angel', The Charms' 'Gum Drop' and The Chords' 'ShBoom', thus proving that I've read Charlie Gillett's *The Sound Of The City* — but how may other goodies did they cover? — **C EMERSON, London W1.**

● The Crew Cuts, who originally formed part of the Toronto Cathedral Choir (yeah, really), were the all-time kings of rip-off. Following their million-selling cover of 'Sh-Boom' in '54, they went to work on 'Two Hearts' (The Charms), 'Earth Angel' (The Penguins), 'Ko Ko Mo' (Gene And Eunice), 'Gum Drop' (The Charms), 'Angels In The Sky' (The Monarchs), 'A Story Untold' (The Nutmegs), 'Don't Be Angry' (Happy Brown), 'Out Of The Picture' (The Robins), 'Seven Days' (Clyde McPhatter), 'That's Your Mistake' (The Charms) and 'Oop Shoop (Shirley Gunter And The Queens) thus proving that when it came to whitening the blackest things they had Daz beat by a mile!

Steve Propes' book *Golden Goodies* (Chilton Books) provides a list of these and other covers, including those perpetrated by Pat Boone, The Cheers, The Diamonds, Georgia Gibbs, The Fontaine Sisters and Gale Storm.

Adding to this flow of trivia, I remember that Frank Sinatra later cut a version of The Charms' 'Two Hearts' under the title 'Two Hearts, Two Kisses', while Chris McGuire, who as one of the McGuire Sisters, cover the Moonglows' 'Sincerely' in '55 and grabbed herself a gold disc, recently turned up in London — as wife of Guy 'Loving You Has Made Me Bananas' Marks. And after such goggle-provoking revelations, I'll move to the next question which is . . .

COULD YOU provide info on how to make home demo tapes? How many songs should be included? Should it be in mono or stereo? And if you do manage to make a decent tape — to whom should you send it? Please provide a list of company addresses — **GERRY THE BERRY, Dublin, Ireland.**

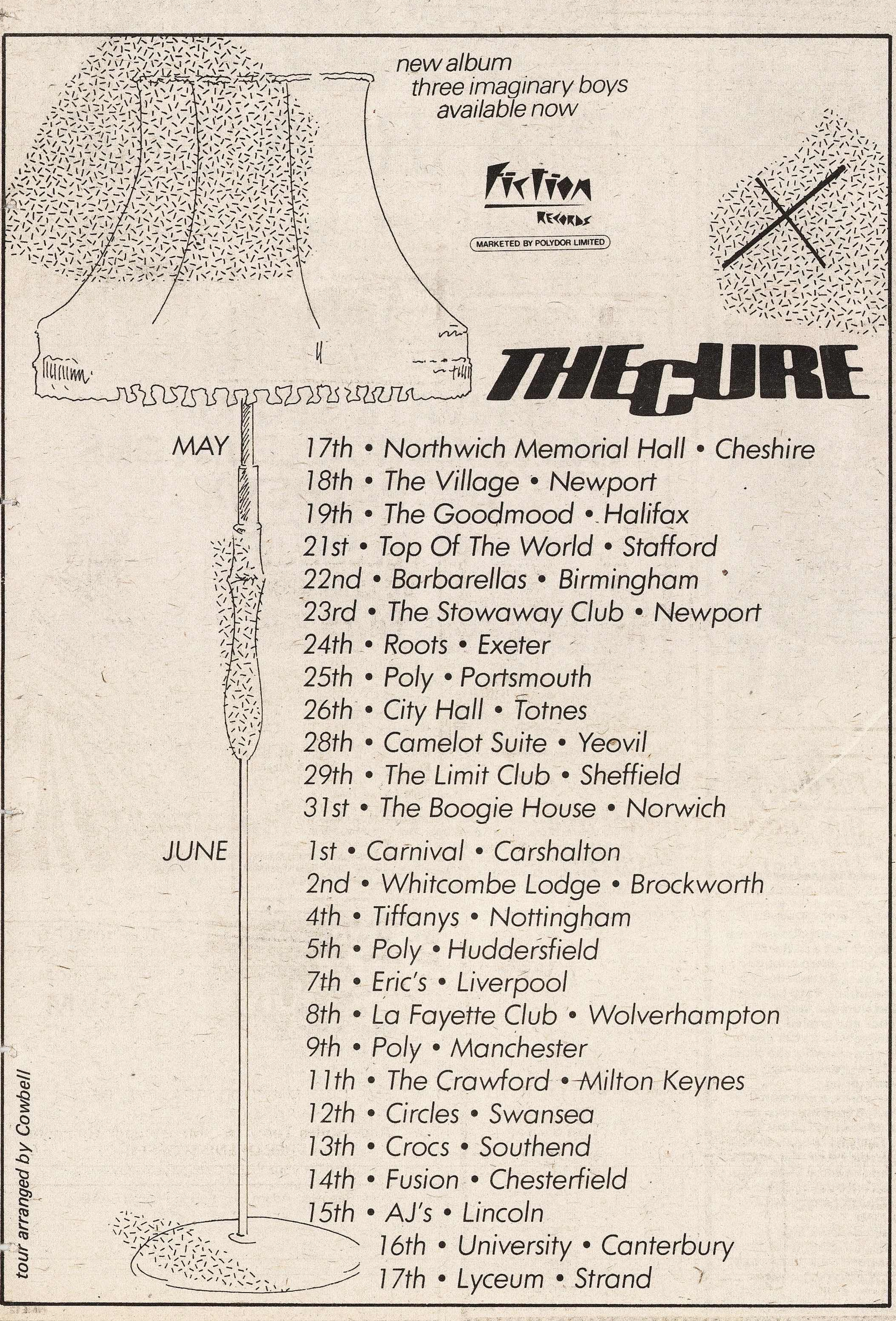
● Home demo tapes can be recorded on cassette or reel-to-reel machines, either in mono or stereo. Obtain the best possible sound it's possible to get with the equipment you're using (record at 7½ ips on a reel-to-reeler if possible) and don't include too many songs on the tape — certainly no more than three at the most. Keep all extraneous noises off the tape (no record exec wants to hear the sound of the bailiff banging on your front door or Uncle Charlie pulling the chain in the loo) and don't punctuate your musical efforts with such verbal comments as "Bob Dylan thought this one sounded pretty good last time he dropped in for a pint with us." An accompanying note is all that's required.

Once you've got your masterpiece together, make copies to send out, retaining your original tape in safe keeping just in case the demos you despatch get stolen in a mail train robbery or wiped out by a giant tidal wave engulfing EMI. Label each tape carefully, then send it, together with a SAE, to the A&R manager at the company of your choice. And don't be too discouraged if nobody wants to know — even The Beatles got turned down by Decca, Pye, Columbia, HMV and other labels before George Martin took pity on them at Parlophone. The addresses of the various record companies are too numerous to list here but a complete tally can be found in such moderately priced publications as Tony Hatch's *So You Want To Be In The Music Business* (Everest) a useful little paperback, or *The Gramophone Popular Record Catalogue*, which is available through many good record shops.

HOWSABOUT A Dr Feelgood discography for the benefit of the winkle and whelk brigade? — **SOUTHEND SID, London NW10.**

● A good idea, me ol' pin-poker. Albumwise, the Feelgoods have come up with 'Down By The Jetty' (UAS 29727 — January 1975); 'Malpractice' (UAS 29880 — October 1975); 'Stupidity' (UAS 29990 — September 1976); 'Sneakin' Suspicion' (UAS 30075 — May 1977); 'Be Seeing You' (UAS 30123 — September 1977) and 'Private Practice' (UAG 30184 — September 1978). And on singles they've supplied — 'Roxette' / 'Route 66' (UP 35760 — November 1974), 'She Does It Right' / 'I Don't Mind' (UP 35815 — March 1975), 'Back In The Night' / 'I'm A Man (UP 35857 — July 1975), 'Roxette' / 'Keep It Out Of Sight' (UP 36171 — October 1976), 'Sneakin' Suspicion' / 'Lights Out' (UP 36255 — April 1977), 'She' A Wind-Up' / Hi-Rise' / 'Homework' (UP 36304 — September 1977), 'Baby Jane' / 'Looking Back' (UP 36332 — November 1977), 'Down At The Doctor's' / 'Take A Tip' (UP 36444 — (September 1978), 'Milk And Alcohol' / 'Down At The Other Doctors' (UP 36468 — January 1979).

Also around is a limited edition single' 'Riot In Cell Block 9' / 'Johnny B Goode' (Feel 1), which was given free with the 'Stupidity' album. And now back to the jellied eels!



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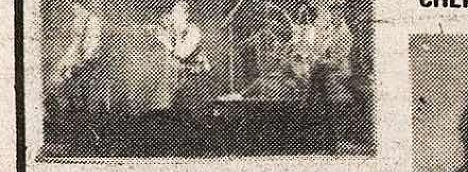

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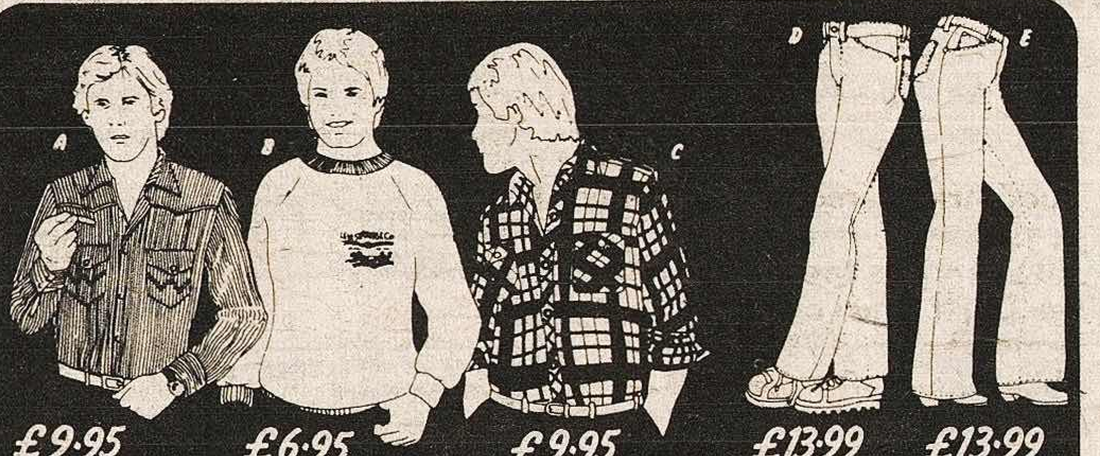

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TOM WAITS

■ From page 21

WAITS OPENS his door, pockets the key and steps into the hallway. Turning to close the door he sees the 'Do Not Disturb' sign and makes a face.

Walking loosely down the corridor he taps at the room key in the left-hand hip pocket of his tight black jeans, making it jump and jangle. In an effort to brighten up the inside of his mouth he whistles 'When The Saints Go Marching In'.

Three apprehensive young men watch him approach.

He smiles a hello and is introduced to the photographer and journalist.

"HAVE YOU ever thought about writing prose. I understand that there was a chance for you to work with Guy Peellaert on a book called *Vegas?*

"I'm working on that with Guy — it's just got stretched out a little. It's not called *Vegas* anymore because Guy has decided that there are a lot of people he hadn't originally intended to paint that he wanted to include in the book. The only reason it was going to be called *Vegas* in the first place was that the only thing that all the original subjects had in common was that they'd all spent some time in Vegas.

"Obviously I find some of the characters easier to write about than others; Lenny (Bruce) for example and Jimmy Durante, and Minnesota Fats; generally the people who I have some sympathy with."

Waits brings the interview to a close like this: "Okay, then."

He climbs out of the chair, mumbles something vague about 'the sound' and leaves.

It was 7.30 and Kerouac was standing in front of the Palladium. All around him were animated fluttering faces. Kerouac could smell burgers, cigarettes, a cocktail of perfumes and the slow music of low voices that occasionally drifted out of the open pub doorway to his right. From the slack back pocket of his old jeans he pulled an old brown wallet from which he produced his ticket. Eventually he found his seat in the front stalls and sat down on his hands.

The journalist and his wife sat in the Royal Circle.

The press officer wandered about backstage making sure everything was running smoothly.

WAITS IDLES onto the stage. The musicians are displayed in low-key red light, seated and exquisitely underplaying sleazily subdued jazz.

A pale, aquatic spotlight chances upon a bluegrey cloud of cigarette smoke at about head height, stage left. Under the cloud is a black suit and a pair of black winklepickers.

Tom Waits leans at the microphone, opens the door and reaches out, touching people effortlessly and sincerely with humorous passion and passionate humour.

He stands in the spotlight turning the words and the music in on himself, drawing on the melody and the emotion that, like crepe paper streamers, falls into the audience.

☐ Continues page 61

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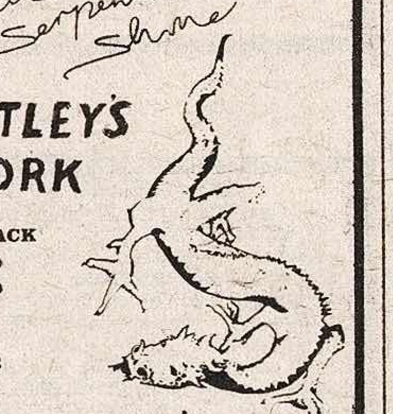

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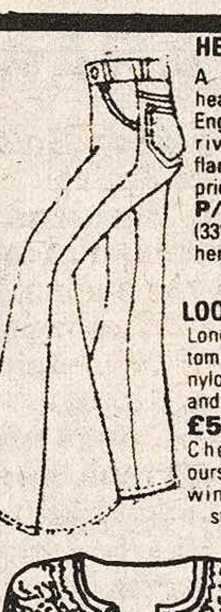

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SPECIAL STIFF SS Statement. Sorry little punty wuntys. Still here's the rest (why do Better Badges copy our slogans?). Election manifested if you crossed the iron lady with steel would you beanz in labour with varta power? Out this week Emotional Traffic Rumour's new single BUY 45 and yes it's in coloured vinyl 3 cols, red, amber, green 80p each (nice cover). Albums — SEEZ 3 - 13 (8 - 12 coloured) — £3.85. Devo 12" 6 tracks black, good cover only £1.99. One of the most underestimated LPs of our time — Hits Greatest Stiffs only £3.00! Heroes + Cowards import £2.75. Lene SEEZ 7 black, re-mix version £3.85. Sports EP LAST 5 — 99p. Singles — Rumour Frozen Years Promo copy 80p. Lene BUY 42 12" 99p, BUY 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 39, 40 - 45. LAST 4, LEW 1, DEV 1, BOY1/2 80p each, Lene Say When and Rumour Emotional Traffic one-sided very limited promo copies 75p. T-Shirts — If It Ain't etc — £2.00, s, m, l. Lene loves it, s, m, l £2.00 5 colours red, lt blue, dk blue, green, red. Graham Parker Protection s, m only £2.00. Posters — Graham Park Protection 60p. 1st ever Stiff 20p. Set of 5 Rumour type chaps £1.00. Badges — back by pop demand — If It Ain't Stiff badge — 20p. Eric, Jona, Ian, Mickey, Stiff SS, Rachel 15p. Visit our shop at 22 Tavistock St, WC2 round back of Lyceum for dodgy deals, rip-offs, laugh at our staff. All proceeds to our new home for tired musicians in Scarborough. Most types welcome, no forced selling — open ½10 - ½6 Tues - Sat. For Stiff type goods write to Stiff SS, 28 Alexander St, W2. 01-229 9092. Inc p&p on all orders 25p small — 50p large. Now you're seen the reviews — The Pack's new single is available from Rough Trade, Wretched Records and SS label, 22 Tavistock Street, WC2 + post & pack or over / under counter. Blockheads!! Don't hang yourself with the cross! Belong to your own party — Blockhead T-Shirts s,m, l £2.00. Dury official T-Shirts £2.00 s, m, l. Last year's programmes 25p. Hankie Pankies 30p. Colour posters — 50p. Enamel Blockhead £1.00. Set of 5 Blockhead badges 50p. Sex + Drugs sets 50p. Dury song books £2.75. Make cheques payable to 'Blockheads', C/O Blackhill, 32 Alexander St., London, W2, Inc P&P on all orders 25p small 50p large. All this and more from the typs of Anne F.

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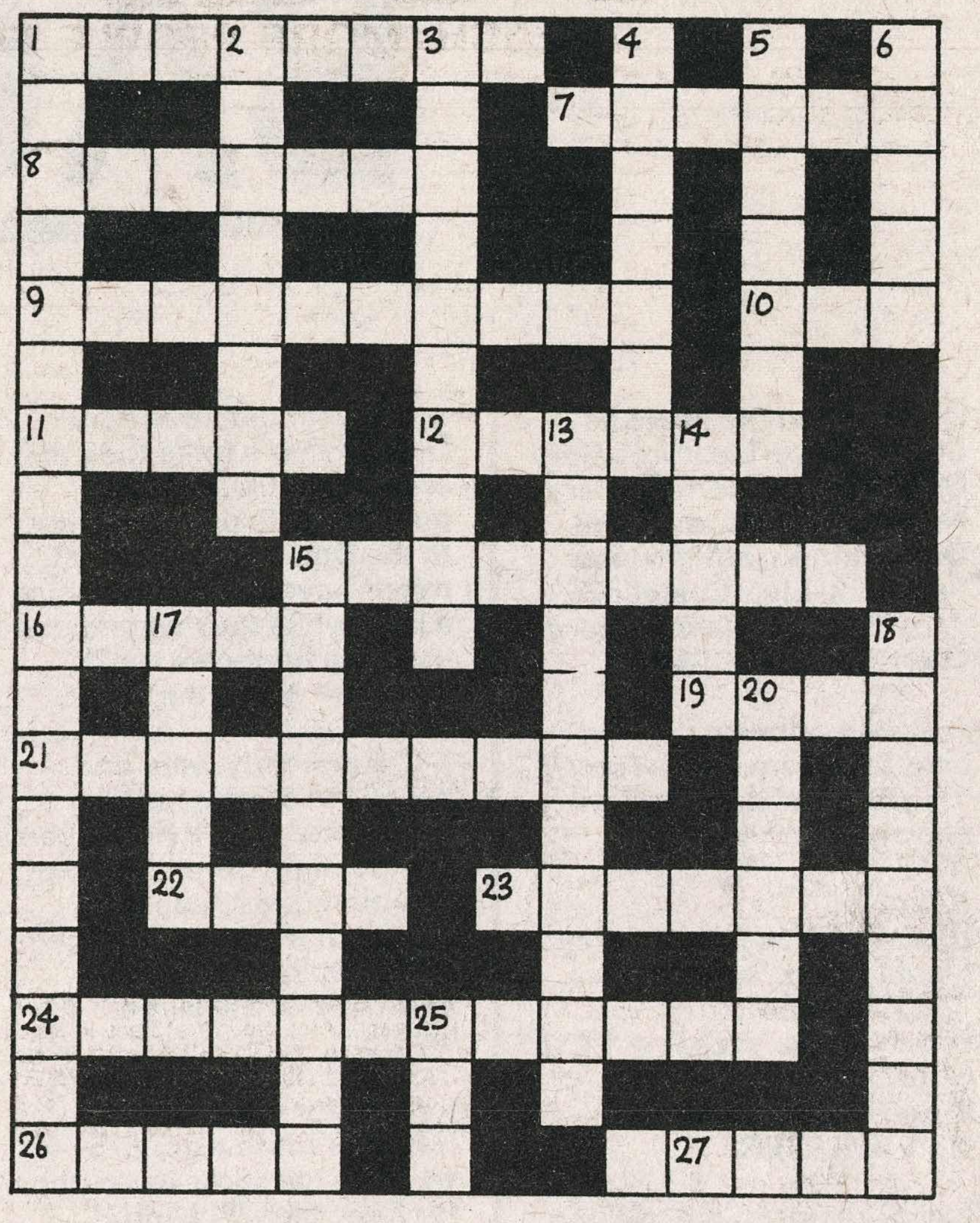
ACROSS
1 New York, London, Paris, Munich/Stumped for a clue for. . . (3,5)
7 Feeling you get when you hear a CSN&Y album (aside of nausea, that is) (4,2)
8 It's got the big beat today's hip young bobbies go for!
9 One of the original mod bands (5,5)
10 Label for which Presley cut his first recordings
11 A Winter in a weed garden!
12 See 27
15 Current Roxy single (5,4)
16 Original recorder of 'Something Else'
19 Did for youth hostels what the New Seekers did for Coke!
21 Veteran Scots nutter (4,6)
22 See 23
23 and 22 Bowie album which foreshadowed the emergence of the punks
24 Southside's boys (6,5)
26 Cher's ex
27 & 12 Former Elton John Group sticksman who

DOWN
1 Gary Moore's solo 45 (10,8)
2 A fat mole variation to flesh out your record collection!
3 Beach Boys' cruisin' classic (1,3,6)
4 Eugene's small sister's fave rock band!
5 See 25
6 &17 Smutty 'reggae' honky
13 I stick seven (anag. 2 words)
14 Oy oy! This nutter's swallowed a whole bleedin' airline!
15 Dart who Darted (3,7)
17 See 6
18 Teenybop idol/TV actor — ask Eugene's sister (5,4)



20 Member of secret society/former Traffic star
25 and 5 A&M's Great White Hope in the Costello soundalike stakes

Last Week's Answers
ACROSS: 1 Supertramp; 6 Lynyrd (Skynyrd); 8 'Offshore Banking (Business)'; 10 (Radio) Caroline; 11 Rita (Ray); 12 'Hush'; 13 Nina (Simone); 15 Daryl (Hall); 17 'Lionheart'; 18 'Yesterday'; 20 (Bev) Bevan; 22 Pere (Ubu); 25 Toto; 24 (Andrew) Gold; 26 Free; 27 (Rita) Ray; 28 (Offshore Banking) Business'.
DOWN: 1 'Secondhand Daylight'; 2 (Christine) Perfect; 3 Richard Hell; 4 Anne Nightingale; 5 Pleasers; 7 'Dog Day Afternoon'; 9 Karen Carpenter; 14 'Grease'; 16 Bev (Bevan); 19 Reeves; 21 Byrds; 25 Dub.

TOM WAITS

■ *From page 57*

He shimmies across the stage and shows them that it's okay to laugh if they want to. He plays jazz and blues and music that fills people up. He acts ridiculously, he sings superbly. He makes the hall seem small, he makes the people feel big. He takes the wonderful people out of the ludicrous theatre, down into a little place he knows on the next block where there are no restrictions and nobody wants to eavesdrop on the gentle whispers.

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Kerouac hopped jubilantly out into Argyll Street, laughed out loud, turned left toward Carnaby Street, lit a cigarette and hummed a great jazz song. He used to be able to sing like Frank Sinatra.

Waits stands against the Palladium's Cinderella bar, ignoring the orchid button-hole that the Chinese girl in the all-black outfit, fur wrap and net stockings has presented him with. He smiles and smokes and rubs his forehead, and talks to people.

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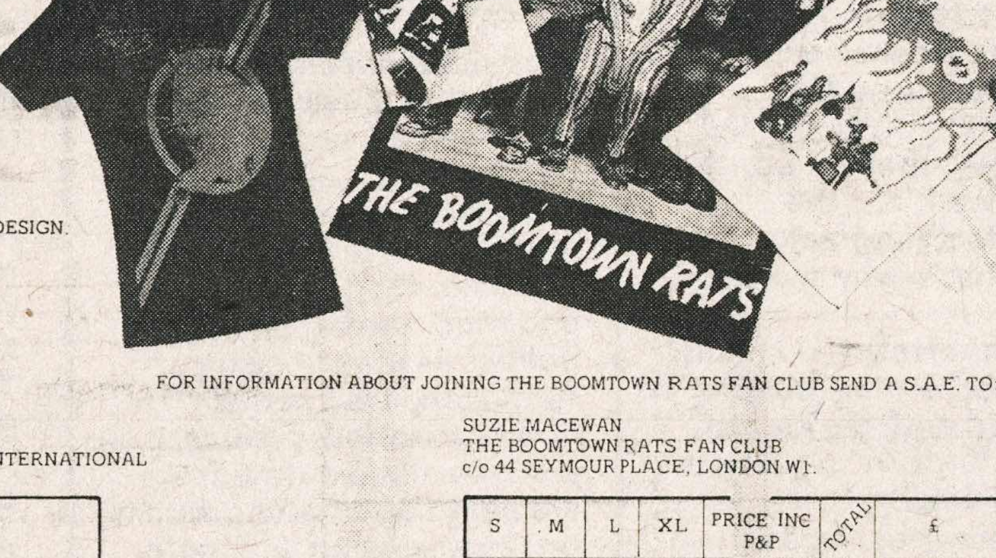

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BAGGOCRACY!

Is it true that the new Lee Cooper advert features Gary Numan, Gary Numan, Gary Numan, Gary Numan and Gary Numan, and the new Pepsi one Elvis Costello?
Jack Frost, England in April.
Um. . . pass. — CSM.

Was Pete Shelley playing bass for Sham 69 on *Top Of The Pops* (26.4.79) and who was the drummer?
NICK CORSTON, Ludlow, Salop.
I give up. Was Pete Shelley playing bass for Sham on *TOTP?* — CSM.
I don't know. Was I? — PETE SHELLEY
When's the punch line? — NEIL SPENCER

It now seems to me that the new wave has taken a turn for the better over the last 6-12 months. That is because of the decentralization of the better and most original bands. In mid-1978 the new wave looked like dying an early death with punk becoming the norm and people playing up to their hero status, the whole do-it-yourself concept apparently disappearing.

The second beginning (last chance) is based in the north. Groups like The Mekons, Gang Of Four, Quentin & The Household Cavalry, Agony Column, and The Fall around Manchester and Leeds and Stiff Little Fingers in Ulster. I just hope the chance is taken to start again and learn from the mistakes of others.
GRAHAM STEVENS, Yorkshire.
Who are Quentin & The Household Cavalry? — CSM.
You'd better get the upper hand quick. They're kicking you all over the place. — NS.

Re John Hamblett's article on Rush in the latest issue. . .

1. Every word quoted in the feature I did for *NME* on Rush some time ago was taken from the tape recording I made *during* the interview. None of it came from the chat I had with Peart afterwards.

2. Rush are followers of Ayn Rand.

3. Ayn Rand represents the extreme right in American politics. In her philosophy everyone has to fend for themselves with no welfare state at all. If you are sick or ill, unemployed or Black, have children or an old grandmother to look after, it's *too bad!* Ayn Rand believes in the survival of the fittest, baby, and if they all happen to be fat white capitalists, well what's wrong with that?

4. I didn't say that Rush were fascists. There have been people on the lunatic right for millenium. I said they had extreme right leanings and I still think so.
MILES (editor Time Out, London WC2.
That's all very well, Miles, but can you remember *exactly* where you were when you first heard Illinois Speed Press? — CSM.

Playing at the Hammersmith Odeon was not a cop out.

1. Playing the song 'Hammersmith Odeons' was a protest — a small protest maybe, but the look on the promoters' faces and the applause the song got made it worthwhile. (The applause was very loud). The people backstage looked threatened — they should have done. Okay, if that's futile then *all* protest's futile. I wasn't going to stop people going to the Odeon, but at least I might have made them think a little while they were there. (And the bouncers too?) That's all worth the effort, surely?

2. If anybody went and paid £3 to see me, solely, well — they could have seen me the night before for 75p — a quid (plus support group) at the Hope & Anchor or for 30p on a Saturday afternoon at the same venue.

3. I did *not* receive a vast fortune for playing at Hammersmith. I got £75 — which is the same as I'd get for most gigs. Playing H. Odeon is no big deal.
PATRIK FITZGERALD, Leytonstone, London.
It certainly isn't. Just ask Wilko. — CSM.

I have just read your rag dated 28th April and have never been so incensed in all my life. Your C. S. Murray who obviously doesn't like anything with a bit of thought behind it makes it so clear that my dog understands the likes and dislikes of his feeble mind. I refer of course to his article on Kate Bush. I say this to him: try listening to her albums again after taking the Leftist shit out of your ears that everone on your rag seems to be brainwashed by. If you've got the kind of mind that only appreciates one kind of music (crap) then piss off and leave us to make up our own mind on music. If you print this I shall be most surprised as I reckon you write the letters page yourselves.
R. PRICE AND J. HOWIE, Worksop.
Kate Bush voted Labour, according to Tony Parsons. Take *that,* Lulu! — CSM.

What is it you use for interviewers? I am getting really tired of journalists who try to cover up the fact that all they got from their relatively brainless interviewee was a few relatively brainless reflections — extracted only because someone from *NME* happened to be sitting across the table from them at the time — and who fill up half the page with second-rate autobiographical details of how they felt on the morning of / day before / night after the interview; who was sitting in the tube on the way to / from the interview; and then for good measure throw in a few truisms that they just thought up, or when really desperately in need of something to fill up space, hunt through their directory of "Bob Dylan Lines That Still Haven't Been Quoted."

This is not good enough. On the other hand, CSM's review of Kate Bush was quite good.
NATO PARKAS.
On the other hand . . . — CSM

I don't mind reading your magazine *(thank you — Ed).* It's better than some of the other crap which constitutes the music press. However I could not understand why Charles Shaar Murray did not enjoy the Kate Bush gig and I can only suggest he went to the wrong venue by mistake. The fact is that he is the only person who has voiced criticism of the concert that I have heard of. Many people, and myself included, enjoyed Kate's gigs around the country. I would also say that Kate's concert was one which I will never forget and probably the best concert I have ever been to. Mr Murray should return to his world of mindless music, and not worry about Kate Bush. She'll enjoy her success. I'm surprised you can after printing such rubbish.
RICHARD COATES, Tyne & Wear. P.S. I am not a Kate Bush fanatic.
So what else do we have in common? — CSM.

Give the girl a chance!

Readers demand . . .	Readers get . . .
● ***Less politics!***	● ***None of the above***
● ***More Punk!***	● ***CHARLES SHAAR, unemployed, of Dunbaggin, c/o NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., W1.***
● ***More HM!***	
● ***Uncritical reviews!***	

As a reply to Charles Shaar Murray's Kate Bush review of April 28th: I recognise that you made some attempt to justify your condemnation of Kate Bush, but I feel it only fair to point out where you went wrong. First of all, you set yourself on a nice, high pedestal from where you proceeded to look down on all concerned — fans included. You suggest they're people who have a "complex about Real Culture and no standards by which to judge it." Really? I admire your ability to make such sweeping character judgments: remember, you're talking about thousands of people here. (Obviously, you're a right regular Renaissance Man, Mr Murray).

You then went on to slag away at the whole of the Kate Bush performance: Singing? — shrill, self-satisfied . . ." Dance? — "enough ballet moves to impress people who know nothing about ballet" (more condescension); and mime? — "elegant sham."

For God's sakes, this is a bit much; neither I, nor, I'm sure, any other Kate Bush fans believe for one moment that she's the greatest at any of these things — not under the impression that the Royal Ballet are ready to snatch her up, or that she's a serious opponent of Marcel Marceau — and we don't need you to tell us. Ask Kate Bush whether she's under any such illusions. No, I suggest that you've missed the point — what she does, she does well, and the overall effect is something special. That's why she's so popular.

And furthermore — I really doubt whether Kate Bush is "entranced with the idea of her own stardom"; I suspect she's genuine.

Two memories: recalled first are the days when rock journalism was swamped with people who knew they could make it in *NME* because certain strata of the rock readership had an inferiority complex about real reviewing and no standards by which to judge it. Those days are still with us. Recalled second: two great albums, a highly enjoyable concert . . .
PAUL CONNOLLY, Liverpool.
I know how offensive you must find it for even one living person to be less than overwhelmed by Ms Bush, but I still found the entire spectacle to be a triumph of form marred by an alarming lack of content, and as condescending (yep, that word again) a presentation as I've seen in years. Still, it's British and earns a lot, so why knock it? Enjoy Katey's success — CSM.

Gardening Notes: Look, mate, as a phallic symbol yer E-type Jaguar ranks as nought beside the flamboyant and highly noisy Ransome 20 inch (the finest lawnmower in the world). I was going to say that the Shaar is not yet menopausal enough for Wunderkate to be that fantasy deb who seduced him in his 20's . . . but I got carried away, as so frequently happens with the Ransome. All flesh is grass and mine's all moss.
LE JARDINIER FOU, Wiltshire.
Ah, but if the corollary holds true, and all grass is flesh, then how many of us are cannibals? — CSM

Following your article in *NME* about Woodstock Mk II, I was wondering if you had any more information on how and where I could obtain tickets. It would space me out if you could do this for me.
ROBIN WILLS (A veteran from the first who still hasn't recovered), Cannock Staffs.
That's easy for you to say — CSM.

I have read *NME* for 14 years after changing from *Melody Maker.* I thought highly of the *NME* until . . . you started publishing political propaganda. There is nothing like this in *Motor Cycle News* or *Angling Times.* I am sure you are not that short of tour dates and record advertisements that you need to resort to this. This is a music paper about music, not a bloody election leaflet.
SHAUN BISHOP, Canterbury, Kent.
Absolutely, Shaun. We're a music paper about music, but we're also a music paper about what the music's about. True, music doesn't *have* to be *about* something, but I'm afraid that we live in the same world that much of the music does, and much of the music lives in our world. — CSM

I consider myself a discerning music fan and as such read a discerning (sic) music paper, i.e. *New Musical Express.* Therefore when I receive your journal I expect to read about music and musicians and not politics as in your issue of April 28th. It is not that I don't care about politics, it is just that at the moment we are being bombarded with it on the television and radio and in all the daily papers. I listen to and read about music to escape the drudgery of everyday life, not to have more of it thrust down my throat. Let's have more music and less politics. Keep up the good work.
P.L. SIDLE, Manchester. P.S. I vote Tory. P.P.S. You probably won't print this as it's not a smart-ass one liner, it's quite intelligent and I'm a Tory. I also gave my real name.

Same again plus: I too live to live in my rock dream, but unfortunately reality keeps raising its ugly head. As for your being a Tory and rejoicing under the name of Sidle, far be it from me to hold any of this against you. — CSM

I would like to congratulate Nick Kent on his recent interview with Howard Devoto. I was reading the article on the tube going home from work and found it so interesting that I went past my stop and had to get off and go back!
JANE OLDROYD (Teenage Depression May).
Now *this* is real life — CSM

Re. Letter WL 72 66 68C *NME* (28.4.79): We would just like to underline the fact that the "Mod Revival" has been happening since 1977, not since last week's *NME.* There have been at least 20 mod groups playing since last summer notably Purple Hearts, The Chords and Back To Zero, and as far as we know no new "supermodgroups" have been formed to satisfy the *NME* craze. We would say that there are hundreds of mods in London and on the South Coast plus pockets in Newcastle and Manchester, and scooter clubs in Cornwall and Margate, so why shouldn't we get an article. We're so fed up with everyone trying to make out that the mod movement is being manufactured as the "next big thing". It began again in East and North London, and not from the poseurs in Kings Road or Shepherd's Bush. We know it won't be long before the Chelsea set start claiming themselves as the original mods, but we're not interested, it's them who are manufactured, not us! Mods might be a big thing, it might not, it doesn't really matter, does it?
MAXIMUM SPEED (Mod Fanzine), (Clive, Kim and Geoff) Stamford Hill, N16.
Well, we have some people here who wanna argue . . . — CSM

CSM says that your budget only allows you to employ writers. Does this mean the cretins work for nothing? And how does one tell which is which?
GIOVANNI DADOMO.
Well, you've been in the *NME* three weeks running, and you didn't get paid. It's been fun, Gio, but this correspondence is now closed. See you after Penman's next feature. — CSM

I was 20 last week. Does that mean I can't read *NME* any more?
AN OLD MAN, Plymouth, Devon.
You might have to get glasses — CSM

I hate people who write short, pointless letters.
A N ONANIST, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
How about people who write short, pointless answers? — CSM

Print shorter letters.
COLIN and THE CARCINOGENS.
With shorter answers — CSM

T-ZERS

At a time when hundreds of thousands of normally sober citizens are prone to extremes of joy and despair at the very sight of 44 naked hairy kneecaps and a ball, The Three Dorothys (formerly The Triple Dots) have no choice but to bury themselves once more in the mire of the real world (as they affectionately call it) where hundreds of thousands of normally wasted citizens are prone to even worse extremes at the very sight of any scrawny beanpole touting some sort of amplified musical instrument.

And while we're on the subject of unfit physiognomies, former protest singer **Bob Dylan** has been spending his time of late not knocking, but trying to read the inscription on Heaven's door. The Zimatollah has been burying his hooter in *The Bible* and related religious works, "searching out new ideas and keeping my mind open" (makes a change from keeping a clean nose and watching the plain clothes, eh Bob?) Indeed this activity became so obsessively absorbing that an utterly specious rumour was circulating, as rumours will, to the effect that Dylan had been baptised recently in a born-again Christian ceremony that took place in **Pat Boone's** swimming pool! Hogwash, of course, but the fact remains that the big D has been seen in the company of back-up band members **Steve Soles** and **T-Bone Burnett** at bible classes in a church for born-again Christians somewhere in LA, and old cronie **Roger McGuinn** has also heard been proclaiming the good **Lord's** works (see *Thrills*) . . .

On a more worldly plane, the Zim has completed material for his next long player with **Jery Wexler** and **Barry Beckett** producing and members of (not so) **Dire Straits** in the back up roster, and is working on a second glorified home movie to begin shooting next year. This promises to be even more like art and even less like wallpaper than *Renaldo & Clara*, last year's Cinematic millstone.

With all this and heaven too, it's a wonder Bobby the Zee found time to jam with **Keith** (steel nose) **Richards** and assorted **New Barbarians**, taking time out from their current US jaunt. In fact, so eager were Keith's cronies to take time out, that they damn near caused a riot in Milwaukee when, after putting up a somewhat dismal performance, they allowed their set to "peter out" to chants of "Rip off, rip off" from the disgruntled crowd ...

A Dorothy was seen to go all misty eyed last week as debonaire **Dave Edmunds** led a blushing **Lesley Thomas** up the steps of Marylebone registry Office so that she could at last make an honest man out of him. The bride wore white, the groom wore leopard skin trimmed drapes. Among the host of wonderful people who turned up to honour the newlyweds at a post-wedding fest in the chic Embassy Club were **Ian Dury, Lee Brilleaux, Nick Lowe, Carlene Carter, Maggie Bell, Robert Plant, Deke Leonard,** plus best man **Jake Riviera** and **Elvis** and **Mary Costello**. The wedding cake was a delightful concoction in the shape of a double bed. Admist copious mouthfuls of this confection, the same Dorothy remarked: "I knew the bride when she used to rock'n'roll" . . .

Genius at work — Devoto's Dominoes (formerly Magazine) pose for glamorous teen mag publicity shot. Unfortunately no glamorous team mag would print it, so Howie blagged it into T-Zers with the promise of free used Crown Toppers for Roy Carr and Julie Burchill. Pic: Laurie Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Costello also showed up at the **J. Geils Band's** Hammersmith Odeon rhythm and blues soiree, as did assorted **Hot Rodders, Feelgoods,** and **Paul Weller.** "I saw them twice in Paris at the weekend," quoth Elvis, who sometimes feels just like a human being and smiled, shook hands, signed autographs, accepted cigarettes, etc. to prove it, "and I just had to come again." Further down Elvis row, **Nick Lowe** was looking bored, but this might just have been an optical illusion . . .

The Pink Floyd, psychedelic tax exiles well known for their long, if occasional, series of stereo test records, are rumoured to be preparing a double album for release in September.

What has all this got to do with rock'n'roll? Nothing. But where else could you learn that **Ike Turner,** the 20-year-old son of **Ike and Tina,** was arrested on suspicion of robbing a fast food stand in North Hollywood and is now out on $2000 bail? . . .

Or that bright young starlet **Kate Bush** goes home every night to her empty suburban flat in darkest Lewisham, and counts the rather large financial rewards (reputedly 250 grand a year) of her chosen career, even as she counts the cost of said career in terms of personal loneliness. "I find that lots of men are firghtened and intimidated by me," says a forlorn Kate. Honey, what you need is a dream date with CSM ...

Keith Lewis, marketing director of Chrysalis Records, stunned a panel of top advertising and marketing experts at a recent 'forum on selling to teenagers' when he revealed the secret of top group **Blondie**'s massive success. The secret amazingly enough was **Debbie Harry.** "We tried to promote them as a band, but in the end more people were interested in Debbie," said Lewis. The forum was also told that Britain's 6·5 million teenagers preferred music as their main leisure activity. Wait a minute, **Neil,** hold the front page, one of the Dorothys thinks we might be onto something here . . .

Just out Stateside is an intruiging non-whitewashed cover story on **The Brothers Gobb** in *Rolling Stone.* The tweesome threesome admit to former heavy aphetamine abuse and say that during their bleak years an album called 'A Kick In The Head Is Worth Eight In The Pants' was recorded and scheduled for release until better judgment prevailed. Also, fascinating this, the lads love a good laff and psyche themselves up for their platinum-selling muzak making by recording puerile joke sessions in the manner of, they reckon, **M. Python** and **The Goons.** Funniest quote comes courtesy of Big Brother **Barry:** "If you're an innovator (sic) you've got to be real careful not to get involved with all the spin offs . . . we have our own merchandising company and it's all done with taste."
This is where it gets good.

Rope them dogies! Ted Nugent in the land of the little people as Buffalo Man joins axe battle with Blue Oyster Cult's Buck Dharma, whipped on by Eric Bloom on beard and stun glasses. Pic: Godlis.

"We're doing things like nice T-shirts. We deal in jewelry but only real gold plate. But we don't deal in wristwatches," adds Bazza earnestly. "Because if watches break children tend to blame the artist who's on the face of the watch." There is no thruth in the rumour that the Bee Gees merchandising whizzkids are working on a **Maggie Thaatchi** watch . . .

Woops: contrary to the somewhat caustic tone of **Mr Parsons'** Singles column last week, it is only the promotional copies of the **Lene Lovich** and **Rumour** 45s that don't have B-sides. Ashen-faced **Dave Robinson,** Chief Stiff, told a simpering Dorothy that what you, the public, get is 'Hard Enough To Show' on The Rumour backside and 'One Lonely Heart' from Lene . . .

And contrary to a recent naughty *Thrill,* SF mag *Metal Hurlant* is available in the U.K. The Frog special is distributed by Forever People, 59 Park Street, Bristol 1 (the largest SF/comix emporium outside Lunnon, they claim)...

And even more football. **NME United** took part in a six-a-side competition organised by youthful publicisit **Alan Edwards** to celebrate **Inner Circle's** recent chart soiree — though, of course, **Jacob Miller** and the boys didn't show up 'till it was too late. Teams included **Motorhead (Lemmy** didn't play, so they did quite well) and a crack outfit from *Record Mirror* who contested a hard fought match with our gallant lads and managed to scrape through by the straps of their bootlaces 16-1 (**M Bell** 4 og, **I Penman** pen. etc). Afterwards *NME's* greatest supporters (**Monty** and **Angus McSmith**) celebrated the result by carting off large supplies of Carlsberg Specials. Team manager **Neil Spencer** left at half-time, telling *T-Zers:* "The lads will be back. Bear in mind this was our first game of the season and if only we'd equalised before they scored we'd have been in with a great chance. I was proud of the way we never gave up, even when it was 15-1 and like I say it'll all come out in the wash. Y'know, Brian, football's a funny game (cont. second half of p94).

The Changing Faces Of Lester Bangs

"I was a loudmouther drunk with a beard . . .

". . . until I discovered The Clash.

"Now I'm a loudmouthed drunk without a beard . . ."

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week	Last week
1. Clash Police	(5)
2. All Mod Cons	(4)
3. The Jam (Red)	(6)
4. The Jam (Tube Station)	(2)
5. Stiff Little Fingers	(1)
6. P.I.L.	(—)
7. Gang of Four	(7)
8. Siouxsie	(8)
9. The Undertones	(—)
10. Alternative Ulster	(—)

NEW RELEASES: 20p Brian James, Mind Your Motion, Fashion, Animal Lib Tiger, Wilko, 99% is ----, Militant, Freedom Fighter, Pop Group, Kleenex, Raincoats, Glastonbury, Coma, Inmates, Kameras, Fourth Reich, The Wall, The Lillettes, Surrey Vomit, Nina Hagen Band, S.L.F. Getaway, The Wimps. 25p Shut Down or Melt Down, Motorhead, W.L.F., Philthy, King Sounds, Rock Against Thatcher.

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